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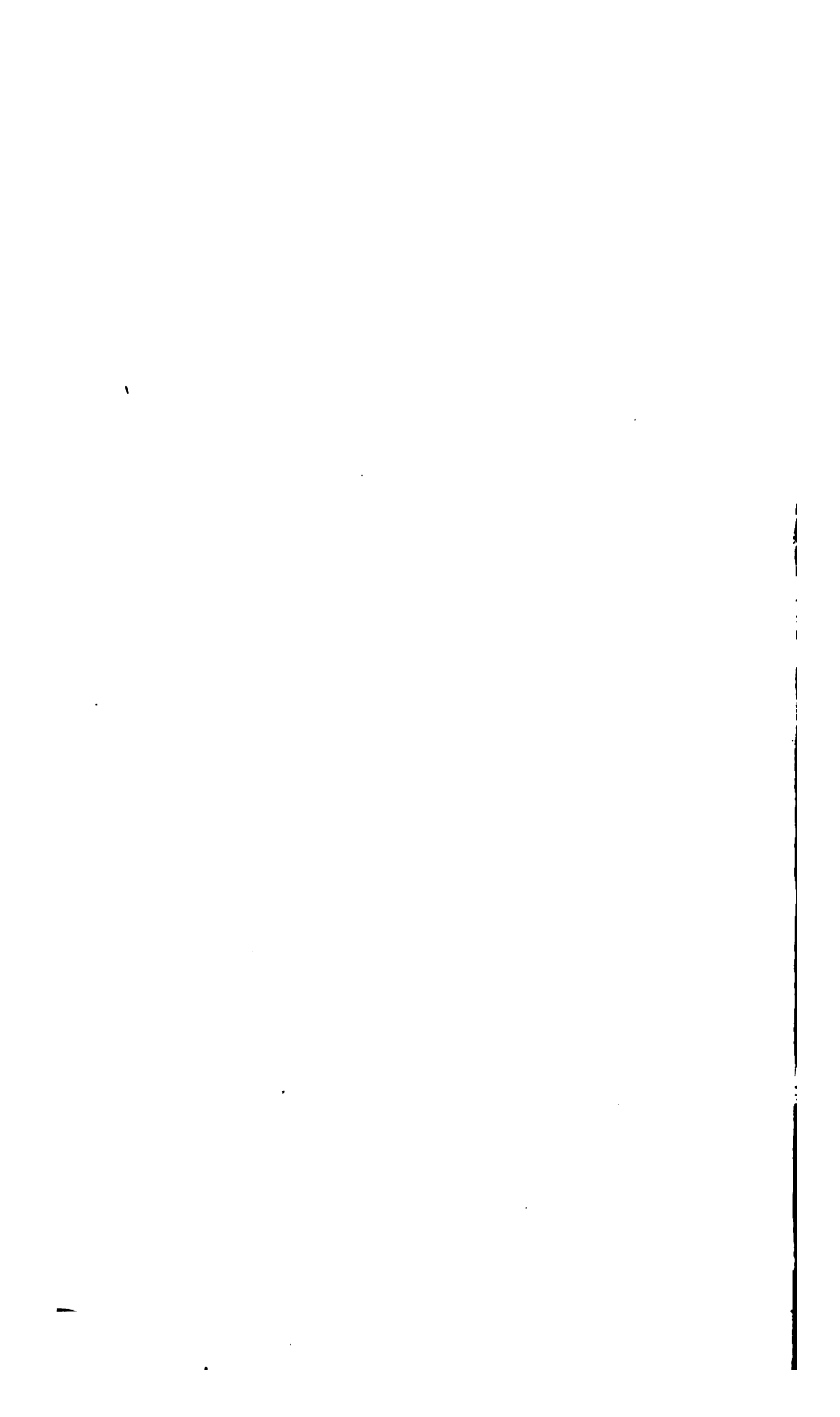


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HALL





THE
READER'S GUIDE,
CONTAINING A
NOTICE OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS
IN THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR READING
BOTH PROSE AND VERSE,
WITH
NUMEROUS EXAMPLES FOR ILLUSTRATION,
AND
LESSONS FOR PRACTICE.

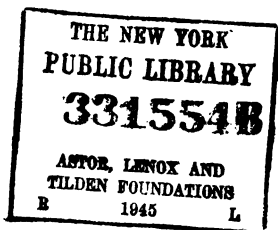
BY JOHN HALL,
LATE PRINCIPAL OF THE ELLINGTON SCHOOL.

TENTH EDITION.

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P R E F A C E .

THE following work is designed for those who have already learned to call their words with fluency, and are sufficiently advanced to be taught how to read with propriety and good taste. Among those who are thus far advanced are many grades of proficient, demanding different amounts of instruction. It would be idle to think of providing a separate reading-book for each of these grades; any attempt to graduate books to their respective wants, would produce complexity and confusion, rather than any real advantage. Whilst some would be too simple to benefit those of an advanced standing, others would exceed the capacity of those in their early stages. This evil I have endeavored to avoid, and have provided a series of reading lessons in progressive order, beginning with selections adapted to those who are in their first rudiments as it respects rhetorical execution, and advancing gradually to meet the wants of higher, and still higher proficient. It is not presuming too much to believe that those, who have made considerable attainments in elocution, will here find something worthy of attention;—they will certainly find much that is new, in whatever light they may consider its value.

Without much reflecting on the subject, some may think that Parts I. II. and III., are dilated beyond the proper limits for a reading-book designed for extensive use. To this suggestion it may be replied, that much of this seeming prolixity is a mere illusion. A large proportion of these pages, especially in Parts II. and III., is occupied only with *examples* for illustration, and for the exercise of the voice. After the examples are deducted, it will be found that what is, strictly and merely, preceptive, is comprised within very moderate limits. In my own opinion, I might as well have said nothing, as to have said *much* less. There is hardly a stranger conceit on the whole subject of education, than the one that correct reading can be taught successfully without precepts, or with such few and meager ones as to strip them of all

value. No books for education, indeed, are so generally popular, at this day, as those which promise the learner that they can be understood without any mental effort. Simplifications, abridgements, and epitomes, in which nothing is *condensed*, but almost every thing of value is *left out*, in which much is promised, and very little or nothing accomplished, are the books which are chiefly recommended to the use of scholars. In attempting and promising to bring every thing *down* to the comprehension of learners, it seems to be forgotten that the proper object of education is to *elevate* the human mind, not to depress it, nor to keep it stationary. But if a child is not to be taught any thing except what he knows already, if every thing must be so simplified as to *retain the child in his simplicity*, it is not easy to conceive *how* his mind is to be elevated and improved. It is a truth which ought not to be concealed, that there is no branch of education in this country at a lower ebb than that of elocution at large. How few tolerably good readers are to be found in any class of people among us—from him who reads a portion of Scripture or a hymn from the pulpit, or some document in a public assembly, to him or her who reads for the entertainment of a social circle, or of a family fireside. What perversion of taste, what distortion of thoughts and of sentiment, what mangling of authors, is every where, and every day, witnessed. Shall this state of things be suffered to continue, or shall some effort at reform be ventured? If the latter, what shall it be? Shall we give our youth the *means* of reform and improvement, or withhold them? Will the evil be remedied by continuing to give learners nothing but such meager instructions as have heretofore been given, and from which so little benefit has been derived, or shall we attempt to do something adequate to the purpose? If the old practice has brought us to our present state, will a continuance of it deliver us?—If more than enough to accomplish what is desirable is here contained, will objectors inform us what part is superfluous? Let us know what this superfluity, this redundancy is. It is always easier to make a vague, random declaration, than it is to support it; and to surmise, than to substantiate. If any thing here contained is incorrect, there is then, indeed, *so much* that is superfluous; if there is any thing useless, there is too much; but if none of it could be omitted without materially lessening the attainments of the learner, there cannot be more than is useful and desirable.

Should the instructions contained in the book, if not excessive in amount, be thought too *difficult* for the learner to

master, it may be remarked that they are incomparably easier than the rudiments of singing, which persons of all ages and capacities nevertheless learn. If the proper modulations of the voice in reading are to be acquired at all, I do not perceive that they could be made plainer and more intelligible than they are here presented. I am not apprized that any real difficulties lie in the way of learning any thing which is here offered; but, allowing that some time and attention are required for this object, who that adequately estimates the importance of reading well, would grudge the expense of a little time and labor for its attainment? How much money, time, and labor are continually expended on other acquisitions of inferior value.

After all, these apprehensions of prolixity and of difficulties may be laid aside, as entirely groundless, for a still different reason.—Neither of the first three parts was designed for *universal* use. Either, or all of them, may be *omitted* by teachers, whenever they deem the use of them inexpedient on account of the age or other circumstances of their pupils. They are introduced for the benefit of all who may *wish* to avail themselves of the assistance which they offer. It is believed that there are very many who will be so disposed; and where such a disposition exists, the means for its gratification should be furnished. These several parts, especially the second and third, are designed for exercises in reading, as well as the lessons which follow in Part fourth. When these shall be frequently read in school, although the preceptive portions should never be studied and recited in form, much would nevertheless be learned from them, and retained in mind. The pupils would become familiarized with first principles, and could hardly fail to derive advantage from them. Again, although his scholars should never make use, directly, of the instructions here offered, the teacher will have them at hand for his own guidance and benefit, and they will serve as a *key* to explain the correct reading of the lessons. They will enable him to teach better, and thus, through him, they will prove useful to his pupils. They are not, therefore, in any view of the case, to be considered a useless appendage, but important auxiliaries to both teachers and scholars.

Part I., which contains an analysis of all the simple sounds in the English language, and the position of the organs of speech in pronouncing them severally, I have introduced on account of the assistance which it may afford in correcting a faulty pronunciation. Faults of this kind are

often originated and made perpetual from ignorance of the right position of the organs for framing certain sounds. No one, for instance, would ever *lisp* were he duly apprized of that which causes the fault, and of the remedy which would cure it, unless he should continue in his error from choice. So it is with many other faults of utterance. I do not know that a correct analysis of all the elementary sounds in our language was ever before given, nor that the true position of the organs in forming them has ever been attempted. If I have been successful in the attempt now made, this part of the book, alone, will more than compensate for the cost and examination of the whole.

In Part II., under Inflections, Cadence, Interrogative Sentences, and Emphasis, I have ventured on a pretty wide departure from what is generally laid down in books on these respective topics. Much of what is here advanced is entirely new, and, it is hoped, better calculated to throw light on these different subjects than the methods of considering them to which we have been accustomed.

Part III., on Prosody, has been inserted, because, in modern days, it is seldom to be met with, and is so much abridged, and so seldom taught, even when it is furnished. Heretofore, this has been considered a part of Grammar; but few grammars now contain it, and it is excluded from other books. There seems to be a special propriety in attaching this subject to a treatise on elocution which teaches the reading of poetry as well as of prose. Without some knowledge of prosody, it is difficult to conceive how poetry can be read with correctness; and it is a fact that it hardly ever *is* read with decency, and much less, with propriety. But the ability to read poetry with grace is too important a part of a refined education to be neglected; it contributes to a correct poetical taste, and adds to the sources of innocent enjoyment. How many of our *well educated* young ladies have been taught, at great expense of time and money, to become proficient in vocal and instrumental music, when they cannot read, with any grace, the very words to which their music is adapted! How preposterous is an education so conducted.

The reading *Lessons* in Part IV. have been selected with a view to the object for which they are wanted—for practical exercises of the voice. Most compilers of reading-books seem to think that they have done enough, if the pieces which they select have a good moral or religious tendency, or give instructions in other matters, though they contain

nothing which is suited to illustrate the peculiar principles of elocution. They seem to have forgotten that a book may have an excellent moral or religious character, or be instructive on other subjects, and yet be wholly unsuited to the purpose of a reading-book. Too many books now in use are of this description—faultless in their moral tendency; containing selections from the best authors; and sufficiently instructive about every thing *except elocution*. Some of these do not even *profess* to give *instructions* in this department; that is, they are books which teach, *without teaching*: others do indeed *profess* to give something under the name and form of rules, or instructions, but these are so few, so brief, and so general in their character, as to be altogether useless. The pieces selected for reading, are, generally, too dry and monotonous either to interest learners, or to teach them the various modulations of the voice. This defect, along with others, I have endeavored to remedy by selections which will interest all classes of readers, and call into exercise a great variety of vocal modulations; at the same time, care has been taken to admit nothing which can be offensive to the nicest sense of decency and religion.

As this is designed for a *reading-book*, and nothing more, such instructions and exercises as belong peculiarly to declamation and public speaking are excluded. To a great extent, indeed, the same principles are involved, and the same exercises are required, in both reading and speaking; and a good foundation for the latter is always best laid in the due cultivation of the former; yet I have chosen not to transcend the obvious boundaries between them.

To those who think that this work contains too much instruction, I would again remark, that what is here contained is but an epitome of what belongs to this department of learning. It has been my wish to say *enough* to do some good; if more than that is said, I shall regret the loss of so much superfluous labor. To have said less than enough to do some good, for the sake of cheapening the work, and of conciliating public favor by specious pretenses, I am not able to reconcile with a good conscience.

No merit is claimed for this work on the ground of my personal experience, for many years, in the subject of which it treats, although many precedents could be found to sanction such a resort. I am content that the book shall rest on its own merits, independent of their source. If it has defects, the experience of its author cannot correct them; if it has merit, it is of little consequence to the public how it was

obtained. It is not claimed that the work is perfect; yet a hope is indulged that it embraces several important improvements, which will render it a useful and acceptable offering to the cause of public education.

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PART I.

ANALYSIS OF ALL THE SIMPLE SOUNDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—REMARKS ON ACCENT, &c.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.—DISTINCTION BETWEEN VOWELS AND CONSONANTS.—DEFINITION OF BOTH.

A BRIEF account of the organs of speech, and of the manner in which the sounds of the voice are made, is useful to every one who would learn to modulate those sounds with propriety. I can see no good reason why books designed to teach us to read and speak, that is, to manage skilfully the human voice, should entirely omit every thing relating to the structure of its organs and the mode of their operation. How few, even among persons advanced in life, and, it might be added, among scholars too, understand the true distinction between a vowel and a consonant, or know how many of either our language contains! They have been told, in spelling books, and occasionally elsewhere, that we have twenty-six letters, six of which are vowels, and the rest consonants; and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand learners are left to believe that we have just six vowel sounds in our language, no more nor less, and twenty consonants precisely. We have, indeed, just so many *characters*, called letters, in common use, which meet the eye in writings or in print; but so miserably imperfect are these characters as representatives of *sounds*, that they teach us nothing at all in relation to the number of the latter. The same character, in many instances, is made to represent several sounds, and the same sound is represented by several characters.

As a specimen of this perversion of all propriety in the use of characters, take the vowel sound as *heard*, not *seen*, in the following words: *late*, *ail*, *veil*, *prey*, *pay*, *gauge*, *great*, *deign*, *eight*, *tete*. Here are no fewer than ten characters, or combinations of characters, namely, *a*, *ai*, *ei*, *ey*, *ay*, *au*, *ea*, *eig*, *eigh*,

and e, employed to denote one simple vowel sound; and, to make bad worse, most of these same characters and combinations are also used to express other sounds besides. Among the consonants there is a similar confusion. *C, k, ch*, are used to denote the same consonant sound as heard in *can, take, chasm*. Sometimes *c* is sounded like *s*, as in *mace*, and, in combination with *h*, it is made sometimes to represent the sound heard at the end of the word *such*, and sometimes that heard in the beginning of *chaise*. These specimens are sufficient to show us how difficult it must be to ascertain the real number of elementary sounds in our language from attending only to what the alphabet teaches, or indeed from any other sources to which people in general have access.

Our alphabet, to be perfect, should contain just as many characters as there are simple sounds in our language, and no character should represent more than one sound. The advantages of such an alphabet would be incalculably great, extending to every individual who has, or shall have, use for it at the present, and in all future time. No such thing as bad spelling, or bad reading, so far as calling the words is concerned, could in such a case exist; the expenditure of many millions of dollars annually in teaching children to read and spell might be saved, the business be better accomplished, and a great amount of time would be redeemed for the pursuit of other objects.

Before attempting to exhibit the elementary sounds which our language contains, let us first attend to the organs of speech, and the manner in which those sounds are formed.

The organs of speech are the throat, the passage leading thence through the nose, the palate, the tongue, the roof of the mouth, the upper jaw with its gums, the front teeth, especially the upper ones, and the lips. To these may with propriety be added the lungs, as being the bellows which sends forward the air through the throat, mouth, and nose. By the various action of these organs, the air, in coming from the lungs, is vibrated, reverberated, and otherwise affected, so as to produce all that variety of sounds which are heard in both speaking and singing.

If a passage for the breath be left open and uninterrupted from the throat quite through the mouth and lips, the sound which is produced, however modified it may be in other respects, is continuous and open, capable of being protracted or shortened, elevated or depressed, in various degrees. A sound so produced is called a vowel. While this current of breath or air is issuing from the throat, if two or more of the organs of speech are brought into contact so as to stop it, or to allow but a very

small portion of it to escape, except in some few cases it passes out through the nose, the sound, or modification of sound, so produced is called a consonant. If the organs are similarly situated *before* the air is issued from the throat, and the effort to issue it is then made, that is, if the *commencement* of *sound-ing* has the same position of the organs as the *ending* of it, the effect is the same. The distinction, then, between a vowel and consonant is, that the former is a sound uninterrupted by the contact of the organs, and not deflected by them into a new channel, while the latter is a sound in which the breath is quite or, nearly interrupted, or deflected from the mouth through the nose. Let any one make an experiment on any or all of the vowels, he will perceive the breath to escape through the mouth without interruption or deflection. Let him attempt to pronounce the syllable *ep*: he will perceive that no breath escapes either from his mouth or nose, but that both passages are firmly closed. Let him make trial of the syllable *eb*: he will find the same position of the organs as before, with no escape of breath; but he will perceive that the breath has now been forced up part way through the nose, and there arrested in its progress, producing a slight vibratory sound in that organ. Again, let him take the syllable *em*, and try as before: here every thing will appear as in the two former cases, except that now the breath will escape, and entirely so, through the nose. All the difference, therefore, between these three consonants consists in the entire stoppage of the breath at the lips, a deflection of it from the mouth a little way into the nasal passage where it is stopped, and its entire passage through the nose; yet what a difference in their respective sounds is the result! A similar experiment may be made with *t*, *d*, and *n*, placing the tongue against the gum of the upper front teeth, and then breathing as before: the same order of results will be again obtained. A like order of results will be obtained by taking the consonants heard in the syllables *ak*, *ag*, *ang*, or *eng*, or *ing*. By crowding the tongue against the extremities of the upper jaw and its rear teeth, if it have them, and the arch of the mouth immediately above, and thus entirely preventing the escape of the breath *every way*, the first of these consonants will be produced; suffer the breath to pass up the nasal passage and there stop it, the second will be formed; allow the breath to pass entirely through the nose, and the last one will be uttered.*

A vowel may now be defined, A sound of the human voice, uttered with an open passage for the breath through the throat,

* This proves that *ng* in the end of a syllable is a simple, and not a double consonant sound, as we are usually taught.

mouth, and lips. A consonant may be defined, A modification of sound produced by the contact of some of the organs of speech so as to interrupt or impede the passage of the breath.

A diphthong is the union of two vowels in one utterance, as in *voice, out*. What the two vowels in each example are, will be shown hereafter. A triphthong is the union of *three* vowels in one utterance, of which an example will be given further on.

CHAPTER II.

SPECIFICATION OF ALL THE VOWEL SOUNDS.—POSITION OF THE ORGANS IN FORMING THEM.—DIPHTHONGS.

In the following syllables, each contains a distinct vowel sound, without any repetition of the same one. Take away the consonants from every syllable, and the vowel will be left alone, and ought to be named and pronounced as it thus stands. For convenience of reference I shall designate each separate vowel by arithmetical figures. This will also prevent circumlocution, and at the same time each figure may be *pronounced*, if one chooses, according to the vowel which it represents.

* Art, at, ale, eel, all, ope, boot, tune, up.

Here are given nine different sounds, having all the characteristic distinctions of vowels, and for which there ought to be nine separate characters or letters. Most of these can also be divided into long and short, by which means a still greater variety of sounds is produced.

Let the lips be open, and lying against the teeth, forming a very flat, oval-shaped aperture, with the corners a very little drawn in; at the same time let the tongue, gently pressing against the extremities of the upper jaw, form an aperture there similar in shape to the first, and then let the breath be passed out, the vowel 1 will, or may be, sounded. Let every thing be as before except contracting the corners of the mouth, and flat both apertures a very little more, and the vowel 2 will be produced. Carry the whole further yet, and further still, and the vowels 3, 4 will be pronounced. Now protrude the lips a little from the teeth, with the aperture large and of a circular form; in the mean time let the aperture at the root of the upper jaw assume a corresponding shape, and vowel 5 will be produced. Protrude the lips still more; preserve the shape, but

* Strike off the consonants, and the sound which remains is the true *name* of the vowels.

lessen the size, of their aperture ; diminish the size, but increase the rotundity of the interior aperture ; and you will have vowel 6. Go still further with the protrusion of the lips, and the lessening of both apertures, and you will have 7. Protrude the lips, but make the opening of them oval instead of circular, while the interior aperture assumes again an oval form, with the muscles of the tongue pressing forward and not so perpendicularly upward as in the case of vowels 1, 2, 3, 4 : you will then pronounce the vowel 8.* Vowel 9 is nothing more than a deep guttural breathing, forcibly made with the mouth open.

Some have denied that 2 is a distinct vowel. An attentive consideration, however, of the position of the organs, and of the real sound which is made, will show that it is, in reality, intermediate between 1 and 3. It is, besides, always short, while 1 is generally, and indeed almost always, long ; and where a short 1 might otherwise be wanted, 2 is principally employed in its stead. This may be another reason why 2 has been confounded with short 1.

For the sake of undeceiving such as are liable to mistake the real short vowel sounds on account of our false orthography, I will here write down the respective long vowels, with their corresponding short ones underneath. From this exhibition it will be readily seen how our *ears* have been deceived by what has met our *eyes*.

¹ Art,	³ ale,	⁴ eel,	⁵ all,	⁶ ope,	⁷ boot,	⁸ tune,
¹ Hannah,	³ ell,	⁴ ill,	⁵ doll,	⁶ opinion,	⁷ good,	⁸ circular,
¹ America,	³ men,	⁴ pity,	⁵ what,	⁶ fellow,	⁷ pull,	⁸ statue.

Vowels 2 and 9 are always short. 1, 6, and 8, when short, are never followed by a consonant in the same syllable. When our *characters* a, o, u are followed by an accented consonant in the same syllable, they do not represent the sounds of 1, 6, 8, but of other vowels. The sound in map, tan, dab, is that of 2. The sound in top, blot, is that of 5 ; in son, idol, that of 9. The sound in but, hum, is that of 9 ; in pull, full, that of 7.

Diphthongs contain two *short* vowels, and the combination will produce a long syllable, except those into which the vowel 7 enters, and is placed first. These latter may be either long or short. The vowels which form a triphthong are likewise short, and the syllable into which they enter is long. The only diphthongs which we have in our language are those heard in the words *mind*, *out*, *toil*, and vowel 7 in combination with each of

* The French u has the same position of the organs, except that the apertures are still more flattened.

the other sounds except 8, and, what is peculiar, with *itself*. The simple vowels which constitute the dipthong heard in *mind*, *mile*, *bile*, are 2 and 4 very intimately united. Those which constitute the dipthong heard in *out*, *owl*, *our*, are 1 and 8; those which constitute it in *toil*, *loin*, *noise*, are 5 and 4, less intimately blended than in either of the preceding ones. Example of the union of 7 with other vowels may be seen in

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

waft, wax, wane, weep, wall, wo, wood, word. *Waft*, with its derivations, affords the only instance of a union between 7 and 1 which I can recollect. In all dipthongs of this kind beginning with 7, we employ the letter *w* to denote the first vowel sound. It has not, I am aware, been customary to call these combinations of 7 with the other vowels dipthongs. *W* has been generally treated as though it was a consonant, and the vowel united with it as a simple sound. But there cannot, I believe, be any definition of a dipthong given with any tolerable correctness which will not include these combinations of 7 with other vowels. The union of sounds in all these cases is very intimate, but it is a union of vowel sounds alone.

The only *triphthongs* in our language are the combinations of 7 with the dipthong composed of 2, 4, as heard in *wipe*, *wild*; and with the dipthong 1, 8, as heard in *wound*, participle of the verb *to wind*. This word, and the substantive *wound*, with the verb *to wound* and its derivatives, are the only ones in which, to my recollection, the latter triphthong occurs.*

CHAPTER III.

SPECIFICATION OF ALL THE CONSONANT SOUNDS IN THE LANGUAGE.—POSITION OF THE ORGANS IN FORMING THEM.

The following syllables exhibit, I believe, every simple consonant to be found in our language, and express the names by which they should be called.

Pe, be, em, te, de, en, ka, ga, eng, enk, ef, ve, eth, the, el, es, ze, ar, ye. *He* may be added, though not properly a *letter*.

In this exhibition I have had regard to classification of sounds, and convenience of explaining them, rather than the order of the common alphabet, so far as the latter contains them.

* Mary, I am aware, pronounce this latter word as though it were spelled *woond*; but I never *found* any good *ground* for giving it that *sound*. The word is Saxon, and in all other words of Saxon origin *ou* has one uniform sound. Why, then, this exception? Why this needless anomaly?

In that alphabet *c* is unnecessary, it being always represented otherwise either by *s* or *k*. *Q* is also useless, for *k* might always take its place, and is the same with it. *J* is needless, because it is a compound of two other consonants, as I shall presently show. If retained it would be only a matter of convenience, not of necessity. *W* is likewise unnecessary, as it merely represents, and is, the vowel 7. *G* should be recognized as having but one sound, as heard in either *ga* or *ag*. Its name might be either. Let *eng*, as heard in *thing*, *long*, *among*, *dangle*, be pronounced as it naturally would be, and this pronunciation would be a proper name for that consonant. It is never found except in the end of a syllable. Let *eth*, as heard in *think*, *hath*, *both*, *through*, be pronounced in like manner for its name; and *the*, as heard in *this*, *that*, *bathe*, for its name. Pronounce *ye* as heard in *year*, *yet*, *yell* for the name of that consonant, which is one of those that most frequently occur in our language, and more than any other, perhaps, enters into combination with other consonant sounds; yet we have no appropriate character to represent it, for *y* is often used for the vowel 4, and *ye* (as I name it) often occurs without any notation at all which can serve to indicate its use. Even its name, as commonly given it, might as well have been *James* as *wi*, for any purpose of indicating its proper use. *He* is neither a consonant nor vowel. It is merely an aspirate, or peculiar mode of breathing while a vowel is sounded. It is, however, so much used, and is so important, that it deserves a distinct character and name to denote it.* There is another *breathing*, softer and less forcible, which our language employs, but for which it has neither a character nor name; but, unlike the other, it is a breathing on a *consonant*, or rather *between* consonants, and not on a vowel. It is heard in the last syllable of *able*, between *b* and *l*; in the last syllable of *happen*, *seven*, *battle*, *speckle*, between the letters *p n*, *v n*, *t l*, *k l*; and in many other words. We ought to have some character, and a name for it, to denote this kind of breathing.†

I shall now attempt to show the position of the organs in pronouncing each of the consonants, taking them in the order as they stand above. Every reader is desired to make a full

* The name *aytch*, most usually given this character, indicates its use in no way whatever, and is too *barbarous* to be retained.

† The practice of pronouncing *seven*, *even*, and other words in which this breathing occurs, as though it were the short sound of the vowel 3 or 9, is a provincialism which should be discarded, rather than countenanced as it too often is, by men of education, and particularly clergymen. The pronunciation has nothing *English* about it, and is destroying one variety of utterance, and one of the softest tones of the language.

trial of these positions for himself, that he may be satisfied of their accuracy.

The position of the organs in pronouncing the first nine of these consonants has been already given, and needs not be here repeated.* In pronouncing the letter *k*, the breath is expelled from the throat through the mouth, when it is suddenly interrupted in its passage, and that sound is made. Instead of passing through the *mouth*, let the breath issue through the nasal passage, and be *there* suddenly stopped by the same position of the organs which *k* requires, the letter *enk* will be sounded. This consonant, like *eng*, is used only in the end of syllables, where it is frequently heard, as in the words *think*, *sank*, *uncle*, *anchor*. The letter *ef* is pronounced by placing the upper part of the under lip against the ends of the upper front teeth, and allowing some breath to escape between the lip and teeth, and no where else. Let the position of the under lip and upper teeth continue the same, but let no breath escape between them, or very little indeed, and let it gurgle somewhat in the commencement of the nasal passage from the throat, and the letter *ve* will be pronounced. Place the end of the tongue against the front upper teeth, and let a little breath escape between them, as in the case of *ef*, and the letter *eth* will be sounded. Let all remain as before, but suffer no breath, or but very little, to escape between the tongue and teeth, and let it gurgle, or be vibrated, in the nasal passage, as before, and the letter *the* will be formed. Place the end of the tongue against the upper edge of the gum of the upper front teeth, let the breath be there stopped, and be vibrated through the nasal passage, and the letter *el* will be enunciated. Let the end of the tongue be put somewhat farther back, and be turned a little upward, leaving a space between it and the roof of the mouth, through which cause the breath to rush with a whistling sound, with none escaping through the nose, and the letter *ess* will be heard. With the tongue as before, only let it press against the roof of the mouth so as nearly to stop the breath, and then cause the breath to vibrate in the nasal passage, the letter *ze* will be uttered. Let the tongue be drawn a little farther back, with the end of it turned up, and somewhat *over*, near to the roof of the mouth, and a slight vibratory or tremulous motion given it while the breath passes through, the letter *ar* will be sounded. We *trill* or vibrate this letter much less, probably, than any other people in whose language it is found. The French,

* The true position of the organs is best ascertained in the sounding of a consonant by letting a vowel precede instead of following it; as *ek*, *ak*, *ok*, instead of *ke*, *ka*, *ko*; *em*, *am*, *um*, &c., instead of *me*, *ma*, &c. See page 15.

Italians, Spanish, and Portuguese trill it very much, as do the Scotch and Irish, so as to be unpleasant to our ears. In our aversion to harshness of sounds, we have almost lost the peculiarities of this letter, and have fallen into the opposite extreme of pronouncing it so faintly as hardly to make its articulation audible,—an error which is to be avoided. If the sides of the tongue be pressed against the gums of the upper double teeth on each side, and the upper surface of the tongue be brought in contact with the roof of the mouth at the same time, and the breath be made slightly to vibrate in the nasal passage near the throat, the sound of the consonant *ye* will be produced. This consonant always precedes a vowel, unless it closes a syllable; and is often understood before the vowel *u* when no consonant is expressed, as *unit*, *use*, *unite*.

The aspirate *he* is produced by causing the breath to rush with considerable force through a hollow passage made by raising the sides of the tongue to the upper gums in the back of the mouth, and depressing the center of it. This position may be somewhat varied to accommodate the utterance of the different vowels; but in all cases there is a hollow passage made for the breath by the tongue and roof of the mouth.

From the preceding representation, it appears that we have nineteen simple consonants in our language; and if we include the aspirate *he*, we have twenty. If the nine vowels are added, we have then twenty-eight or twenty-nine simple sounds in all. For the representation of these, we ought to have as many artificial marks or characters, each of which should invariably stand for the same simple sound. This would give us a perfect alphabet; would save at least seven eighths of the time now spent in teaching children to read and spell, and would teach them with entire success; would enable foreigners to acquire our language so as to read and speak it in half the time now consumed, and cause them to admire it besides; would save much time and expense in writing and printing, because then there would be no *silent* letters, which now, as supernumeraries, occupy so much space; and, in addition to the whole, would render our written and printed language much more worthy of the hundreds of millions of people who will hereafter speak it.

But what provision, it may be asked, is made in the foregoing view for the expression, or representation, of the sound usually denoted by *ch*, as in *much*; of that heard in *treasure*, and represented there by *s*; of that heard in *shun*, *nation*, there represented by *sh* and *tio*; and of the sound represented by *j*, and sometimes by *g*, as in *jade*, *age*? I will answer the question.

Each of those sounds alluded to is a compound of two simple consonants, as badly represented in our orthography as they well could be. The first (*ch*) is in reality a compound of *t* and *y*, that is *te* and *ye*, nothing more or less. This will appear most readily by placing this compound between two vowels, or in the middle of a word. Take the word *teach*, and add the syllable *er*, so as to make *teacher*; spell the latter word with *ty* instead of *ch*, the other letters retaining their former sound, and we shall have *teatyer*, which we can pronounce only in one way, giving the sound of *ch*. Spell *leeches*, *leetyes*, *satchel*, *satyel*, *hatching*, *hatying*, *righteous*, *rityous*, *riches*, *rityes*, the results will be the same. In all these examples, each word, however commonly spelt, has the sound of *ty*, and ought to be represented by them. *Much*, *blotch*, *ditch*, *churn*, *choose*, *church*, contain precisely the same sound, (the last twice over,) and should, of course, have the same representation.

In the words *treasure*, *seisure*, *adhesion*, we have the compound of *zy*; as, *treazyure*, *seizyure*, *adhezyon*, or still better expressed, *tr3zy9r*, *s4zy9r*, *adh4zy9n*. All other words containing the same sounds should have the like spelling.

In the words *nation*, *captious*, *wish*, *shun*, *sure*, the sound of *sy* occurs in each, though differently represented. Let the letters, except those which stand for *sy*, be retained and pronounced as usual, and insert *sy*; we shall then have *nasyun*, *cap-syus*, *wisy*, *syun*, *syure*. Place the organs in the position for pronouncing *sy*, and no other sound than the one under consideration can be made, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a word.

The sound commonly represented by *j*, or soft *g*, as it is called, as in *jade*, *age*, *adjure*, *ledger*, *agile*, is compounded of *d* and *y*. This will be best seen by taking a word with these consonants in the middle. *Ledger* is *ledyer*, *adjure* is *adyure*, *agile* is *adyil*, *age* is *ady* or *adye*, and *jade* is *dyade*. Here, again, the organs, placed in the position of these two consonants, can give no other sound than that of our common *j*.

X, which has not been mentioned before, is well known to represent a combination of sounds. In the beginning of a word it is pronounced like *z*. When used as a double consonant, it represents either *ks*, or *gs*, as *tax*, *exist*, which might be written *taks*, *egzist*. It is not, therefore, a letter representing any distinct sound, and of course cannot be necessary.

If there is any sound in our language which cannot be expressed by the simple vowels and consonants which I have exhibited, including the aspirate *h*, and the simple breathing heard in *able*, *seven*, it has altogether eluded my researches. To a

person who has never analyzed the sounds of our language by ascertaining the actual position of the organs in the formation of each of them, (the only way in which a perfect analysis can be formed,) the notation which I have employed may at first appear awkward. Let the novelty of it, however, wear off, and let him become familiar with it by practice, this awkwardness would disappear. Surely, if we have been so accustomed to the use of *ch* to denote the sound which we hear in *much* as to be reconciled to it, when in fact neither *c* nor *h* enter at all into the composition of the sound, it would not require much practice to reconcile us to a notation which expresses the truth.

What must have been the accuracy of the ears and of the research of those men, who, sensible that *ch* is not quite the proper notation of the sound for which these letters are made to stand, have substituted for them *tsh* as the true representatives of the compound letters of that sound? The same question might be put with regard to several other notations; for example, those which have been adopted to express the sounds heard in *pleasure*, *nation*, *age*. The truth is, we have suffered our ears to be misguided by our sight, or by our imagination, until we have become involved in errors which we are more solicitous to perpetuate than remove.

A knowledge of the elementary sounds of our language, and the true position of the organs in uttering them, is very important to him who would attain to a good elocution. Faults in articulation seldom arise from defective organs. They generally proceed from a bad management of them. To know how to place them aright in order to produce a perfect sound of the intended kind, must surely be the direct way to get rid of making imperfect ones. If a person errs in the distinct and proper articulation of a particular letter, or combination of letters, let him bring his organs to the right position for uttering them, he will then, of course, make the proper sound, and will continue to make it so long as he shall be attentive to the subject.

Every person who *lisps* does so by a wrong position of the organs. He places the end of his tongue against the roots of the upper front teeth, or near them, instead of farther back, as directed for the pronouncing of the letter *s*. After knowing the source of his mistake, and the correct mode of avoiding it, he needs to lisp no longer, if he is willing to take a little trouble to habituate himself to the change.

CHAPTER IV.

ACCENT.—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LONG AND ACCENTED SYLLABLE.

Accent is a strong and firm enunciation of a consonant after a vowel in the same syllable. Such, at any rate, is *accent* in the English language, whatever it may be in other languages. It is heard in such words as *men, mat, top, beset, befit, dispel, distract, desist*. In each of these words there is *one* consonant which is uttered with a firmer compression of the proper organs than the rest, giving to that consonant greater prominence and force. In consequence of this firmer compression of the organs, some little delay is occasioned in the utterance: hence, although the preceding vowel is always short, the syllable itself, taken together, requires as much time for its pronunciation as a syllable which contains a long vowel.

It is usual with writers on this subject to speak of *vowels* as being accented. Thus, they would say that in the word *abode* an accent is placed on the last syllable; yet all that can be properly said of that syllable is, that the vowel *o* is protracted in the utterance of it. To show the difference between simply a long syllable and an accented one, take the two words *late* and *let*. Here is precisely the same vowel in both words, namely, *e*. In the first word it is long, in the other short; in the first word it is pronounced slowly, in the other rapidly; in the first word the final consonant is uttered with a slight compression of the organs, in the other with a firm one. The same things hold true of *mane, men; tale, tell; nought, not; pool, pull; seen, sin*.* Every one can perceive a striking difference between the consonants in those words which have the accent and those which are not accented. This difference always exists between the two, whenever and however they occur; and a consonant after a *long* vowel in a syllable is *never* uttered as is a consonant on which the accent falls.

From what I have said, there is an obvious distinction between a long syllable and an accented one. A long syllable is one which contains a long vowel; an accented syllable is one which has the consonant in it, following a vowel, accented. A short syllable is properly one in which the vowel is short; an unaccented syllable is one which has no accented consonant.†

* I hardly need to say, that the *sounds* which meet the ear, not the *letters* which meet the eye, are to be here regarded

† See Prosody.

It will follow from what has now been advanced that a long syllable is never accented, and that an accented syllable is never long in the sense of having in it a long vowel. It may be added, that some syllables are both short and unaccented, as the second and third syllables in every, ivory, merriment.

The use of accents gives the English language a great superiority over those which do not have them in point of variety, force, and sprightliness of diction. By giving a greater number of combinations to its sounds, it is less exposed to monotony, and is better adapted to the uses of poetry.

CHAPTER V.

FAULTS OF UTTERANCE.—RAPIDITY AND INDISTINCTNESS.—CLIPPING.—SOUNDS OF DIFFICULT UTTERANCE.—REMARKS.—LETTER S.

There are two great faults in reading and speaking, independent of what is included in propriety of expression, which deserve our attention. These are, rapidity and indistinctness of utterance,—faults which almost every young reader possesses in a greater or less degree, and of which it is extremely difficult to cure him. “Read slow”—“don’t read so fast”—“you read too quick”—“read distinctly”—“don’t huddle your letters so much together”—“nobody can understand what you read,” are repeated the thousandth time with about as much effect in removing the difficulty as the pattering of rain on the house-top. Few scholars, I believe, were ever cured of the evils in question by such monitions simply, however often reiterated, or however well intended. A sense of shame at being so often noticed, and the loss of vivacity with the increase of years, will commonly do something, in process of time, towards a remedy. After all, the fault of *indistinctness* often continues with little amendment, when that of rapidity has much abated,—a proof, by the way, that the former is not so dependent on the latter as is sometimes imagined. Were I to attempt to destroy both faults in one, I should begin with that of indistinctness rather than that of rapidity. When a person becomes clear and distinct in his enunciation, he will generally lose his rapidity, or, at least, so much of it as to render it comparatively harmless. A person cannot be clear and distinct in his articulation, and be, at the same time, very rapid; but he may be not deficient in *slowness*, and yet quite *indistinct*. The fault of indistinctness will therefore claim my principal attention.

A person never *clips* a long vowel, nor one that is followed by an accent; nor is it common for him to clip or sink the *first* consonant in a word or syllable. The *vowels* which he clips, or sinks, or confounds, are those which are *short, and not followed with an accent*: the *consonants* which he treats in this way, are those which *end* a word or syllable. Let a person clearly enunciate every unaccented short syllable, and the final consonant in every syllable, and he will *always read distinctly*. In this, I believe, there is no mistake; and if there is not, the chief points to be regarded, and difficulties to be overcome, are reduced to two. Hence I propose two general rules to be regarded, in order to read clearly and distinctly.

RULE I.

Clearly enunciate, or pronounce, every short unaccented syllable.

RULE II.

Clearly enunciate the final consonant of every syllable.

Words containing short unaccented syllables.

Liable to be pronounced

Tempestuous,
Calculate,
Inconceivable,
Very desirous,
Barbarous,
Vanity,
Treachery,
Preliminary,
Dispensatory,
Cotemporary,

Tempestious.
Calclate.
Inconceivble.
Very zirous, or ver desirous.
Barbrous.
Vanty.
Treachry.
Prelimnary.
Dispenstory.
Cotemprary.

Besides this *sinking* of a vowel, there is a great tendency with indistinct readers to confound one vowel with another. Thus, for *calcu-late* they read *calke-late*; for *barba-rous*, *barbe-rous*; for *stimu-late*, *stime-late*; for *victo-ry*, *victe-ry*; for *ex-asper-ate*, *exaspur-ate*. There is hardly a greater blemish in reading than this confusion of sounds, and yet nothing is more common. A reader of good taste will give every vowel, however short it may be, its true sound, with its due proportion of utterance; and, in doing this, he will not, like some, make a syllable long when correct usage makes it short. *Stimulate* should be so pronounced as to give the second syllable, *u*, the short sound of vowel 8, and to give it clearly; so with *petulant*, *virtuous*, *natural*, without the insertion of *ye* before the vowel; nor should that consonant ever be inserted in similar cases, as some have taught. Give the short sound of 8 its legitimate

expression, and there will be no occasion for inserting *ye* to distinguish it from other vowel sounds. Every and ivory should be so pronounced that the second syllable of the one may be readily distinguished from that of the other. These are only given as a few specimens of what is continually occurring in vowel sounds.

The diphthong 2, 4, (heard in *mind*, *bind*,) is frequently sounded short, while it retains its diphthongal character. *I*, *my*, *thy*, are always short when they are not emphatical, as,

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode.—And

My God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days.

Some give to *my* the sound of *me* short; as, *me* God, *me* king, &c. Such a pronunciation appears affected, and it is anomalous. We might as well call *I*, *e*, and *thy*, the.

When a consonant follows a long vowel, or another consonant, it is often carelessly enunciated; that is, the organs are too feebly or imperfectly compressed, and the breath is too languidly employed. Take the word *transcendent*: the *s*, *d*, and *t*, at the end of the several syllables may be, and sometimes are, so faintly articulated as to be scarcely audible. In the words *contact*, *abrupt*, *defunct*, *resist*, *resists*, *commands*, *commandments*, are consonants in the like condition.

Most persons are very prone to give the consonant *ar* too feeble an articulation. In the words *liberty* and *government* this is particularly true. Many persons almost entirely sink this letter in these two words. In some words it is made to do little more than to lengthen the vowel which precedes it, as in *bar*, *star*, *more*. This is more especially the fact after the former of these vowels. But this sound should never be so suppressed as to be inaudible. The consequence of doing it is a feeble and indistinct utterance of other letters with which it is connected. Nor, on the other hand, do *our* ears tolerate that full vibration of the letter which foreigners generally give it. It should have a *distinct* enunciation, but little more.

I will now subjoin a few examples, in which are contained words the utterance of which is difficult to one who has not habituated himself to use distinctness.

For forms of government let fools contest :
Whate'er is best administered is best.

Those who vociferate loudest in favor of liberty, are not of course its truest supporters, or best defenders.

His sons stood still around him. Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead. Tempests and fire. These things distract the mind. They thronged the road through which we passed. With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound. He heeded not the obstacles in his way. The shepherd of Salisbury plains.

The incompressibility of bodies is their power of resisting compression into a smaller compass.

His arguments were considered to be incontrovertible by most of his hearers.

It came upon him in an unexpected moment. They entered into an agreement to reconsider and settle all their differences. The treacherousness of the memory is like the treacherousness of an adversary.

The mysteriousness and unaccountableness of things do not prove that they have no existence.

He conceived an unconquerable aversion to such idealisms.

There sat he with the most inconceivable imperturbation of countenance.

The crows flew clamorously into the crevices of the rocks.

The most incompatible and incongruous ideas were crowded together.

His disingenuous and incommunicative disposition continually produced suspicions injurious to his reputation.

It is strongly recommended to all who would acquire a clear and distinct articulation, to practise much on such sounds of difficult utterance as have now been given. It answers a valuable purpose to select from a spelling book columns of difficult words of every description, and read them with a slow, full, distinct enunciation. By taking this course the organs are not embarrassed by the blending of sounds from different words, as they are in reading sentences, but are employed on a single word at a time. An opportunity is thus afforded to dwell on each syllable long enough to make it distinct, and, if any error is committed, to ascertain in what it consists. The sound of every letter can in this way be noticed, and the organs be practised till they make it perfectly and readily.

Although I consider the rules and suggestions which I have given sufficient to enable a person to acquire a clear and distinct articulation, yet it should be remembered that they are sufficient to those only who will be at the trouble to practise them. It is not enough that a scholar reads them over, perhaps once a month, to his teacher, or is even made to recite them, and then thinks about them no more. He must practise

them by himself *alone*—he must read *aloud* to himself alone, till he conquers the difficulties which he has to encounter. A person may be taught how to make each separate sound in the language, and make it perfectly at the time ; but, if he does it but once in a great while, and thinks nothing about it in the intervals, he can never make it familiar to him, and he will always be liable to embarrassment in his trials before company. Practice as truly makes perfect in *reading* as in all other things.

After all, perhaps the greatest difficulty in the way of a good enunciation, is the want of a *desire* to excel in this particular. So far as my knowledge reaches, there is a great indifference on this subject among most young persons. If they can only name the words with rapidity, it seems to be all at which they aim : too many do not aim even at this. How the component parts of a word are expressed gives them little concern. But this ought not to be so. To read well is an accomplishment of the highest order, and stands among the first of desirable attainments. Every person, whatever may be his station in society, has occasion to read in the hearing of others, and to read *well*. It is, moreover, an accomplishment as elegant and dignifying as it is useful. Yet, strange to tell, fewer persons excel in reading than in any other branch of learning. In a select company of young gentlemen and ladies, if a book is presented, and some one requested to read, the task is declined by one after another as beyond his or her ability to perform ; or, if one at last consents, how often is it the result of his own happy ignorance of himself, rather than a consciousness of his real attainments !

The first excellence to be obtained in reading is, to read *intelligibly*, that is, so as to be clearly heard and understood so far as words are concerned ; the second is, to read with propriety, so that the entire sense of what is written may be expressed, not only by the words themselves, but by the tones and manner of the voice in giving them utterance. What I have hitherto said has related to the former of these divisions. A knowledge of the elementary sounds in our language, and the true position of the organs of speech in uttering them, seems to be of the highest importance in gaining an ability to speak clearly and distinctly. My other remarks and observations have thus far tended to that object. After considering a faulty utterance of a single letter, I shall proceed to treat of such subjects as relate to propriety.

The letter to which I have just alluded is *s*. Its recurrence in our language is very frequent, and it is so pronounced by some readers and speakers as to keep up almost a continuous

hiss. This with some is mere affectation, (an ill-conceived one indeed :) with others it is the result of inattention to the sounds of their own voices. The effect is very unpleasant on an audience of any refinement in the relish of sounds, and is a blemish which every one should avoid. Most persons give this letter a greater degree of hissing than is either pleasant or necessary. The fault is generally noticed by foreigners, and would be oftener observed by ourselves were it not so familiar to us. The cause of this fault arises from keeping the tongue too long in the position for making the sound, and thus protracting the hiss till it becomes disagreeable. Instead of this the tongue should be removed from the requisite position as soon as is consistent with making the sound audible, and the letters should be pronounced as gently as possible. By taking this course, the unpleasant hissing may be nearly or quite avoided, Too much moisture around the tongue at the time of uttering this sound contributes also to the fault in question, and merits, therefore, a suitable attention. The letter *z* is liable to a similar fault, but in a much less degree. It does not, however, require a separate consideration.

PART II.

VARIOUS MODULATIONS OF THE VOICE.

CHAPTER I.

INFLECTIONS DESCRIBED.—CHARACTERS USED.—EXAMPLES.

IN the pronunciation of each syllable in speaking, the voice either rises or falls during its utterance; that is, the voice is higher or lower at the close of the syllable than it was at the commencement of it. Let any one make the experiment on the pronoun I, and he will find that the least protraction of that sound will necessarily carry the voice either upward or downward. Let him try each of the simple vowel sounds, and he will find the same to be true. Nor will the result be different if he adds or prefixes a consonant. Although the voice thus rises and falls on every syllable and word, it does not, however, rise or fall to the amount of a whole note or tone on the same syllable. The voice may rise or fall a whole note, or more, as it passes from word to word, and even from syllable to syllable in the same word; but, whatever note it strikes, it will end somewhat higher or lower than the note which it first touched.

When a person sings, the case is quite different. Then, whatever note the voice touches, its elevation is the same both at the beginning and the end of the sound. The voice leaps from note to note with the full interval of a tone or semitone between; whereas, in *speaking*, the intervals between these tones or semitones are partially, at least, filled. Hence it is, that, in speaking, there is such a continuity of sound from the beginning to the end of a sentence, or till the voice is interrupted by a cadence. Hence, too, is the danger of contracting the habit of a drawling pronunciation on the one hand, or of an abrupt and jerking one on the other. From this view of the subject, also, we learn the true difference between the speaking and singing voice, and the occasion there is for a distinction in the rules to be given for their management.

These risings and fallings of the voice on the same syllable, are denominated inflections or slides. The rising of the voice is called the rising slide or inflection; the falling of the voice, the falling slide or inflection. Sometimes it happens that the voice both falls and rises on the same syllable: in this case, the fall and rise is called a circumflex. But this fall and rise is not usually thus denominated, unless the rise be at least equal to the previous fall. It is very important to observe, further, that, so opposed is the voice, or rather the ear that governs it, to remaining stationary at any single point of elevation or depression, it seldom rises on a syllable without again falling on the same, even where there is no circumflex, and seldom falls without again rising in some degree, but without having the last inflection equal to the first, or so strongly marked. This latter turn or variation of the voice, may with propriety be called a secondary inflection, and, for the sake of distinction, the first-mentioned inflections might be termed primary. On the right management of this secondary inflection much of skilful reading depends. It serves greatly to prevent abruptness, makes the transition from note to note easy and gentle, and happily modifies the general utterance.

The rising inflection is usually marked thus ('), the falling thus ('), and the circumflex thus (^), or thus (~). I shall adopt the former. The secondary inflections may be thus marked (^ v), the first for the secondary slide on the rising, and the latter for the secondary slide on the falling inflection.

When the inflection is strongly marked, it is then called intensive. Thus we speak of an intensive upward or rising inflection, and of an intensive downward or falling inflection. All the inflections vary greatly in degree. Sometimes they are so faintly made as to be scarcely heard, and as to require considerable attention and skill to distinguish them; yet, by attentive observation, they will be discerned even on the shortest syllables, and in a rapid utterance. Those which are more strongly marked should be first pointed out to the learner, and practised upon. He will gradually learn to distinguish those which are fainter.

In the following examples I have marked only those words or syllables on which the inflections are more evident to the ear; yet even in those which *are* marked, all are by no means equally intensive, and especially so with regard to the circumflex. The words which are marked should be read with a stress proportionate to what the sense requires.

When the inflection is intensive in any degree, it is used on

those syllables in a word which are either long, or accented; when not intensive, it may be used either on these, or such as are short or unaccented.

EXAMPLES FOR ILLUSTRATING THE PRIMARY INFLECTIONS.

It was neither bláck nor whíte.

It was James' or John'.

An avaricious man' cannot be happy.

Begone', my unbelieving fears.

My son', give' me thy heart.

Sound' the loud timbrel' o'er Egypt's dark sea':

Jehovah' has triumphed', his people are frée.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely in their lives', and in their deaths' they were not divided.

Cease', ye pilgrims', cease' to mourn,

I that denied thee gold', will give my heart'.

Fly' me, riches'; fly' me, cares'.

Cassius. You wrong me every' way—you wrong' me,

Brutus':

I said an elder' soldier, nòt a bèttér;—did I say better'?

Brutus. If you did', I care not'.

Cas. When Cæsar' liv'd' he durst not thus'* have mov'd me.

Bru. Peacè, peacè, you durst not sò have tempted him.

Cas. Whàt? durst not tempt him'?

Bru. For your life'* you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my lôve;

I may dô what I shall be sorry for'.

Pierre. ——— Hence! I know thee not.

Jaffier. Not knôw me, *Pierre*!

Hamlet. He was a man', take him for all in all',

I shall not look upon his like' again.

Horatio. My lord', I think I saw him' yèsternight'.

Ham. Sâw—whom'?

Hor. My lord', the king', your father'.

Ham. The kîng, my father'?

Hor. Season your admiration but a while',

With an attentive ear.

And it came to pass at noon' that *Elijah* mòcked them', and saíd, "Cry aloud", for he is a gôd: either he is tâlking, or he is pursûing, or he is in a jôurney, or peradventure he is sleep-
ing, and must be awâked.

* Secondary.

No doubt but yê are the people, and wisdom shall die' with you. But I have understanding as well as yôu : I am not inferior to yôu.

Art thôu the first man that was born' ? or wast thôu made before the hills' ? Hast thôu heard the secret of God', and dost thôu restrain wisdom to thysêlf ? What knowest thôu that wê know not' ? what understandest thôu which is not in us' ?

The foregoing examples are sufficient to illustrate the rising and falling inflections, together with the circumflex. I have introduced more of the latter than is commonly done in books which treat of them, because the learner is more apt to be troubled in acquiring the proper use of this inflection than of the other. It is recommended to the teacher that he should exercise his pupils on these examples until they become quite familiar with them, and be able to form the different inflections with correctness and ease. . He should remember that without this ability there can be no good reading.

CHAPTER II.

RULES FOR USING THE PRIMARY INFLECTIONS.

I shall now give a few general rules for the use of the inflections. It is not my design to enter at large on this part of elocution, but barely to do enough to assist the beginner, and to prepare him for greater progress in the art of reading as future circumstances may direct him. At the same time, it is hoped that the following rules and examples will be of service to readers in general whose opportunities will not allow them to resort to higher sources of instruction.

RULE I.

When a thought or sentiment is left incomplete at a pause, and is still carried forward in what follows, the rising inflection is used on the word or syllable at which the pause is made.

Emphasis may form an exception to this rule, but this will be hereafter considered. Mere exclamations, or broken parts of sentences, are not here embraced. The rule has reference to sentences which have their parts connected.

EXAMPLES.

When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquire-

ments', look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances', look down on those beneath you', that you may learn content.

Since the days that are past are gone forever', and those that are to come may not come to thee', it behoveth thee to employ the present time', without regretting the loss of that which is past', or too much depending on that which is to come.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do', do it quickly: defer not till the evening' what the morning may accomplish.

Honor', Prudence', and Pleasure' undertook to keep house together. Honor was to govern the family', Prudence to provide for it', and Pleasure' to conduct its arrangements. For sometime they went on exceedingly well', and with great propriety; but, after a while, Pleasure, getting the upper hand', began to carry mirth to extravagance', and filled the house with gay', idle', riotous company'; and the consequent expenses threatened the ruin of the establishment. Upon this', Honor and Prudence', finding it absolutely necessary to break up the partnership', determined to quit the house', and leave Pleasure to go on her own way. This could not continue long', as she soon brought herself to poverty', and came begging to her former companions', Honor and Prudence', who had now settled together in another habitation. However', they would never afterwards admit Pleasure to be a partner in their household', but sent for her occasionally' on holidays' to make them merry, and, in return', they maintained her out of their alms.

NOTE. Many persons seem to suppose that a *sentence* is not completed if a semicolon merely closes the passage, and therefore they read along without either a cadence or a falling inflection. This error should be avoided. A sentence is complete when the *thought* or *sentiment* intended to be expressed by it is fully brought out and completed; and, when this is done, the voice should denote the fact, whatever grammatical pause the writer or printer may choose to adopt. Thus, in the first example there is a full cadence, with a falling slide, on the word *emulation*; and near the close of the last example there is the same on the word *merry*. Another error is, to make a full stop with the voice, that is, to stop it in the manner of a cadence, as often as a semicolon occurs, or perhaps only a comma, although the sense is unfinished, and what follows is essentially connected with what preceded, making part of the thought which the whole is intended to express. Thus, in the fourth example, after the words "filled the house with gay, idle, riotous company," some readers would make a full cadence, whereas the sense requires that the voice should be kept up to the close of the whole sentence. This error is more common than the one first mentioned, and is to be especially guarded against.

In the examples which follow, cases will be found where the rising inflection is used before a semicolon, and when, of course, the voice is to be kept up, and carried forward to the succeeding parts.

Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us', even as they' delivered them unto us' which from the beginning were eye-witnesses' and ministers of the word'; it seemed good to me' also', having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first', to write unto thee in order', most excellent Theophilus', that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed.

To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength'; to consider that she is to shine forever with new accessions of glory', and brighten to all eternity'; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue', and knowledge to knowledge'; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition' which is natural to the mind of man.

But tell me if there be ought of his doings that fills us with so adoring a veneration' as when we behold the high and lofty One stooping from the high and holy place to feed the hungry', to clothe the naked', to counsel the ignorant', to be the father of the fatherless', the Judge of the widow', to comfort the cast down', to speak peace to the penitent', and, drawing near to the lowly couch of the humblest of his children', to whisper in the ear of the departing spirit', "Fear not, I am with thee'; be not dismayed', I am thy God'. I will strengthen thee'; I will help thee'; yea, I will uphold thee' with the right hand of my righteousness."

NOTE. The pause which is made while the voice is simply kept up, is called *the pause of suspension*. The inflection used will, of course, be the rising, though it will seldom be intensive.

RULE II.

The last pause but one in a sentence, whether that pause be denoted by a grammatical point, or by the sense merely, or be made for convenience of utterance, will usually have the rising slide.

EXAMPLES.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence' and then deceive it.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand', than to revenge it afterward.

Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry', for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you', do ye even so to them', for this is the law and the prophets.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses', your heavenly Father will also forgive you'; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses', neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

It is in vain for a rogue in grain' to pass himself off for an honest man.

Every addition of useful knowledge' is adding something to a man's treasures.

The wants of nature are few': it is the office of reason to regulate both the taste' and the appetite, and those who are governed by her laws' will be enabled to leave their wealth, their health, and their example', rich endowments to their heirs. All beyond enough' is too much; all beyond nourishment' is luxury'; all beyond decency' is extravagance.

· RULE III.

Friendly address, invitation, kind entreaty, devotional supplications, and petition in general, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Sir', your most obedient' and humble servant'.

Men', brethren, and fathers', hearken.

It is no surprising thing, sir', that men should sometimes differ in their opinions.

Come unto me all ye that labor' and are heavy laden', and I will give you rest.

Ho, every one that thirsteth', come ye to the waters'; and he that hath no money', come ye', buy and eat'; yea come', buy wine and milk' without money' and without price.

My son', hear the instruction of thy father', and forsake not the law of thy mother; for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head', and chains about thy neck'. My son', if sinners entice thee', consent thou not'.

And he lifted up his eyes, and looked, and lo, three men stood by him; and, when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself towards the ground, and said, "My Lord', if I have now found favor in thy sight', pass not away', I pray thee', from thy servant'. Let a little water', I pray you', be fetched', and wash your feet', and rest yourselves under the tree', and I will fetch a morsel of bread', and comfort ye your hearts. After that' ye shall pass on; for therefore are ye come to your servant'."

The following is an example of the most moving entreaty on the part of young prince Arthur to the officer who had been commissioned by the king to burn out his eyes with a hot iron, taken from Shakspeare's tragedy of King John. The passage should be read slow, and with semitones.* Hubert, the officer, first speaks to the attendants.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas', what need you be so boisterous rough' ?
I will' not strugglé—I will stand stoné still'.
For heaven's saké, Hubert', let me nót be bound' ;
Nay, hear mé, Hubert', drive these men away'
And I will sit as quiet' as a lamb' ;
I will not stir', nor wincé, nor speak a word',
Nor look upon the irons' angrily'.
Thrust but these men away', and I'll forgive you
Whatever torment you do put me tó.

Have mercy upon mé, O God', according to thy loving-kindness' : according unto the multitude of thy tender merciés, blot out my transgressions'. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity', and cleanse me from my sin'.

If this passage be read devotionally, there will be a slight turning of the voice upward in the last syllable of *transgressions* at the end of the first sentence, and in the word *sin* at the close of the last. So in the following examples, at the close of a sentence there should be, in most cases, a slight inflection upward on the last syllable in a sentence, although some of the preceding syllables may not require it, and may even demand a small depression of the voice preparatory to its rise.

O my Fathér, if it be possiblé, let this cup pass from mé ; nevertheléss, not as I will', but as thou wilt'.

O Lord God of Israel', who dwellest between the cherubims', thou art the God', even thou aloné, of all the kingdoms of the earth' : thou hast made heaven and earth'. Lord', bow down thine ear', and hear' ; open', Lord', thine eyes and seé ; and hear the words of Sennacherib who hath sent him to reproach the living God'. Of a truth', Lord', the kings of Assyria h'ave destroyed the nations and their lands', and have cast their gods into the fire, for they were no gods', but the work of men's hands', wood and stone' ; therefore they have destroyed them'.

* For semitones see page 39.

Now', therefore', O Lord our God', I beseech thee save thou us out of his hand', that all the kingdoms of the earth may know' that thou art the Lord God', even thou only.

The petitioners', therefore', pray your honor to take their case into consideration', and to inquire into the truth of the foregoing facts', and', on their being found true', to order and decree that the several parties', heretofore named', shall release and convey to them all their right and title to the premises'; or that your Honor would transfer', by decree', the title thereof to them according to said contract', under such limitations', or in such manner', as justice and equity may require'; or that such other relief may be granted' as the merits of the case shall demand', and they', as in duty bound', shall pray.

RULE IV.

Gentleness, kindness, pity, and tender feeling in general, incline the voice to the rising slide, and to the use of semitones.

NOTE. A semitone is *half* a tone, and is the smallest interval between two sounds as the voice rises or falls. I mention this here on account of its necessary connection with the rising slide in cases to which this rule applies. The semitone is equally adapted, in general, to the cases which fall under Rule III.; but I deferred a particular mention of it till now, because the learner, after the preceding exercises, will be better prepared to understand its application. This rule is so often violated by readers that I wish its bearing to be particularly noted, and the examples under it to be well practised upon.

EXAMPLES.

My little children', let us not love in word', neither in tongue; but in deed', and in truth'.

Beloved', believe not every spirit'; but try the spirits', whether they are of God'.

Let not your heart be troubled': ye believe in God'—believe also in mé. In my Father's house are many mansions'. If it were not só, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again', and receive you to myself'.

And she said, "Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods. Return thou after thy sister-in-law." And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee; for whither thou goest', I will go; and where thou lodgest', I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God' my God'. Where thou diest', I will die, and there will I be buried'. The Lord do so to mé and more also, if aught but death' part thee and mé."

Have pity upon mé, have pity upon mé, O ye my friends', for the hand of God hath touched mé.

My kinsfolk have failed', and my familiar friends have forgotten me. They that dwell in my house, and my maids', count me for a stranger'. I am an alien in their sight'. I called my servant', and he gave me no answer. I entreated him for the children's sake of my own body'. Yea, young children' despised mé. I arosé, and they spoke against mé.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man',
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door',
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span';
O give relief', and heaven will bless your store.

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung',
Deaf the praised ear', and mute the tuneful tongue'.
Even hé whose soul now melts in mournful lays',
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays';
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part',
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart'—
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er',
The muse forgot', and thou be loved no moré.

I was soon', however', called to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child'; the silent', suffering' composure' in which his countenance was fixed'; the tears of his attendants', whose grief was light' and capable of tears'; these gave me back the truth', and reminded me' that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow', with which I suffered myself to be borne along' with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord' with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth', its sound on the coffin chilled my heart', and horror', for a moment', took place of pity.*

RULE V.

When two alternatives are expressed, denoted by the conjunctions *or*, *nor*, simply; or by *either*, *or*; *neither*, *nor*, the first alternative will have the rising inflection, and the last the falling.

EXAMPLES.

It was John' or James'.

Lové or hatrèd.

It was either you' or I'.

Decide on going' or staying'.

You are either my friend' or my enemy'.

I am neither one' nor the other'.

* For remarks on the proper close of sentences, involving many of the foregoing and succeeding examples, see observations on cadence, page 51.

He will be governed by neither fear nor hope.

We must either conquer them, or they will conquer us.

You must either learn when young, or be ignorant in old age.

Was this the calculation of a man well versed in public affairs, or was it the dream of a smattering politician?

Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, or that Cæsar were dead, and live all freemen?

Who sees with equal eyes, as God of all,

A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

RULE VI.

The answer to a question has the falling slide, whether the question be put formally or informally, directly or indirectly.

EXAMPLES.

What did you give for that penknife? A dollar.

When did he return from his journey? Yesterday.

Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one.

It may perhaps be asked, what can we do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? No—certainly not.

When Pyrrhus had shown the utmost fondness for his expedition against the Romans, Cyneas, his chief minister, asked him what he proposed to himself by this war. Why, says Pyrrhus, to conquer the Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience. What then? To pass over into Sicily, and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects. And what does your majesty intend next? Why, truly to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa.

What shall we say, then? Is the law sin? God forbid. Nay, I had not known lust except the law had said, "thou shalt not covet."

Wherefore then serveth the law? It was added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made; and it was ordained by angels in the hands of a mediator.

Hamlet. But where was this?

Horatio. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?

Horatio. My lord, I did.

Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord—he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet. What, looked he frowningly?

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Palé, or rède?

Horatio. Này, vèry pàle.

Hamlet. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had been theré.

Horatio. It would have much amazed you.

Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia, but you would have Spain too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This vèry yèar they ordered one of their consuls into Africá, the other into Spáin.

Would you learn wisdom, consult experience; would you be happy, learn how to be contented; would you command respect, seek to desèrve it.

RULE VII.

When several things are contrasted together, the expression of that which stands first in the contrast requires the rising inflection, of that which stands last, the falling.

EXAMPLES.

Boys and girls; mén and women; ol'd and young; parents and children; lovè and hatrèd; hopè and fear; joy and grièf; wealth and poverty.

What *they* know by reading, *I* know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortunè is the objection against mé: want of personal wòrth, against them.

Mirth is short and transient: cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment: cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The formér is pecùliar to great and distinguished persons: the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.

If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's, the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it.

Dryden' is read with frequent astonishment', and Pòpe with perpetual delight'.

When we have looked on the pleasures of lifé, and they have vanished awày; when we have looked on the works of nature', and perceived that they were changing'; on the monuments of art', and seen that they would not stan'd; on our friends', and they have flèd while we were gazing'; on ourselvés, and felt that we were as fleeting as thèy; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes', and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support', because they were so feeble themselves'; we can look to the thròne of Gòd. Change and decfy' have never reached thàt; the revolution of agés has never movèd it; the waves of an eternity are rushing past it', but it has remained unshaken'; the waves of another eternity are rushing towards it', but it is fixed', and can never be disturbed'.

There are many subjects which it is not easy to understand', but it is always easy to misrepresent'; and when arguments cannot be controverted, it is not difficult' to calumniate motives.

RULE VIII.

The language of command, authority, threatening, rebuke, aversion, surprise, astonishment, and wonder, incline the voice to the downward slide.

EXAMPLES.

Go to the ànt, thou sluggard', consider her ways' and be wise.

Then said the king to the servants, "Bin'd him hand and foèt, and take him awày, and càst him into outer dàrkness: there shall be weèping and gnàshing of teeth."

Awake', ye sons of Spain'—awake'—advan'ce.

Strike for the sires' who left you frèe;

Strikè, for their sàkes who borè you;

Strikè for your hòmes and liberty,

And the heav'en you worship o'er you.

Arm', warriors', arm' for fight.——

Let each

His adamantiné coat gird wèll, and each

Fit wèll his hèlm, gripe fàst his orbèd shield.

Vanguard', to rig'ht and lèft the front unfòld.

I make a décrèe, that, in every dominion' of my kingdom, men tremble' and fear before the God of Danièl.

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

Hear me, rash man! on thy allegian'ce hear me.

————— Silence, ye win'ds,
That make outrageous war upon the ocean;
And thou, old ocean, still thy boisterous waves;
Ye warring elements, be hush'd as death.

————— If, when three days are expired,
Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
That moment is thy death.

If, then, ye have judgments of things pertaining to this life, set them to judge who are least esteemed in the church. I speak to your shame. Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you, no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren, but brother goeth to law with brother, and that before unbelievers? Now there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another. Why do ye not rather take wrong? Why do you not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded? Nay, ye do wrong, and defraud, and that your brethren.

Bring no more vain oblations. Incense is an abomination to me. The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with: it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons, and your appointed feasts my soul hateth. They are a trouble unto me. I am weary to bear them.

Hà! who comes here?

Is this the region, this the soil, the climate,
Said then the lost archangel!—this the seat
That we must change for heaven!—this mournful gloom,
For that celestial light!

They come! they come! the Greek! the Greek!

Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid
Be ye very desolate, saith the Lord.

These, as they change, almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and, on earth, peace, good will to men."

It may be here remarked that all those affections and emotions which indicate love, cheerfulness, and a lively state of mind in general, and especially if one is desirous of producing such feelings in another, incline the voice to the rising slide, while those which indicate a *depression* of mind, from whatever cause, incline the voice to the falling slide. The book of Lamentations, by Jeremiah, is full of examples of the latter kind. As a general rule, too, emotions of every kind which are overpowering incline the voice to the falling inflection, even when some of them, existing in a less degree, would incline it to the rising. In a book, however, so elementary as this, it is inexpedient to dwell on this subject, or to multiply rules and examples. Due reflection, with proper taste, will usually assist one to read passages of the description referred to without any very essential errors.

There is one mistake so common, and yet so important in its tendency, that it deserves mention, and the mention of it properly falls under the last rule. The mistake is this,—the use of the falling slide on a verb in the imperative mode, in all cases and circumstances. Those who commit the error seem to suppose that this form of the verb always *commands*, and thus they naturally use the slide adapted to such a case. But the verb in the imperative does, by no means, always command: on the contrary, it often invites, entreats, supplicates, and in a way, too, the most remote from dictation or authority. The imperative mode is employed in the humblest petitions for mercy from an inferior to a superior, even to God himself, and is consistent with the deepest sense of humility on the part of the suppliant. In the mouth, also, of a superior, it is often expressive of the utmost kindness, and simply invites, allures, and entreats in a manner the most winning. Nothing, then, can be more preposterous than to read passages where these expressions of feeling occur in the tone and manner of authority, as must be done if the falling inflection is employed, and especially if it is made intensive.

Take this passage, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," and read it with the falling slide on *come*, and the language is made repulsive rather than inviting.

Come', sound his praise abroad',
And hymns of glory sing.

Read, now, the first line of the above couplet with the falling inflection on the words *come* and *abroad*, and make the same inflection intensive on the word *sing* at the end of the second line, and you will destroy all that is inviting in the language

by the impropriety of your expression;—you will issue a command, when you should have given a kind invitation.

O wash my soul from every sin',
And make my guilty conscience clean.

Put the downward slide on the words *wash*, or, what would oftener be done, on *soul* and on *sin* in the first line of the above couplet, and on *make* and *clean* in the second one, and you would need a feeling of the heart quite different from the expression of the lips to receive a gracious answer to your supplication. Go yet further, and in all of these examples use full tones instead of semitones, with a strong enunciation, and the impropriety alluded to will be still more apparent.

RULE IX.

Implication, contempt, doubtfulness, and supposition, are often expressed by the circumflex.

EXAMPLES.

I will do it if *yôu* desire *mé*. (The implication is, I would not do it if another desired me.)

To travel in different countries, and there survey the works of nature and the monuments of art, would *ônce* have given me the highest gratification. (Here it is implied that it would not *now*.)

She sings delightfully. (Just the contrary is meant.)

What think you of the impotent threats of your adversary? What think?—they are unworthy of my notice.

To the voice of the *pêople* I will bow; but never shall I submit to the calumnies of an individual hired to betray them and slander me.——The right honorable gentleman has suggested examples which I should have *shunned*', and examples which I should have followed'. I shall never follow *hîs*, and I have ever avoided it. Am I to renounce those habits *nôw* forever? And at the beck of *whôm*?—I should rather say of *whât*?—*hâlf* a minister—*hâlf* a monkey—a 'prentice politician', and a master *coxcomb*.

How long will your friend be *absen't*? He may be gone a week—a fortnight—and possibly a month.

If these things are *sô*, all further negotiation, all further inquiries, are at an end.

Must I endure all this?

All this? *Ay*', more'.

If *twênty* thousand men will not *dó*, *fifty*' thousand shall.

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the pôsts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction', I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the conviction of the western' gentlemen, whether, supposing nô posts and nô treaty, the settlers will remain in security?

And Abraham answered and said', Behold, now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord', which am but dust and ashes', peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous'; wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, If I find there forty and five', I will not destroy it. And he spake unto him yet again, and said', Peradventure there shall be forty found there'? And he said, I will not do it for forty's' sake. And he said unto him, O let not the Lord be angry', and I will speak.—Peradventure there shall thirty be found there? And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty' there. And he said', Behold, now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord', peradventure there shall be twenty found there? And he said, I will not destroy it for twenty's' sake. And he said, O let not the Lord be angry', and I will speak yet but this on'ce: peradventure tèn shall be found theré? And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's' sake.

CHAPTER III.

SECONDARY INFLECTIONS.—MONOTONE.

Hitherto I have considered only the *primary* inflections, as being the most obvious, and, of course, the most easily explained and understood. The way is now prepared to consider, with some chance of success, those which I have denominated *secondary*.

The secondary inflection or slide chiefly occurs when the sound of the voice is protracted on a long or an accented syllable, detaining, as it were, the attention of the hearer for a very short time on the thought which is there expressed, or, when it is employed for the sake of euphony,* removing the asperity and abruptness of passing directly from the extreme of a slide on one note to another below or above it. Hence it is that the secondary inflection is oftenest found in cases which

* Euphony—an agreeable sound; one pleasing to the ear.

require a slow movement of the voice, and in the expression of tender sentiments and of devotional feeling. Both the sublime and beautiful incline the voice naturally to it; poetry abounds in it, as requiring the voice to correspond with its own harmony of numbers; while all the rough and boisterous feelings avoid it, from a similar correspondence between them and the voice.

A critical ear will not unfrequently detect this secondary inflection on even a short or unaccented syllable; but I shall content myself with pointing out what is more obvious and more immediately important. The reader who is disposed to pursue this matter further, can avail himself of his own researches, or resort to other sources of information.

A few examples will now be given for the illustration of what has been suggested under this head.

EXAMPLES.

I never shun a grave^y-yard^d, and I entered this^y. There were trees growing in it, here and theré, though it was not regularly planted, and I thought it looked better than if it had^d been. The only paths^y were those which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy^y, as they followed love^y and friendship^y to the grave^y; and this, too, was well^d, for I dislike a smoothly-rolled gravel-walk in a place like this.

And when I saw that no man^y who had loved the beauty of the rose^y gathered again its scattered leaves^d, or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken^d, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew^d, and my soul^y received instruction.

With all my powers of heart^y and tongue^d
I'll praise my Maker^y in my song^y;
Angels^y shall hear the notes^d I raise^d,
Approve^y the song^y, and join^d the praise^y.

These^y, as they chang^e, almighty Father^y, these^d
Are but the varied^d God^y. The roll'ing year^d
Is full of thee^y.

Arise^y, shine^y, for thy light is come^d, and the glory of the Lord^y is risen upon^d thee.

Awake^y, awake^y, put on thy strength^d, O Zion^y; put on thy beautiful garments^d, O Jeru'salem^y, the holy city; for hence^y-forth^d there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean^y.

Lo^d, earth^y receives him from the bending skies:
Sink down^y, ye mountains^d, and ye vâllies^y rise^d.

With heads declined', ye cedars, ho'magé pay;
Be smooth', ye rocks; ye rapid floods', givè way'.

The Savior comes' by ancient bards foretold':
Hèar him', ye deaf', and, all ye blind', behold'.

We'll crowd' thy gates' with thankful' songs',
High' as the heavens' our voices raise',
And earth', with her ten thou'sand tongues',
Shall fill' thy courts' with sound'ing praise'.

Wide' as the world' is thy command';
Vast' as eternity' thy love';
Firm' as a rock' thy truth' must stand'
When roll'ing years' shall cease' to move'.

I will here repeat, what has been already suggested, that the different inflections, whether primary, secondary, or circumflex, are to be expressed with various degrees of fullness, according as the sentiment and propriety shall demand. In learning their use, it will necessarily happen that they must be marked with more strength and distinctness than correct and graceful reading would require—so much so, indeed, as to seem, for a while, stiff and clumsy; but when the proper use of them is once acquired, this difficulty will disappear. Something very similar occurs in acquiring the rudiments of singing; but when these rudiments are mastered, the advantage of learning them is made apparent.

MONOTONE.

Monotone is the same note, or elevation of the voice, continued through a whole sentence, or several words, in succession, in a sentence. Although the voice neither rises nor falls, as it respects the note on which it is pitched, it may nevertheless have the different inflections, but in a less degree than in other cases. The inflections never continue on the same level, nor in the same degree, and it is rare that the voice is kept on the same note for any considerable length of time, without some intervals of rising and falling.

The monotone is generally employed when the language is sublime, elevated, or grave, and in making comparisons. It is sometimes used to give emphasis. The monotone is usually marked by a short horizontal line drawn over the words or syllables on which it is employed.

EXAMPLES.

For thus saith the high and lofty Onē thāt inhābitēth ēternī-
ty, whōse nāme is Hōly, "I dwell in the high and hōly place."

And one cried unto another, and said, "Höly, höly, höly, is the Lörd of hōsts. The whōle eārth is full of his glōry."

He stōod and mēasured the eārth; hē bēhēld, and drōve asūnder thē nātions; and the ēvērlasting mōuntains wēre scātterēd, the pērpētūal hills dīd bōw. His wāys are ēvērlāsting.

Blēssing, hōnōr, and glōry, and pōwer, bē untō hīm thāt sitteth on thē thrōne, and to the Lāmb forevēr and ēvēr.

The sēas shāll wāste, the skīes in smōke decāy,
Rōcks fāl to dūst, and mōuntains mēlt awāy;
Būt fixed his wōrd—his sāvīng pōwer remāins.
Thy reālm forēvēr lāsts—thy ōwn Mēssiāh rēigns.

— All heaven
Resounded, and, hād eārth bēen thēn', all eārth'
Hād to her cēntēr shōōk.

As sōme lōne mīser, vīsting his storē',
Bēnds at his trēasure, cōunts, rēcōunts it ō'er',
Hōards āfter hōards his rīsing rāpturēs fill',
Yēt still hē sighs, for hōards are wānting still';
Thus^v to my breast^v alternatē passions rise[^],
Pleased^v with each good^v that heaven^v to man[^] supplīes[^].

As sōme tāll cliff, thāt lifts its āwful fōrm',
Swēlls frōm the vālē', and mīdway leāves the stōrm',
Though rōund its brēast the rōlling clōuds arē sprēad,
Eternal sunshine settlēs on its head.

Sōft ās thē slūmbers of a sāint fōrgīvēn,
And mīld as ōpening glēams ōf prōmīsed hēaven

MOCK SUBLIME.

Hīgh on a gōrgēous sēat, that fār ōutshōne'
Hēnley's gīlt tūb', or Flēcknō's Irish thrōne',
Or thāt whēre ōn her Cūrls the public pōurs',
All bōunteous', frāgrānt grāins and gōlden shōwers',
Greāt Cībber sāte.

EMPHATIC MONOTONE.

Thōu shālt nōt tāke the nāme of the Lörd thy Gōd in vāin.
Thōu shālt nōt kill.

Socrates dīed līke a philosopher', but Jēsūs Chrīst līke a Gōd.
Mān gīvēth up the ghōst', ānd whēre īs hē'?

And man hīmsēlf', whōse wōrks are sō fragīle', whēre īs hē'?
The hīstory of hīs wōrks īs the hīstory of hīmsēlf'; hē
exīsted[^]—hē īs gōne.

Pīgmīes are pīgmīes stīll', thōugh perched ōn Alps',
And pīrāmīds are pīrāmīds īn vāles.

CHAPTER IV.

CADENCE.

We are commonly told in treatises on elocution that cadence is a falling of the voice at the close of a sentence. Sometimes we are left to infer that it is no more than the falling inflection. Sometimes it is represented as a *dying away* of the voice when a sentence closes, and, true enough, a sentence is often closed as though it *died away*, and the reader with it. All such instruction, to say the least, is useless, and it is probable that the reader, if left to his own sense of propriety, would make a better cadence than when so taught. To close a sentence properly is one of the highest attainments in reading or speaking. It is this which produces on the mind, through the medium of the voice, the final effect of every thought or sentiment. It is this which gives grace and dignity to expression, more than any other part of a sentence. It must, then, be very important that we form correct views of the manner in which a sentence should be closed, and that our practice should be correspondent.

What then is a cadence?

Cadence is a fall of the voice on the *last syllable* in a sentence.

Although this is a correct *general* definition, sundry particulars are to be noticed in order to gain a clear understanding of cadence in its various applications.

A cadence is formed on a single syllable only, and that is the *last* one of a sentence. If the voice begins to drop sooner, the close will be feeble in proportion to the number of syllables on which it falls. If it falls on no more than two, the close will be too weak; weaker still if on three; and so on. It is a rule, to which I know no exceptions, that the last syllable in a sentence but one should be pronounced on as *high* a note, at least, as the *key note* of that sentence, that is, the *medium* note, or that on which the voice is, or should be, pitched. When the last syllable but one is on the key note, the last will, of course, be on a note lower than the average. But frequently a single note merely below the key note would render the close feebler than the vigor of the thought or a due expression demands. In this case, the last syllable but one is *raised* a note, or a semitone, in order to enable the voice to descend with *ease* and *fulness*.

It is seldom that a cadence is more than one note or tone of the voice—very frequently not more than a semitone, especially in passages where semitones abound. There may be cases, however, in which a lower fall of the voice may be required ; but these are so unfrequent that they need not be particularly noticed.

When a due force and energy of expression demand that the last syllable but one in a sentence should be raised a note higher than the preceding syllable, the cadence may then be on the key note, or the note of the last syllable but two. This is required, not because the voice had been previously raised to make way for a full and easy cadence, as before mentioned, but because, having been raised for another purpose, it is now simply required to fall. From a comparison, therefore, of these observations, it will appear that a cadence is always a fall of the voice below the *last syllable but one* in a sentence, whatever may be the note on which that syllable is pronounced, so that this syllable determines the point whether the cadence shall be *higher* than the key note of the sentence, shall be *on* the key note, or shall be *below* it. This syllable, therefore, entirely governs the cadence, and its place in the scale of the voice is to be primarily regarded in order to form a cadence with harmony and propriety.

A regular cadence naturally requires the falling inflection, either primary or secondary. If the close is designed to be quite bold, forcible, or abrupt, the primary is used—at least, the secondary turn is faintly perceptible. When the close is gentle, or the sound is protracted for *any* cause, the secondary is employed.

It can now be seen that they greatly mistake who seem to consider a cadence the same thing as the falling slide. This slide is indeed used when a cadence is made, and so it is when one is *not* made ; but a proper cadence is the fall of a *note* or a *semitone* and not a mere turn of the voice, such as is denoted by an inflection, although the latter may accompany it.

I wish to be very particular in guarding against the too prevalent error of ending sentences with a faint and feeble utterance. It universally produces a monotonous manner of speaking or reading, with a faint, languid, indifferent air, and, of course, it is inconsistent with natural vivacity and force. If one begins a sentence with some proper life and vigor, but loses them as he proceeds, and finally dies away in feeble accents, the effect is the same as though the beginning had been faulty as well as the close.

In explanation of the following examples, the relative position

of the two last syllables, in order to form a cadence, is denoted by the place which they respectively occupy in the printing.

EXAMPLES.

1. All men are mortal.—2. Life is short.—3. No man is always wise.—4. Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time.—5. Be wise to-day'—'tis madness to defer.

All men are mor^{tal}.—Life is short.—No man is always^{wise}.
Fly swifter round, ye wheels^{of} time.—Be wise to-day'—'tis
madness to^{de} fer.

The first three examples exhibit a common cadence, where a sentence is closed without any thing to require particular energy of expression, and the last syllable but one is supposed to be on the key note. In the fourth example, "Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time," the expression is more energetic, and I have therefore placed the penult * syllable or note higher than the one which precedes it, in order to strengthen the cadence. The same is done in the fifth example, the word "defer" requiring a full expression.

Take, now, the third example, and lay a slight stress on the word *always* so as to express the general sentiment, merely, that men *sometimes* are not *wise*: the cadence would then be denoted thus, No man is al^{ways} wise, the penult being raised a note, and the last syllable being placed on the key note, or that of the antepenult.† Again, let the meaning be, that though a man is not always wise, yet he is sometimes: this meaning might be thus denoted, No man is al^{ways} wise, the antepenult being circumflexed, the penult being raised a note, and the last syllable being on the key note, as before, for the cadence. Once more, let the meaning be conveyed, that a man is not always wise, with the question implied, is he? or, do you think he is? and the meaning might be denoted in this manner—No man is always^{wise}. Or suppose that one should simply wish to express himself with much gravity, the reading of the sentence might be thus marked—No man is al^{ways} wise^v. In both of these cases there would be no cadence at all, but the sentence would be closed without one, that is, without any depression of voice on the last syllable.

* Penult—last but one.

† Antepenult—last but two, or the one before the penult.●

These examples may serve to show what a cadence is, and also, in one particular, what it is not, namely, that it is *not* always, and as a matter of course, a concluding note of a sentence. So far is the latter from being true, we shall find that very many sentences require no depression of voice at their close, and that they frequently require it to be elevated. In all extemporaneous speaking, whether it be in conversation, or in addressing assemblies of people, we shall find that speakers elevate their voices at the end of their sentences much more commonly than is generally supposed, or than persons generally do when they read, or when they practise declamation. By elevation of voice is not here intended a greater degree of loudness, nor more volume of sound, but its relative position in the scale of ascending and descending, without regard to the quantity of *noise* which it produces; it is, in short, the *note* which is touched, or its elevation of tone.

A *regular* cadence is accompanied with the falling inflection, either primary or secondary,* and which of these should be employed must be determined by the rules which govern those inflections respectively.

In extemporaneous speaking, just alluded to, not only is the last syllable in a sentence raised to a higher note than that of a cadence, but it has also the rising slide, more frequently than in reading. Without attempting to decide the question whether this elevation of voice and this particular slide should occur as often in reading as in the other cases, it may be safely affirmed that they should be heard much more frequently than they are, especially when what is read is a speech, in fact, or a production in the nature of one.

As to the question which may now be asked, When should a cadence be made? I do not know that any rule can be given which would not be encumbered with many exceptions. Should it be said that a cadence is made when the voice comes to a full rest, this would be true, probably, in a great majority of cases; yet the voice very frequently comes to this rest on a note higher than that of the penult syllable. Should it be said that a cadence occurs when a particular thought or sentiment is terminated, this again would be true to a great extent, but not universally. Perhaps the most general and unexceptionable rule which can be given is,

That a cadence occurs at the close of a thought or sentiment which is complete in itself, and which conveys

* A syllable which forms a cadence may, however, and often does, admit the rising slide.

an intimation that there is nothing to follow which is essentially dependent on what has already been said.

It is quite certain that a cadence always interrupts the chain of thought, and that it never occurs without producing a pause in the attention of the hearer, by inclining him instinctively to suppose that such a pause is demanded by the speaker himself.

Hence it is easy to deduce a general rule, showing when a cadence is *not* to be used.

When a particular thought or sentiment is started, a cadence is *not* to be made until this thought or sentiment is fully expressed and completed.

Thus, a cadence should never be made between a nominative and its verb, however separated by adjuncts, nor between any of the component parts of a sentence, however numerous and long-continued. Though this rule is quite obvious on the least reflection, yet none is oftener violated both in reading and speaking, especially if what is spoken has been previously committed to writing, or the promptings of natural feeling and a sense of propriety have been otherwise suppressed. Not a few preachers violate this rule in the reading of the sacred Scriptures and of hymns, and in the delivery of their written discourses; and a large proportion of all who read in public do the same to a greater or less extent.

EXAMPLES OF A RIGHT AND WRONG USE OF CADENCE.

Right. Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments', and shall teach men so', he shall be called least in the kingdom of heav^{en}.

Wrong. Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heav^{en}.

And yet I say unto you that even Solomon', in all his glory', was not array'ed like one of these'.

And yet I say unto you that even Solo^{mon}', in all his glory', was not arrayed like one of these. Or,

And yet I say unto you that even Solomon', in all his glo^{ry}', was not arrayed like one of these. Or,

And yet I say unto you that even Solo^{mon}', in all his glo^{ry}', was not arrayed like one of these.

R. Fine sense^v and exalted sens^e are not half^v so valuable as com^{mon} sense.

W. Fine sens^e and exalted sen^{se} are not half so valuable as com^{mon} sense.

Fine sensè and exalted sen^{se} are not half so valuable as com^{mon} sense.

R. That man may lâst, but never lives[′],
Who mùch receives[′], but noth^{ing}[′] gives.

W. That man may last[′], but never lives[̀],
Who much ^{re}ceives^v, but nothing[̀] gives[̀].

R. Come[′], holy Spirit[′], heavenly Dove[′],
With all thy quick^{ning} powers[′],
Kindle a flame of sacred love[′]
In these cold hearts of ours.

W. Come[̀], holy Spirit[̀], heavenly Dov^e,
With all thy quickening powers^s,
Kindle a flame of sacred lovè
In these cold hearts of ours.

R. O death[′], all eloquent[′], you only provè
What dust^v we dote on[′] when 'tis man^{man} we love.

W. O death[̀], all èlo^{quènt}, you only prove
What dust we dote on[̀] when 'tis man we lovè.

Examples of cadence, in compound sentences, at pauses of a semicolon, &c. A false cadence is not here noted.

Honor is but a fictitious kind of hones^{ty},—a mēan, but a necessary[′] substitute for it[′] in societies who hàve none. It is a sort of pàper-credit[′], with which men are obliged to trade[′] who are deficient in the sterling cash^v of true morality[′] and reli^{gion}.

He that acts sincere^{vly} has the easiest task in the world^v, because he follows naturé, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and ac^{tion}s. He needs not invent any pre^{tences} beforehand[′], nor make excuses afterwards[′], for any thing

he nas said' ^{or} done'. But insincerity' is very troublesomé to man_{age}. A hy'pocríté has so many things to attend to' as make

his life a very perplexed' and intri^{caté} thing. A liar hath need of a good memory', lest he contradict' at on'e timé what he hath said at ano'ther. But trùth is always consistent with itself', and needs nothing to help ; it out; it is always near at han'd, and sits upon our lips; whereas' a liè is troublesome', and needs a great many more^ to make it good^v.

In the second place', we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of hon^v or. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of hon'or which is contrary either to the laws of God' or of their coun^{try}'; who think it more honorable to revenge' than to forgive' an in^{jù}ry'; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accusés them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their couragé than by their vir^{tué}. True fortitude is, indeed^v, so becoming in human naturé that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man^v; but we find several who so much abuse this notion' that they place the whole idéa of honor' in a kind of brùtál cour^vage, by which means we have those among ús who have called themselves mèn of honór that would have been a disgráce to a g^{ib}bet.

NOTE.—In future, the rising and falling of a note on a syllable will be signified, when occasion shall require it, by a point placed *over* the syllable if it is to be raised a note, and by one placed *under* it if it is to fall. A semitone will be denoted in like manner by a comma.

CHAPTER V.

PAUSES.

The grammatical pauses of a comma, semicolon, colon, and period, together with the dash (—) and the marks of exclamation and interrogation (! ?), denote that a pause is to be made after each, rather than the precise length of time that the voice should stop. It is true, in general, that a comma denotes a shorter pause than a semicolon, a semicolon than a colon, and a colon than a period. Still, *how* long the voice should stop at

each must be decided by circumstances and the nature of the case, and not by any one determinate rule. Here is room for the exercise of judgment and good taste, which must be acquired by reflection and experience. Cases may occur when a longer pause ought to be made at a comma than even at a period; and the same grammatical pause may occur a number of times in immediate succession, requiring a different length of time at each.

A rapid succession of ideas, urgency of manner in which a thought is enforced, playfulness of mind, and familiarity in general, will require shorter pauses than the opposites of all these. When something is expressed which it is quite important for the hearer to notice and retain, the pause should be protracted long enough for that purpose. Many important thoughts must be lost unless such an opportunity is given, and the hearer will be little profited or interested in listening to a reader who hurries him along from thought to thought with no allowance of time for distinguishing one from another. An emphatic expression before a stop requires a longer halt of the voice there than one which is not emphatic, for the obvious reason that such an expression deserves due attention, for which an opportunity must be afforded. Take the following example: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but, when I became a man, I put away childish things." Here it is easily seen that a longer pause is demanded after *man* than at any of the preceding commas. So, in this instance, "Virtué, not rolling suns, the mind matures," a longer stop is made after virtue than after suns. Take another example:—"As Cæsar loved mé, I weep for him; as he was fortunaté, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him;—but, as he was ambitious, I slew him." Here are several semicolons, but a longer rest of the voice is evidently required at the last, than at any which preceded it.

The marks of exclamation and interrogation are not inserted in books or in writing for the purpose of showing how long a pause must be made where they occur, but of drawing the attention of the reader to the fact that an exclamation is made in the case of one, and a question put in that of the other. Thus they give notice how a passage is to be *read*, rather than show how long a person should stop where they are inserted. Sometimes we stop no longer than the time commonly denoted by a comma, sometimes that of a semicolon, sometimes that of a period, for they are thrown in where any of these grammatical points might have been used in their stead had there not been a different object in employing them. When they make

their appearance, therefore, the reader should stop as long as the sense requires, and no longer.

But pauses are often to be made where none are indicated by artificial marks, and where the sense and judgment alone must govern. These are required for convenience of utterance, for greater harmony of the voice, and for giving distinctness to the meaning; and they are always most discernible in the reading and speaking of those who excel in their elocution. Without them, it is almost impossible, at times, for a hearer to understand distinctly the true meaning of what is uttered. Beginners, and those who are rapid in their manner, are very prone to omit these pauses: so are any who do not themselves take pains to understand well what they read. All who would acquit themselves well should be attentive to this matter, avoiding that hurried, strait-onward manner which confounds all meaning, harmony, and convenience. A few short examples will serve to illustrate what is intended by this sort of pauses, which are usually denominated *rhetorical*.

"Without a friend' the world is but a wilderness." "It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand' than to revenge it afterwards." No one can fail to observe that correct reading would require a short pause to be made after the word *friend* in the first example, and after the word *beforehand* in the second. So obvious, indeed, is the pause, that many writers would place a comma after those words, although the grammatical construction of the sentences would not require them to be put there, but would rather forbid it; and it may be proper here to remark that commas are often put in, especially in long sentences, or where the nominative to a verb has several appendages to it, when the connection of the words would demand none. This seems to be done for the regulation of the voice, rather than to point out the sense to the eye.

What a piece of work is man'!—how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving' how express' and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension' how like a God!

In this example the rhetorical pause is quite apparent after the words *moving*, *action*, and *apprehension*. An accurate reader would also make a *slight* pause, but sufficient to be noticed, after the words *work*, *noble*, *infinite*, and *express*, in order to give more distinctness to the ideas, and a greater harmony of expression.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churchés, and poor men's cottages princes'.

palaces." Here the like pause is discernible after the word *do*, where it is first used, and a very slight one after *cottages*. So evident is the first pause that some would insert a comma to denote it, as in the preceding example, although the verb *to do* serves as a nominative to the verb which follows, without the intervention of any other word. In this case, however, a comma would be improper, as unnecessary to mark either the sense or the pause.

"Thankfulness and happiness imply each other: we must be than'kful to be happy', and happy' to be thankful." Here quite a short pause is required after *happiness*, and a more distinct one after *thankful* and the second *happy*.

It is a general rule that the rhetorical pause should be made where one or more words are omitted in a sentence to avoid repetition. Example: "He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more^v to maintain that one." A pause is made after *more*, *his* being omitted: *twenty more lies* is the meaning. Example: "Newton was one of the best and wisest philosophers." A pause is made after *best*: the meaning is, that Newton was one of the best of philosophers, and one of the wisest philosophers. Again:

Some place the bliss in action', some in ease:

Thos'e call it pleàsuré, and conten'tmént these^v.

A pause will be noticed after *some* in the first line, and after *contentment* in the second. The omission, in the first instance, is that of the words, *place the bliss*. When supplied, the line would read thus: Some place the bliss in action, some place the bliss in ease, or some place *it* in ease. In the second instance, by supplying the omitted words, the passage would read: Those call it pleasure, and these call it contentment.

NOTE.—In the example beginning with, "What a piece of work is man!" it may be observed that semicolons would take the place of the exclamation marks were the latter to be omitted and other ones substituted for them.

CHAPTER VI.

INTERROGATIVE SENTENCES.

Who has not felt a difficulty in reading interrogative sentences with propriety? Who has not felt himself embarrassed in deciding with what manner of voice he should close them? And who has ever found himself greatly assisted by the instruction which he has derived on this point from teachers or

from books? Very few, it is believed, can say that they have not felt this difficulty and embarrassment, or that they have found this assistance. Yet no difficulty of the kind is experienced in conversation, or any sort of extemporaneous speaking, when the instinctive feelings of men are their only guides. Every body knows how to ask a question when he asks it for himself; but as soon as he meets with one in a book, all his natural instincts, and all his natural sense of propriety, seem to forsake him. Every interrogative sentence is read with nearly the same *up* or the same *down* of the voice, in a manner which is both formal and mechanical.

It would seem that there must be some general principles, which deserve consideration, in regard to the manner in which these sentences are to be read; and nature itself would seem to dictate that they should be sufficiently comprehensive to meet the various purposes which the asking of a question has in view. The late Dr. Porter, in his analysis of the principles of rhetorical delivery, and in his *Rhetorical Reader*, has laid down two general rules, to which he has made no exceptions, for the reading and speaking of interrogative sentences. Valuable as those two treatises are in most respects, the author has misconceived the principles by which we are governed in asking questions, and made his rules relating to them so defective that it is entirely impossible to put them in general practice without doing violence to our natural feelings of propriety. The distinction which he has made between *direct* and *indirect* questions, by the former of which he intends those which admit of the answer *yes* or *no*, and by the latter those which do not admit of such an answer, has no foundation in nature, and is inconsistent with correct usage. The very first examples which he has given under the former rule for its illustration ought not to be read in the manner which the rule itself seems intended to point out, but should be classed rather with the examples which are produced under the latter. If an author of his acuteness and ability has erred on this point, it cannot be a wonder that teachers at large should be liable to mistakes, and should give instructions on this head, which, to say the least, will be found imperfect.

Before proceeding to suggest rules which may be applied to the reading of interrogative sentences, it will be proper to inquire into the character and object of interrogations in general.

Questions are sometimes put *directly* for the express purpose of having somebody answer them, and with the wish and expectation that somebody *will* answer them; as if a traveller should inquire of one whom he meets, "How many miles are

there to Hartford?" It is furthermore evident that the wish, desire, or expectation of receiving an answer may vary greatly in degree, producing a correspondent earnestness and urgency in putting a question, and that all this will be intimated by the modulation of the voice. Again, a question is sometimes asked without any wish or intention of having it answered in words, but in thought; yet the intention clearly is that it *will* be answered thus, and it is put with that design. A man is addressing an audience, all of whom are silent listeners; he for the time is the only speaker; still he puts questions to them which it is just as important that they should individually answer in thought or in mind, as in other cases it would be that a person should do it in words. The manner of such questions will require the same modifications evidently as were suited to the case first supposed. Brutus is represented as saying, in his speech to the Romans on the death of Cæsar, "Who is here so rude that he would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended." Brutus could not have intended that any one should speak out in *words* to answer his question, even though he says "*Speak*, for him have I offended." It was enough if his hearers replied *mentally*. When he proceeds and inquires, "Who is here so vile that he will not love his country?—If any, speak, for him have I offended," and then adds "I pause for a reply," he still is not supposed to expect an audible answer. But allowing that an audible answer *had* been expected, there would have been, in either case, the same tones, the same modulation of voice.

To give force and emphasis to what he says, a speaker sometimes puts a question, and answers it himself. In this case, he expects, of course, that his question will be answered. It is what he intends, and what he had in view. His manner of speaking, therefore, must and will imply such an expectation, as in the former cases, and may admit of different degrees of earnestness.

But questions are by no means always put for the purpose of being *answered*, either in words or silently, directly or indirectly. Especially is this true as we meet with them in books, and in set, oral speeches. Much the greater part of them are introduced for other purposes; yet they have the form and construction of interrogations, and *might* be answered were there occasion. If the mere form and structure of sentences denote that they are interrogative, there should surely be something in the management of the living voice to indicate the same. This, indeed, the latter is capable of doing by itself alone, and often does independently of any collocation of words.

An example of the kind may be seen in the quotation from the dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio, page 33.

Among questions of the latter class are those which are asked for the purpose of strongly affirming some truth which the speaker himself takes care not to assert, but virtually compels the hearer to do it by intimating the answer which must be given, if one be given at all. It is an implied challenge to the hearer to give an answer which would not establish the point at which the question aims; or, in other words, the answer which *must* be given compels him to perceive and admit the truth which the propounder of the question meant to establish. Sometimes this mode of questioning amounts only to an indirect way of calling some truth to mind. Sometimes it barely intimates what he who uses it does not choose roundly to assert. "Canst thou by searching find out God? or canst thou know the Almighty unto perfection?" is equivalent to affirming with emphasis that one *cannot* so find out God, nor know him to perfection. The point, too, is so clear, that the putter of the question does not care to wait for an answer. The thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Job, and the four which follow it, contain a multitude of questions which he is challenged to answer in any way which will not exalt the power and majesty of God and abase himself; yet in all of them *silence* is imposed on Job to whom they are addressed, and any answer to them would have been impertinent. "Are you Christians? and by upholding duellists will you deluge the land with blood, and fill it with widows and orphans?" Here the speaker reminds his hearers that they were *Christians*, or ought to be, and, if they were, that they ought not, as they themselves must acknowledge, to be instrumental in deluging the land with blood, and filling it with widows and orphans.

Questioning is much used in argumentation, and when so employed it may be exhibited in all the ways which have been pointed out. Expostulation is a kind of address which employs questions to a great extent, and with much effect. Entreaty also very frequently admits them. In both, however, it is not commonly expected that a reply will be made in return. "Turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" may be taken as a specimen of either, according as the passage may be associated with different considerations. "Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide, instead of the lad, a bondman to my lord, and let the lad go up with his brethren; for how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest, peradventure, I see the evil that shall come on my father."

It cannot be necessary to inquire further into the general nature and uses of interrogations. They are, in fact, too extensive to be enumerated, even if it were practicable to do it, without a prolixity disproportionate to a work of this kind. Enough has been done to establish conclusively this fact, that every interrogative sentence contains a question, which, whether it be answered directly or not, *admits* an answer in some form or other. Another truth would seem to be equally obvious,—that, whenever a sentence is really an interrogative one, it should be so read or spoken as to make the interrogation *apparent* to those who hear it, and that this cannot be done unless it be read or spoken in *some* manner different from the reading and speaking of a common sentence. Now, by an attentive consideration of this subject, it will be seen that we generally close sentences which are *not* interrogative with a cadence, as pointed out in the chapter under that head. Emphasis may form some exceptions to this general principle, as it does to many others, but not so often, it is believed, as might at first be supposed. In most cases where it might at first be thought that the voice is raised a note or a semitone on the last syllable in a sentence, it will be found that the *rising inflection* alone is used, and sometimes nothing more than the *secondary* falling one; but when the voice is really raised a note or semitone on that syllable, there may be, after all, a doubt produced in the minds of the hearers whether a question was not implied in what was said. The general principle, therefore, in respect to a cadence, is not affected by such exceptions. The general conclusion to which we are brought (that the close of an interrogative sentence must be different from a cadence) will be best expressed in the first of the rules which will here follow.

RULE I.

In all kinds of interrogative sentences, the last syllable should be raised, in reading or speaking, at least a note or semitone higher than the one which precedes it, or, what amounts to the same thing, the *penult* syllable should be a note or semitone *lower* than the last syllable.

If this rule is correct, it appears that the close of an interrogative sentence is a cadence *inverted*, and that, in this particular, there is an important distinction between such a sentence and a common one, a disregard of which must be a confusion of the two.*

* In Dr. Porter's rule, however, for reading such questions as cannot be answered by *yes* or *no*, there is no such distinction made, and we are taught to read them as we should those which are not interrogative. Nor has he, indeed,

RULE II.

When a question is asked in an earnest, spirited, or fearless manner, or with a view to obtain an answer, the penult, and sometimes the antepenult syllable, will be on or above the key note of the sentence; the last syllable will, of course, be higher still. In some cases, the voice will begin to rise still farther back, and there are times when it gradually rises from the commencement of a sentence, especially if it be not a long one, to its close.

Emphasis produced by contrast or antithesis may depress the voice on a particular syllable or syllables for the sake of marking the thing contrasted with something else, but still not so as to change the relative position of the two last syllables with each other. A consideration of this, however, belongs to the treating of emphasis, and the occurrence itself does not interfere with the general rule.

RULE III.

The last syllable of an interrogative sentence should have the rising slide, and the same slide is required at every pause in the sentence, whether the pause be grammatical or rhetorical.

In some cases, the *secondary* rising inflection may be used, but not often. Here, again, the kind of emphasis before mentioned may sometimes invert the slide on any syllable but the last; but so instinctively inclined are we to turn the voice upward in asking questions, that, even in the case of such emphasis, we invariably employ, I believe, the secondary falling inflection, and not the primary.

This rule is, in fact, no more than a particular application of Rule I. in the chapter on inflections. When a *question* is asked, the thought or sentiment is, of course, carried forward from the beginning to the end of the sentence, and the current of the voice should correspond with that of the thought. It is the rising slide which is mainly employed for this purpose; yet sometimes the secondary downward slide, if the upward turn at its close is strongly marked, answers the same purpose; but this current of the voice is entirely interrupted by a cadence.

made such a distinction any where else. All he has said is, that those questions which can be answered by *yes* or *no* are to have the rising inflection, and those which cannot be so answered are to have the falling; yet he has not even told us *where* these inflections are to be made, and has uniformly *marked* only the long and the accented syllables nearest the close, though several short ones might immediately follow them. Such imperfections, surely, ought not to be perpetuated.

Yet how often is such a cadence used even by those who wish to be accounted good readers and speakers!

RULE IV.

When a question is asked in a vague and general manner, or for the mere purpose of expressing a thought forcibly without the design of exacting an answer in form, or in a kind and gentle manner, the last syllable may be on the key note or be below it, while the preceding syllables may take any arrangement in the scale of the voice consistent with leaving the penult a note or semitone lower than the last one.

To avoid all uncertainty of meaning with regard to the rising and falling of the voice, the same mode of expressing it will be pursued in the examples following under these rules as was adopted in the illustration of cadence.

EXAMPLES.

Who did this mischie'f?

Are you all read'y?

Must I endure all this'?

Is thy servant a dog^v that he should do this thing'?

Answer me direc'tly',—did you^v make all this tu'mult'?

Can't I speak in jêst without being taken in earn'ést?

Now read the same example in a complaining or despairing tone: Can't' I speak in jêst' without being taken in earn'est'?

And the king said unto her', "What wilt thou', queen Esther', and what is thy request'?"

And the king Ahasuerus answered, and said unto Esther, the queen', "Who is he', and where is he', that durst presume in his heart to do so'?"

Let me ask on what ground you mean to treat?

Do you

expect to persuade? Do you hope to intimidate? If to persuade, what are your means of persuasion? Every gentleman admits the importance of this country. Think you the First Consul, whose capacious mind embraces the globe, is alone ignorant of its value? Is he a child, whom you may win by a rattle to comply with your wishes? Will you, like a nurse, sing him to a lullaby? If you have no hope from a fondling attention and soothing sounds, what have you to offer in exchange? Have you any thing to give which he will take? He wants power: you have no power. He wants dominion: you have no dominion—at least, none that you can grant. He wants influence in Europe; and have you any influence in Europe?

I will now introduce a few examples taken from "Porter's Rhetorical Reader," that any who wish it may have an opportunity of comparing his principles and method of notation with those here adopted. They are taken from pages 33 and 34, under Rule VII., and from page 90, under exercise 7.

What, Tuberó, did that naked sword of yours mean in the battle of Pharsalia? At whose breast was its point aimed? What was the meaning of your arms, your spirit, your eyes, your hands, your ardor of soul?

"Who say the people that I am?" They answering said, "John the Baptist; but some say Eliás, and others say that one of the old prophets is risen again."

Where is boasting, then? It is excluded. Who first seduced them to that foul revolt? The infernal serpent.

The governor answered, and said unto them, "Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you?" They said, "Barabbas." Pilate said unto them, "What shall I do, then,

with Jesus', which is called Christ'?" They all say unto him', "Let him be crucified'." And the governor said, "Why', what evil' hath he done'?" But they cried out the more', saying', "Let him be crucified'."

Where, now, is the splendid robe of the con^{su}late'? Where are the brilliant torch^{es}? Where are the app^{au}ses' and dances', the feasts' and entertain^{ment}s'? Where are the coronets and the canop^{ies}? Where the huzzas of the cit^y', the compliments of the cir^{cus}', and the flattering acclamations of the specta^{tors}? All these have perished.

It is proper to remark, that persons of good taste may vary somewhat in the particular modulation of the voice in certain cases of interrogation, but yet without any violation of first principles. Some would elevate the voice a note or semitone more than others, or in like manner depress it, on a particular word or syllable, when it could be done without destroying the interrogative character of the sentence. Different apprehensions of the meaning conveyed, and different states of feeling at the time, may contribute to this variety. Even the same individual, owing to the same causes, may have some diversity of manner in his expression. No diversity, however, of this kind, can vary the general principle respecting the relative position of the penult and last syllable.

CHAPTER VII.

EMPHASIS.

Any mode of utterance which is calculated to draw the particular attention of the hearer to a thought, syllable, or part of a sentence is called emphasis. The usual definition, that emphasis is a particular stress of the voice laid on one or more words in a sentence, is very incomplete. Emphasis often exists without any special *stress* of the voice: a mere whisper may sometimes give a word or phrase an emphasis which mere *stress* could not do. There are other modes, also, of making language emphatic, as I shall have occasion to show, and which are inconsistent with the common definition.

Emphasis is a part of reading and speaking which deserves special consideration. Without it our reading would be dull

and monotonous, and many important thoughts of an author would be lost, or not sufficiently heeded, for want of being prominently brought into view,

But the *omission* of emphasis is not the only fault pertaining to this head. The *misplacing* of it (that is, the putting of it on words to which it does not belong) may have an equally bad effect. A wrong *kind* of emphasis, too, may operate as badly as none at all, or one placed where it does not belong.

To tell where emphasis ought to be employed, or what kind should be used, cannot be reduced to general rules. It is to be employed whenever the sense requires it; but who can tell beforehand what this will be? The most that can be done is to point out the different *kinds* of emphasis, or *modes* in which it is produced. To use these successfully, every person should well understand what he reads or speaks, and endeavor to make the feelings of the author his own. If a person cannot, or will not, understand what sentiments and thoughts deserve a prominent expression, technical rules can afford him no material assistance. He may, however, be conscious that a passage is emphatical, but be in doubt what *sort* of emphasis would be best adapted to give the right expression of thought, or, that being determined, how he shall express the emphasis itself so as to give it the greatest effect. In these respects, he may be assisted by proper instruction; and to this end what I have to say under this head will be mainly directed.

I shall now exhibit various *modes* in which emphasis may be expressed.

I. Emphasis may be expressed by giving intensity to the inflections.

EXAMPLES.

“God thundereth marvelously with his voice; great things he doeth which we cannot comprehend.” The word *we* has naturally the rising inflection, and is here rendered emphatical by making the inflection intensive.

Now the Egyptians are mén, and not Gòd; and their horses flesh', and not spirit.

“When the Lord shall stretch out his hand, both he that helpeth shall fall, and he that is helped shall fall down, and they all shall fall together.” All the words here marked have their inflections intensive to make them emphatical.

The circumflex is generally intensive, and the words which have it emphatical; but this is not *always* the fact.

II. Emphasis is frequently formed by a *change of inflections*; that is, if a word without emphasis would have a particular slide, it will have a different one if it becomes emphatical.

EXAMPLES.

"But if thy brother is grieved with thy food, now walkest thou not charitably'. Destroy not him' with thy food' for whom Christ dièd." Were it not for' the emphasis, the first *food* would have the rising slide, and *charitably* the falling: so *him* would have the falling, and the second *food* the rising inflection, and the word *Christ* would also have the rising slide.

"Blamè not before you have examined the truth: understand' first', and then' rebuke." The inflections on *first*, *then*, and *rebuke* are inverted.

"Be at peace with many: nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand." The slide is inverted on thousand.

"Let reason go before every enterprise', and counsel before action." The slide is inverted on action.

"Some people will never learn any' thing, for this reason,—because they understand every thing too soon." The inversion is on *soon*.

"And when he is comé, he will reprove the world of sin', and of righteousness', and of judgment: of sin', because they believe not on mé; of righteousness', because I go to my Fâther, and ye see me no móre; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." Nearly all the inflections in this example are inverted.

"What new importance, then', does not the achievement acquire to our minds when we consider that it was the deed of our fâthers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region they explored is our native land; that the unrivalled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; their amazing sufferings' the seed from which our happiness has sprung; that their weary banishment gave us' a home'; that to their' separation from every thing which is dear and pleasant in life we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges' which make our lot the envy of mankind!" Here are many emphatical particulars brought together, most of which depend for their emphatical expression on a change of slides. Each member of the whole compound sentence constitutes by itself one emphatic thought or sentiment, and is ter-

minated by the falling slide; whereas without any particular emphasis it would have the rising.

III. Emphasis at the close of a sentence may be formed by inverting the cadence.

This mode of emphasis nearly resembles one that is formed by inverting the falling slide, but is in reality distinct from it, as will be perceived by comparing together what has been said with regard to the inflections, and the elevation and depression of the voice to the amount of a tone or semitone.

EXAMPLES.

Custom is the plague of wise mén, and the idol of fools.*

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Juba. Alas! the story melts away my soul.

That best of fathers!—how shall I discharge

The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.

Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions.

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock'
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea

When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Syph. Alas, my princé, I'd guide you to your safety.

Juba. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how.

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Juba. My father scorned to do it.

Syph. And therefore diéd.

Juba. Better to die tèn thousand deaths

Than wound my honor—

Syph. Rather say, your love.

Juba. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my tempér:

Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flamé
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, princé, though hard to conquer lové,
'Tis easy to divert and break its forcé.

Absencé might cure it, or a second object
Light up another flamé and put out this.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of the skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyé, and palls upon the sènsè.

* The notation mentioned page 39, is here resumed.

IV. **Emphasis** is sometimes formed by raising the voice to a higher and sometimes to a lower note than it would naturally have without emphasis.

Shall the pagan slaves' be masters', then',
 Of the land which your fathers gave you ?
 Shall the Infidel lord it o'er Christian mén,
 When your own good swords may save you ?
 Let him know there are hearts, however bowed'
 By the chains which he threw around them',
 That will rise, like a spirit from pall and shroud,
 And cry wò to the slaves who bound them.
 Ah, whence is that flame which now bursts on his eyé ?
 Ah', what is that sound which now larums his ear ?
 'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky ;
 'Tis the crashing of thunders', the groan of the sphere.
 He thunders, and all nature mourns.
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
 Thus heaven instructs thy mind ; this trial o'er',
 Depart in peace, resign', and sin' no more.
 He frowns', and darkness veils the moon—
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
 The pillars of heaven's starry roof'
 Tremble and start' at his reproof.

It should be here noted that a distinction should be made between highness and loudness of voice. Highness has reference to the *note* on which the voice is placed in the scale ; loudness regards the distance to which it can be heard. The voice may be raised to a *high note*, and yet not be heard far, that is, the noise made by it be very little.

Low stands opposed to *high*. A low voice *properly* means one that is on a low key ; yet the voice *may* be on a low note in the scale, and make much noise. The low notes of an organ are those which produce the strongest vibrations of air, and most powerfully affect the ear.

We have no word which strictly denotes the opposite of *loud*. *Small* is the opposite of *large*, and relates to quantity ; *soft* is the opposite of *hard* ; *smooth* the opposite of *harsh, rough*. For want of such a correlative, the term *soft* has been employed, to a great extent, to denote the opposite of *loud*, as well as of *high*, and hence has arisen considerable confusion in the use of terms. *Low*, when united with note, key, pitch, or any other word which relates to the *scale* of the voice, is opposed to *high*,

as a low or high note, a low or high pitch, and so on. When we speak simply of the voice, without regard to this scale, we often use the word *low* as the opposite of loud; as, he has a loud voice, he has a low voice. We sometimes say that a person reads in a low *tone* of voice; but tone, in that connection, does not refer to any particular place in the scale, but to the small amount of voice that is uttered.

Quantity is always the *how much* of a thing. As applied to the voice, it denotes its abundance, or the contrary—the amount issued, or the time taken up in pronouncing a syllable or word. It is not, therefore, the same thing as loudness, and the contrary, for which it is sometimes mistaken. There may be a single emission of voice which shall be heard at a large distance, that is, which shall be quite loud, yet in quantity it may be small.

These explanations are made in order to show more clearly what pertains to emphasis in all its forms.

V. Emphasis is sometimes formed by a greater, and sometimes by a less loudness of voice than is natural, or than would be used without it.

As high and loud often go together, I shall, in the following examples, leave it to the reader to discriminate occasionally between them; so also between *low*, as it relates to the *note* on which the voice is placed, and the *amount of sound* merely which is produced.

Small capitals will be used to show that a syllable is loud; small type to show that it is low.

EXAMPLES.

Eternity'!—thou pleasing', dreadful thought.

I know not what idea that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife—to the cannibal savage, tor'turing', murdering', roasting', and eat'ing'—LITERALLY', my lords', EAT'ING'—THE MANGLED VICTIMS OF HIS BARBAROUS BATTLES'!

To turn forth into our settlements, among our connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal', thirsting for the blood of mán, wómán, and child'!—to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brèthren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race' and name', with these horrible hëll-hounds' of savage war'!—HELL'-HOUNDS', I say', of sàvage war'.

These examples, as do several other preceding ones, with those, too, which follow, illustrate various modes of emphasis, besides the particular ones under which they fall.

Am I to renounce those habits now^v forever? And at the beck of whom'?—I should rather say of WHAT'?—hålf a minister, hålf a monkey, a 'prentice politician, and a master coxcomb.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What^v, shear a wól! Have you considered the resistancé, the difficulty, the dangér of the attempt? "Nò," says the madman, "I have considered nothing but the right: man has a right^v of dominion over the beasts of the forest, and therefore I WILL^v shear the wól'."

If we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must FIGHT!—I repeat it, sir, we must FIGHT! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all thåt is left us.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:

Heaven did a recompense as largely send.

He gave to mis'ry' all he had^v,—a tear^v;

He gained from hêavén—'twas all he wished'—a friend'.

Hush! be still! do you not hear the sound of approaching footsteps'?

VI. Emphasis is sometimes produced by a *pause* after the emphatical word or phrase, and it sometimes, but more rarely, has a pause *before* it.

Emphasis, in general, has a pause following it, and such a pause adds to its force.

I shall denote the emphatical pause by a perpendicular stroke thus'.

EXAMPLES.

He did not strike the tyrant from hatred'' or ambition. His motives' were admitted to be good; but was not the action', nevertheless, bad'?

There are têars' for his love^v, joy^v for his fôrtune', hònor' for his vâlor', and death^v for his ambition.

Can parliament be so dead^v to their dignity and duty' as to give their support to measures thus obtruded' and forcèd upon them',—measures' which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt?

In vain the noisy crowd',
 Like billows fierce and loud',
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain with angry spite'
 The surly nations fight',
 And dāsh' like waves' against the shore'.
 Lèt' floods and nations rage',
 And all their power engage;
 Lèt' swelling tides assault the sky';
 The terrors of thy frown'
 Shall beat their madness down—
 Thy thrònè' forever' stands sècure.

Of all the faculties which are disordered in dreaming, that which is called mèmory' seems as curiously and profoundly affected as any.

VII. Emphasis is sometimes produced by prolonging the utterance of a syllable, word, or phrase.

This kind of emphasis I shall denote by a horizontal line placed over the emphatic word or passage, as in case of monotone.

EXAMPLES.

Shāme, shāme, on all such cowards.

It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. But yēstērdāy, and England might have stood against the world: now' nōne so pōor to do her reverence. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I dō. I know their virtues' and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities'; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cānnōt, my lords', you cānnōt cōquē America. If I were an Amērican', as I am an Englishmān, while a foreign troop' remained in my country', I nēvēr wōuld lāy dōwn mȳ ārms—nēvēr'—nēvēr'—nēvēr'.

Socrates' died like a philōsopher', but Jēsūs Christ' like a Gōd.

Ye stubborn oaks' and stately pines',
 Bend your high branchés and adorè;
 Praise him, ye beāsts, in différent' strains'—
 The lamb' must blēat', the liōn' rōar.
 Birds', ye must make his' praise yōur theme'.
 Nàturé demānds a song from yōu';
 While the dūmb fish' that cut the stream'
 Lēap ūp', and mēan' his praises too.

Wide' as his vast dominion lies'
 Make the Creator's name bé knōwn;
 Loud as his thūnder' shout' his praisé,
 And sound' it lofty' as his thrōne.
 Jēhōvāh' !—'tis a glōriōus wōrd';
 O may it dwell on evēry' tōngue';
 But saints, who best have known the Lord,
 Are bound to raise the nōblest song'.

It should be borne in mind that several of these modes of emphasis may be united in one word or phrase, and that seldom any one of them is used alone. Thus, a pause will most generally accompany every other mode, as has been already observed, and the inversion of a slide or cadence may be united with an elevation or depression of the voice, while a greater intenseness given to a slide in order to make a word emphatical may be combined with the rising or falling of the voice, and with a slower or more rapid movement of it.

The object of emphasis, as intimated first, is to gain the attention of the hearer to some particular thought or sentiment, that it may strike his mind with more force or vividness than it would have done without some attempt of the kind. When the general current, tone, or manner of the voice is suddenly interrupted or varied, it is at once noticed by the hearer, and his attention is turned to what is said. This interruption or variation becomes *emphasis*, and we hence see why it is that emphasis so much consists in *contrast*—not contrast of thoughts merely, as some would have us believe, but contrast of manner in expressing them. Thoughts may be, indeed, and often are, contrasted with each other, and they may be, and often are, the foundation of emphasis, so that there would be no emphasis in such case without the contrast; but still this contrast of *thoughts* is not emphasis, for the latter is a mode of *utterance*, nor does it always imply a contrast in the thoughts or things to which it has reference, for these may be in themselves sufficiently important to demand attention without a comparison with other objects.

When a whole phrase is emphatical, it is quite a common fault with readers to emphasize only a single word, or a *part* of the phrase. For example:—

Rise', kindling with the orient beam;
 Lēt Cāl'vāry's hill' inspire thē theme.

Many would emphasize only the word *Calvary* in the last line; thus, "Let Cāl'vary's' hill inspire the theme." This reading would rather intimate that persons might possibly allow

some other hill to inspire the theme, and that they were cautioned against it. The hill of Calvary, or Calvary's hill, is the prominent *thing* held up to view, and all the words which convey that thing to the mind should be made prominent together. Some might read the passage thus, "Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme," emphasizing the word *hill*. The latter reading would convey an intimation that the theme might be inspired with something belonging to Calvary besides its *hill*.

"Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?" Here *great occasion* constitutes but *one* expression of that to which *adequate* relates, and both words should therefore partake of the emphasis in reading. Place now an emphasis on *great*, and no where else, and make the passage to be read thus—"Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?" The answer might be, Yès, adequate to the *great* occasion, but not to the *little* one.

"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble—that shook kingdoms?" Place the emphasis on *man*, and no other word, and the question would be implied, *or was it some one else?* Emphasize *made* only, and the sense would be, is this the man that *made* the earth to tremble, or did it tremble of itself? Emphasize *tremble*, and no other word, and the question would have reference to the *trembling* of the earth, and nothing else. Pass over all the first members of the sentence without emphasis, and then emphasize *shook*, and nothing more; the intimation would be that this man shook kingdoms and did nothing farther to them. Now lay an emphasis on the two words *shook kingdoms* exclusively, and it would be implied that the shaking of kingdoms was his regular business. The fact is, all the words in this passage refer to one complex idea, and this idea is a bold, prominent, and striking one. All the words, therefore, in the passage, if we except the mere connectives, are emphatical, and are to be so uttered. The passage is a taunting exultation over the once haughty and tyrannical king of Babylon, beheld by the prophet stripped of his power in the world of spirits, and reduced to a level with the meanest of those whom he had once oppressed and despised. Here, too, the prophet indulges in solemn irony over the prostrate monarch, by referring him back to a condition so different from that in which he was now fixed. Every thing in this reference should be appropriately emphatic. The whole should be read with a slow movement of voice, and with a solemn air. I have marked the passage for reading as follows:—"Is this' the mǎn' that mǎde the ēarth to trēmbel'—that shōok kingdōms'?"

The following rule may be deduced from the remarks on the foregoing examples :—

RULE.

All the words which are employed to express an idea, thought, or thing deserving particular notice, are to be read emphatically, and not a part of them only.

What has been already said is sufficient to show that emphasis has a connection with the true meaning of a passage, and greatly affects it. To show this more fully, I will produce two more examples, the simplicity of which is calculated to command our attention.

“Will you ride my horse?” Here are but five words, and the question seems to be a very simple one. Let us see, now, in how many ways the sense may be varied by a variation of emphasis both in regard to its mode and its position. First, lay the emphasis on *will* alone, by using the intensive rising slide—“Will you ride my horse?” This form intimates that your doing so would give me pleasure, and at the same time I had doubted whether you would *wish* to ride the animal. “Will you ride my horse?”—The secondary downward slide is now placed on *will*, the rest being as before; this *presses* the question of your being *willing* to ride. Next, circumflex the same word on a note lower than the key—“Will you ride my horse?” Do it if you think best, or I think you will not, is implied, along with some degree of scorn. In the next place, lay the emphasis on *you*, with the intensive upward slide, thus—“Will you ride my horse?” I had not thought it, though I am glad if it is so, is the implication. With the downward intensive slide on *you*, thus, “Will you ride my horse?” the meaning is, will *you*, or will somebody else, ride him. With the same word dropped below the key, and circumflexed, “Will you ride my horse?” scorn and contempt are expressed, with an implied threat that *you* will *not* ride the horse. In the third place, take the word *ride*, and emphasize that with the intensive upward slide above the key, thus—“Will you ride my horse?” The question so put implies incredulity on my part whether you will *ride* him or not, with the further intimation, that, if you will, the act will be kindly accepted. Read the same word with the intensive downward slide, thus—“Will you ride my horse?” The further question is implied, or what *will* you do with him? will you *carry* him, or *drive* him, or what? Read now the same word with the circumflex, and below the key—“Will you ride my horse?”

Why, I am surprised, is implied in the question. In the fourth place, take the word *my* and make the emphasis, first, with raising it above the key and giving it the upward intensive slide, thus, "Will you ride *mý* hórse?" An invitation to do so is intimated, with the hope that you *will* ride him. Read the word with the intensive downward slide, as, "Will you ride *mý* hórse?" No, might be the answer, but I will the horse of somebody else. Give, now, the word *my* the circumflex and under-key, thus, "Will you ride *mÿ* hórse?"—that is, will you *presume* to ride a horse that belongs to *me*? In the last place, put the emphasis on the word *horse*, so as to have the passage read thus, "Will you ride *my* hórse?" with the intensive upward slide as before. An invitation is now given you to ride the horse, combined with a doubt whether you *will*. Put the secondary downward slide on horse, and make it intensive, thus, "Will you ride *my* horse?"—or will you ride something else belonging to me, would be implied. With the under-key and circumflex, the question would stand thus, "Will you ride *my* hórse?" I should not have thought it, would be the intimation.

Under the last example, in a sentence consisting of five words only, we had fifteen modifications of sense expressed by fifteen modifications and positions of emphasis. Thus far, however, the emphasis was placed on a single word only at a time. By including two or more words in the emphasis at one reading, the number of modifications might be still increased.

"I went by the middle road from Hartford to New Haven." Let this sentence be read without any emphasis on any part of it, and the meaning would be, that I travelled *on* that road in my way to New Haven. Put an intensive downward slide on the preposition *by*, and prolong its utterance, thus—"I went *by* the middle road from Hartford to New Haven." The meaning would be, that I did *not* travel on that road, but avoided it.

From the two last examples, we may learn how important it is that we place the emphasis on the right word or words in order to convey the proper meaning, and also that we place the right emphasis on them. It has been a fault in books that treat of emphasis that they have said little or nothing of the different *modes* in which it may be expressed. Most of them, indeed, have not even intimated that there is more than one mode, and have left us to discover even *that* as well as we could. We are now prepared, however, to see that the *kind* deserves as much regard as the fact that *any* is required. We may select

the right *word* or phrase, yet by giving the emphasis the wrong *form* the meaning may be wholly perverted.

When the principal verb is accompanied by an auxiliary, we not unfrequently hear the emphasis laid on the auxiliary alone, and especially if several words intervene between that and the principal verb. For example :—

Can creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?

But little emphasis is required at all in the first line ; yet some, in attempting to make it, would read the line in this way,

Can^v creatures to perfection find,

laying a strong emphasis on *can* by means of dropping the voice a note and placing the secondary falling inflection intensively on the same word. Now, if an emphasis is used here at all, it should be placed on *find* as well as *can* ; and, indeed, the principal verb should be most strongly marked, if any distinction is made between them.

“ Has the gentleman doné ? has he completely doné ? ” Some would emphasize *has* in the first member of this sentence, whereas the stress should fall on *done*.

The general rule is, that the principal verb should receive the emphasis when that comprises what is to be particularly noticed ; the auxiliary should be emphasized when *that* refers to the thing which is brought most prominently into view. Example :—“ Can a man forget^v his friend^v ?—he not only can^v, but often does^v, forget him.” In the *question*, our attention, so far as the verb is concerned, is turned to the *forgetting* of a friend ; in the *answer*, to the *possibility* of the thing, and the actual *doing* of it.

When a word is emphatical, and begins with an unaccented or short syllable, some persons improperly accent or prolong that syllable in order to form the emphasis. Examples :—“ He deserves to be treated with utter con^ttempt,” for contempt ; “ he was the more dêtermined in his way,” for more determined ; “ sàlvation ! O sàlvation ! ”* for, salvàtion ! O salvàtion, without an accent on the first syllable. Such a mode of emphasizing is very inelegant and improper.

In certain cases, for the sake of contrast, when the contrast could not be otherwise well marked, it is admissible to accent or lengthen out an unaccented or short syllable. Examples :—“ He resolves, and rê-resolves, then dies a fool ; ” “ to do, and to un^{do}, is the too common business of men ; ” “ it is one thing

to *per suade*, another to *dis'suade*;" "the ground was *preoccu-
pied* already." In the last example, the *contrast* is not marked
directly, but indirectly: the time of occupying the ground was
previous to another subsequent time, or a subsequent act. The
phrase just used, *not marked directly but in'directly*, is another
example in point.

Some readers and speakers, especially those of an ardent
temperament, are very prone to *anticipate* an emphasis, that
is, to lay it on words to which it does not belong, before they
come to those to which it *does* belong. The fault very fre-
quently occurs when a passage is to be read and spoken in a
louder tone of voice. The effect is very bad, and the proper
object of emphasis is lost.

EXAMPLES.

"You will again be restored to your firesides and homes,
and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, shall say, 'There
goes one who belonged to the army of Italy.'" It would be
common, but wrong, to elevate the voice on the phrase, *point-
ing you out, shall say*, and still worse to elevate it on *fellow-
citizens*, or farther back yet.

"I would say to the inhabitants, 'Wake from your false se-
curity.'" It is very usual to elevate the voice as much on the
words, *I would say to the inhabitants*, as on the following ones;
yet the former express a simple narration, telling us the fact
merely that the speaker *would* say something; in what follows
we have him *saying* it. The words *wake from your false se-
curity*, demand an emphatic utterance, with a rise of tone; but
surely the words previous can require no such thing.

He woke to hear his sentries shriek,

"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

Nine times out of ten, when this passage is *spoken*, if not
read, we shall hear the first line pronounced as loud, high, and
full as the second, although the first is the mere narration of
the writer, and the second expresses the actual shriek of the
terrified Turkish sentry.* Such mistakes indicate either much
inattention to the rules of propriety, or a want of correct taste
and judgment.

The last fault which I shall name is, that of making *too many*
words emphatical. Having been once told that they must be
careful to read with emphasis, and that the want of emphasis is
a great defect, many seem determined to avail themselves of
the privilege, and to emphasize almost every thing. The con-

* The quotation is from *Marco Bozzaris*, by Halleck.

sequence is, they read in a strong, stiff, and artificial manner, without any real emphasis at all, because they sound all their words alike; whereas emphasis makes a distinction according to the different impressions which should be made on the hearer. Monotony of every kind is inconsistent with emphasis, while the latter is that which, more than any other thing, perhaps, contributes to an agreeable variety of manner.

PART III.

PROSODY.

CHAPTER I.

PROSODY GENERALLY CONSIDERED A PART OF GRAMMAR.—QUANTITY.—POETICAL FEET.—DIFFERENT KINDS OF VERSE.

In order to treat understandingly the proper method of reading poetry, it seems necessary to pay some attention to the laws of versification. Poetry, in contradistinction from prose, has its peculiar structure of language and arrangement of sounds, and without some knowledge of these, it is difficult to comprehend how a person can give it the proper expression in reading and speaking.

Prosody has always been considered a part of grammar, and has been defined, "that part of grammar which treats of the quantity of syllables, of accent, and the laws of versification." I shall not stop to consider whether it is strictly proper to call prosody a part of grammar, (which, by the way, may well be questioned;) but, considering it a matter which belongs unquestionably to elocution, I shall here give it a brief notice. I do this, not only because the whole subject of prosody is intimately connected with elocution, (that is, with reading and speaking with propriety,) but because it is becoming fashionable to exclude it from grammars without allowing it a place, by way of amends, in any other elementary treatise for the instruction of youth.*

Quantity, in this connection, denotes the time which is taken up in pronouncing a syllable. A syllable is either long or short. A long syllable requires twice the amount of time in the pronunciation which a short one does. So, at least, we are told by prosodists; but it may be doubted whether there is always this exact proportion between them. A long syllable, however, when contrasted with a short one, always requires a

* Very few graduates from our colleges have any knowledge of prosody worth naming; generally none at all.

sensibly longer time than the latter, and whatever may be the true proportion between the two when standing together or near each other, it is certain that long syllables are not always of equal length, nor short syllables of equal shortness. Some syllables are *very* long, when compared even with other long ones, and some very short in comparison with other short ones.

In languages which have not our mode of accentuation, a syllable is long or short according to the time which is taken up in pronouncing the vowel or diphthong which it contains. Thus, a syllable which contains a long vowel is long; a syllable which contains only a short vowel is short. In our language, the *vowel* in an accented syllable is always short; yet, in consequence of the smarter and firmer percussion of the organs in uttering the final consonant,* and the detention of them longer in the requisite position for giving the sound, as much time is consumed, in the whole, in pronouncing an accented syllable as a long one, so that in poetry, where the measurement of time is important, these two syllables rank together in quantity. A long *syllable*, in poetry, therefore, must either be *accented* or have a *long vowel*, and an accented *syllable* will always be long, as to quantity, while its *vowel* will be short. An *unaccented* syllable may be either short or long, as the vowel which it contains is one or the other. A short *syllable*, then, is one which is neither accented nor has a long vowel; that is, a short syllable contains a short vowel, and has no accent.

It will be seen here that I differ materially in describing the *quantity* of syllables from writers in general, who make *accented* and *long* to imply the same thing. Thus, in the syllable *late* they teach us that *a* is accented; in *let*, they say that the *syllable*, instead of the *vowel*, is short, and that the *t* is accented. Some, however, say, contrary to all truth, that a *monosyllable* is *never* accented; and yet all will teach us that *late* and *let* have the same power in poetic measure. This inconsistency arises from ascribing accent indiscriminately to both vowels and consonants, and not perceiving that a syllable may be long while the vowel which it contains may be short, as is the case in all syllables which are accented.†

A poetical foot is a combination of a certain number of syllables.

* See what has already been said on the subject of accent, page 24.

† Murray says that "a vowel or syllable is long when the accent is on the vowel," and that "a syllable is short when the accent is on the consonant." In the word "bonnet," he makes both syllables *equal* in quantity by calling them both *short*! so too in *hunger*! He says, too, that "mate" and "note" "should be pronounced as slowly again as *met* and *not*!"—See his *large Grammar*, under *Prosody*.

bles, so arranged as to produce harmony of sounds in regular measures. All poetical feet consist of either two syllables, or of three syllables. A long syllable is usually marked thus —, a short syllable thus ∪, over each.

Feet of two syllables are

A Trochee — ∪
An Iambus ∪ —
A Spondee — —
A Pyrrhic ∪ ∪

Feet of three syllables are

A Dactyl — ∪ ∪
An Amphibrach ∪ — ∪
An Anapest ∪ ∪ —
A Tribach ∪ ∪ ∪

The marks annexed to each foot denote the number of syllables and the quantity of them respectively. A trochee has one long and one short syllable; an iambus one short and one long, and so on.

Of all these feet, the iambus is most used; after that, the trochee and anapest. The spondee and pyrrhic are used but occasionally, and as substitutes for other feet, either from inattention, or for the sake of variety and euphony; we have no species of verse made up entirely of either. The dactylic measure (that is, a measure consisting of pure dactyls) very seldom occurs. The anapestic verse is of frequent occurrence, and forms one of our most pleasing varieties. We have no real use for the amphibrach and tribach in our versification.

Verse properly means a number of poetical feet or syllables contained in one line. It is named from the Latin verb *verto*, signifying *to turn*, by which is denoted, that, having completed a line, we turn back to begin another. It is sometimes used to denote the same thing as *stanza*, which signifies a regular number of lines, after which there comes a pause, when the same number of similar lines is repeated, or a new series is introduced, differing from the former both in number and measure. Every collection of psalms or hymns furnishes examples of the kind. As verse properly denotes a single line or turn in the measure, this division of a poem would be better expressed by the word *stanza* than *verse*.

Different kinds of Iambic verse.

I. The shortest form of iambic verse or measure consists of one iambus, with an additional short syllable, as,

Dividing ∪ —; ∪
Confiding.
Astounded.
Confounded.

This species of verse, though usually ranked under iambic measure, properly consists of a single *amphibrach*. It occurs

only in single stanzas, or parts of stanzas, and never in poems of any length.

II. The second form of iambic verse consists of two iambic feet, and, like the first, is found only in short stanzas.

Unhēard, ũknōwn,
Hē mākes hīs mōan.
With rāvished ēars,
Thē mōnārch hēars.

To this form a short syllable is sometimes, though very seldom, added; but, in such a case, the verse, strictly speaking, would consist of one iambus and one amphibrach, thus,

With whāt cōmmōtiōn
Is heāved thē ōcean!

III. The third form consists of three iambic feet, to which sometimes is added one long syllable; but this latter verse might also be divided into two iambuses and one amphibrach.

Nō būrning hēats by dāy,
Nōr blāsts ōf ēvening air,
Shāl take mȳ heāth āwāy,
If Gōd bē with mē thēre.
Sālvātiōn! Ō Sālvātiōn!
Thē jōyful nēws prōclāim,
Till eārth's rēmōtēst nātiōn
Hās leārned Mēssiāh's nāme.

This measure sometimes admits a spondee or a trochee for the first foot, as,

Thōu sūn, with dāzzling rāys,
And moōn, thāt rūl'st thē night,
Shīne tō yōur Mākē's prāise,
With stars of twinkling light.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to mention that we have many monosyllables which are usually long in prose, but by poetic custom may be either long or short in poetry. Among prepositions and other particles, pronouns, and auxiliary parts of verbs, examples are frequent. On the other hand, some words which in prose are usually short, in poetry are occasionally made long, examples of which, out of the same classes of words, are quite common. Emphasis is a frequent cause of a change from short to long. A similar change is sometimes made in

the quantity of a syllable in polysyllabic* words. An accented syllable may be accented so slightly as to be short. For example, *let* is an accented syllable, but is short in this verse, "Lēt āll the heathen writers join," and long in the following, "And lēt them speed their flight."

IV. The fourth kind of iambic measure consists of four feet.

With dýing hānd, ābōve hīs hēad
He shook the fragment of his blade.

This kind of measure admits a spondee or trochee, instead of an iambus, for every foot except the last. It is seldom that more than two or three lines of pure iambuses follow each other in succession, and it is not uncommon to find a number of lines, one after another, all of which admit the other feet. As,

Hōw dēep yōn āzūre dýes thě ský,
Whěre ōrbs ōf gōld ūnnūmbered liē,
Whīle thrōugh thěir rānks, īn silvēr pride,
Thě nēthēr crēscēt sēems tō glīde!

Clāp thě glād wīng, ānd tōwer āwāy,
And mīnglē with thě blāze ōf dāy.

The second foot in the last line may be read either as an iambus or a pyrrhic.

V. The fifth species has five iambuses; but a trochee or spondee, and sometimes a pyrrhic, may be substituted for an iambus in any place but the last; the last admits only a spondee or pyrrhic, and neither of them but seldom. We sometimes find an additional short syllable at the end of a line; but this addition is generally considered a blemish, though some poets appear to have been fond of it. This measure constitutes our heroic verse, and English epic poetry allows no other.

EXAMPLES.

Thý fōrēsts, Wīndsōr, ānd thý grēen rētreāts,
At ōnce thě mōnārch's ānd thě mūsēs' sēats,
Invīte mý lāys. Bē prēsēt, sýlvān māids!
Unlōck yōur springs, ānd ōpēn āll yōur shādes.

NOTE.—The first foot in the first line may be read either as an iambus or spondee, the third as a pyrrhic, and the fourth as a spondee; but I have marked the line with the regular feet as preferable.

* Polysyllable is a word of several syllables.

Variations.

Gränville cōmmānds—yōur aid, O mūsēs, bring :
Whāt mūse fōr Gränville cān rēfūse tō sing ?

In thāt sōft sēasōn whēn dēscēndīng shōwers
Cāl fōrth thē grēens, ānd wāke thē rīsīng flōwers.

Drīve frōm mŷ brēast thāt wrēтчēd lūst ōf prāise.

Hills pēep o'er hills, ānd Alps ōn Alps ārise.

Should Fāte cōmmānd mē tō thē fārthēst vērge
Of thē grēen eārth, tō distānt bārbrōus clīmes.

Oft in unfēelīng hēarts thē shāft is spēnt :
Thōugh strōng th' ēxāmplē, wēak thē pūnīshmēt.

This termination of a line, however, is not to be imitated.

And fruits and blossoms blushed

In sōciāl swēetnēss ōn thē sēlf-sāme bōugh.

Bēhōld, yōn wrēтч, by impiōus pāssion drīvēn,
Bēlievēs ānd trēmbles whīle hē scōffs āt hēavēn.

This last measure, with an additional syllable, is more admissible in a chorus, at the end of a stanza, than elsewhere. For example :—

Thēn join thē saīnts ; wāke ēvery chēerfūl pāssion ;

Whēn Christ rēturns, hē cōmes fōr yōur sālvaōn.

This kind of iambic measure occasionally admits, besides the trochee and pyrrhic, an anapest. Anapests may also be interspersed with iambuses in other measures of iambic verse. When this is done judiciously, and not too often, it adds to the variety and beauty of the whole. Variety is in itself a beauty, provided there is no sacrifice of harmoniousness ; and to this great scope is given by the number of changes which can be made on so many different feet.

EXAMPLES OF AN ANAPEST INTERMIXED WITH IAMBUSES.

Iambic measure of two feet.

Its glittēring spīres
Tō cāтч thē fīrēs.

Three feet.

Bŷ thesē ōūr fāthērs' hōst
Wās lēd tō victōry fīrst.

Four feet.

Hē lāid āside hīs rādīānt crōwn.
Ī bŷrn thŷ glōrīōūs fāce tō sēe

Whēae er thēir sūffēring yēars āre rūn,
Spring fōrth tō grēet thē glittēring sūn.

Five feet.

Swift flȳ thē yēars, ānd rise thē ēxpēctēd mōrn.

Tō leāflēss shrūbs thē flōwēring pālms sūccēed,
And ōdōroūs mȳrtlēś tō thē nōisōme wēed.

In the last quoted line, the second foot is an anapest, and the third a pyrrhic. Few lines can be produced more melodious.

In most of the foregoing examples, it has been customary to leave out a short syllable in such words as *glittering*, *victory*, and to note the omission by an apostrophe; thus, *glitt'ring*, *vict'ry*. This contraction, if observed in reading, would reduce the foot to an iambus. In some of the examples, however, this contraction cannot be made with propriety in the reading; as in the words *radiant* and *glorious*, the dropping of the *i* in either word would appear uncouth. In the words *glittering*, *thundering*, *suffering*, the *i* could indeed be dropped without producing harshness; but by retaining the vowel and the full number of syllables the sound is more full and harmonious. In all such words as have two or more short syllables in succession, it is better, in general, to preserve the full number in the pronunciation, and make a foot of three syllables than of two. When two or three short syllables come together, one of them, at least, is *very* short, so much so that the quantity of three is about the same as that of two in ordinary cases, and the quantity of two as that of one.

When the article *the* comes before a vowel, it is most commonly written and printed with the vowel cut off; but it ought generally to be preserved in pronunciation, though it should be made very short. In the phrase, "rise the expected morn," quoted above, the article could not be incorporated, by apocope,* with the following syllable without producing a sound both unpleasant and difficult to be uttered. It would, in most cases, be better to write and print the word in full, as well as to pronounce it in full. In like manner, the preposition *to* occasionally suffers an apocope, as *t' attend*, for *to attend*; but this practice is more objectionable than the former. So the particle *though*, being first deprived of *gh* so as to be written *tho'*, is made to suffer an apocope of the *o* before another word beginning with a vowel, as *th' oft* for *tho' oft*,—a species of contraction no more to be favored than the former.

* Apocope, the omission of the last letter or syllable in a word.

VI. The sixth form of iambic measure consists of six feet. This is usually called the Alexandrine line or measure, and is always used singly and at the close of a paragraph or subject. It ought never to be used with frequency; but if introduced with judgment, it sometimes gives dignity and emphasis, as well as variety.

EXAMPLE.

Thē Grēeks bēhōld—thēy trēmblē, ānd thēy flȳ;
Thē shōre is heāped wīth dēad, ānd tūmūlt rēnds thē skȳ;
Thē brāzēn hingēs flȳ, thē wālls rēsōund;
Hēavēn trēmblēs, rōar thē mōuntains, thūndērs āll thē grōund.

VII. The seventh form of iambic verse contains seven iambic feet.

EXAMPLE.

Thē mēlānchōly dāys āre cōme, thē sāddest ōf thē yēar,
Of wāiling wīnds, ānd nākēd wōods, ānd mēadōws brōwn ānd
sēre.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie
dead;
Thēy rūstlē tō thē ēddyīng gūst, ānd tō thē rābbīt's trēad.

This form of iambic measure is very uncommon. Instead of it, alternate lines of four and three feet are employed. The above lines might have been written in this manner:—

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.

Trochaic verse.

Our shortest trochaic verse has one trochee, with a long syllable.

EXAMPLE.

Drēadfūl gleāms,
Dismāl scrēams.

II. The second form of trochaic verse has two feet; thus,

Rīch thē trēasūre,
Swēet thē plēasūre.

A long syllable is sometimes added; but neither this nor the preceding form is much used, both being too brief to be consistent with much dignity.

III. The third species of trochaic verse has three trochees, or three trochees with an additional long syllable ; as,

Or where Hēbrūs wāndērs,
Rōlling in mēāndērs.
Littlē inmāte, full ōf mīrth,
Chīrpīng ōn mȳ kitchēn hēarth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good.

The first form, without the additional syllable, is seldom used ; the other is often met with.

IV. The fourth trochaic measure contains four trochees, as in the following alternate lines :—

Flȳ ābroād, thōu mighty gōspēl ;
Win ānd cōquē, nēvēr cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply and still increase.

This form may admit an additional long syllable, but very rarely.

V. The fifth species of trochaic verse has five trochees. The form, however, is very uncommon.

VI. The sixth form of this verse contains six feet ; but this and the preceding form is so unusual that I shall give no examples.

Anapestic verse.

I. The first and simplest form of this verse has two anapestic feet, to which another short syllable is sometimes added ; as,

'Tis būt fāir tō bēlievē
Thāt tōō māny dēceīve.
Frōm thē cēntēr āll rōund ĩt.

II. The second species contains three anapests ; thus,

O yē wōods, sprēad yōur brānchēs āpāce ;
Tō yōur dēepēst rēcēssēs I flȳ ;—
I wōūld hīde with thē bēasts ōf thē chāse ;
I wōūld vānīsh frōm ēvēry ēye.

III. The third species of anapestic verse has four feet ; thus,

Frōm thē hāll ōf ōur fāthērs ĩn āngūish wē flēd,
Nōr āgāin wīll ĩts mārblē rē-ēchō ōur trēad,

For the breath of the Siroc has blasted our name,
And the frown of Jehovah has crushed us in shame.

This form admits a short additional syllable at the end of a line, as,

His rōbe wās thē whīrlwīnd, hīs vōice wās the thūndēr,
And eārth, āt hīs fōotstēp, wās rīvēn āsūndēr.

In this example, however, the first foot in each line is an iambus, and whatever may be the length of the anapestic measure, it is the common practice of poets to substitute very freely the iambus or a spondee for an anapest in the first foot of a verse, and occasionally in other places. This substitution of an iambus or spondee for an anapest is never an addition to the melody of this species of verse, but rather detracts from it. If the poetry is designed only to be read or spoken, the melody is not so much impaired as when it is intended to be sung, unless the tune be especially adapted to the words, as is the case in set pieces. Every tune which is not a *set one* is adapted to a particular number of uniform feet, each of which has its appropriate number of syllables; hence, if it is designed for a certain number of anapests, and a shorter foot is substituted for one of them, or for a certain number of iambuses or trochees, and a longer foot is made to supply their place, there will not be a corresponding number of notes in the tune. Again, if the notes of a tune are designed for a trochee, and an iambus occurs in its place, or if for an iambus, and a trochee should be substituted for it, the musical accent would fall on a wrong syllable.

EXAMPLES OF A TROCHEE OR IAMBUS SUBSTITUTED FOR AN ANAPEST.

I ām mōnārch ōf āll I sūrvēy;

Mŷ right thēre īs nōne tō dispūte;

Frōm thē cēntēr āll rōund tō thē sēa,

I ām lōrd ōf thē fōwl ānd thē brūte.

Būt thē sōund ōf ā chūrch-gōīng bēll

Thēse vāllēys ānd rōcks nēvēr* heārd—

Ne'ēr sīghed āt the sōund ōf ā knēll,

Nōr smīled whēn ā sabbāth āppēared.

Sēe trūth, lovē, ānd mērcy īn trīumph descēndīng,

And nātūre āll glōwīng īn Edēn's first blōom

On thē cōld chēek ōf dēath smīlest ānd rōsēs āre blēndīng,

And beāuty īmmōrtāl āwākes frōm the tōmb.

* The word *never* in this place is an example of *shortening* an accented syllable in poetry for the sake of the measure. The *accent*, in fact, is destroyed, and the vowel remains short. This is done by what is called poetic license.

† A long syllable shortened by poetic license.

We occasionally meet with poems which have an iambus or spondee *regularly* for the first foot in each line or verse, with an anapest in the other places, instead of using one or the other indiscriminately. This regularity is better adapted to music than this interchange of feet.

Poems containing *dactyls* alone are extremely rare. I shall give but a single specimen, in which, however, after three dactyls, the line closes with a long syllable or with a trochee.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

We have no poems which consist entirely or principally of amphibrachs or tribrachs, nor of pyrrhics. It would be impossible, indeed, to construct a poem which should consist only of short syllables. The only use to which these feet are ever put is to substitute them occasionally for others, for the sake of variety, or to give expression, or, what is more frequently the fact, from the carelessness and bad taste of authors.

CHAPTER II.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POEMS.—RULES FOR READING POETRY.—
PAUSES.—CESURAL PAUSES.

Epic or (as it is sometimes called) heroic poetry is a continued narration of important events, given in regular order according to certain general rules. If the subject of the narration should be destitute of dignity and importance, the poem which should describe it would not be called *heroic*, nor, according to general usage, would it be called *epic*, although the latter word merely signifies narrative or something relating to a story. The term, as it is universally employed, has a technical meaning.

An epic poem consists of lines or verses, each of which contains five iambic feet. Other feet are occasionally substituted in the manner already pointed out; but the *number* of feet in a line is not thereby varied. This substitution of one foot for another, if managed with skill, produces an agreeable variety, and oftentimes adds to the melody of the verse; but if not skillfully introduced, it is quite a blemish. The Alexandrine verse of six iambic feet, as mentioned under the sixth form, is sometimes substituted for one of the regular length.

A poem of this kind may consist of either rhyme or *blank verse*. Rhyme is a correspondence of sound in the termination of two or more successive lines ; that is, the same sound, though a different word is employed, occurs at the end of these lines. Sometimes, however, the sound is repeated in alternate lines, or after an interval of several lines. In blank verse, a species which is very seldom used except in lines containing five feet and in epic poetry, there is no rhyme.

EXAMPLE OF BLANK VERSE.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come,
And, from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

EXAMPLES OF RHYMES.

Honor and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Remote from cities lived a swain',
Unvexed with all the cares of gain.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man'
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door',
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span' ;
O give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

How many now are dead to mé
That live to others yet !
How many are alive to mé
Who crumble in their graves, nor seé
That sick'ning, sinking look which wé
Till dead can ne'er forget.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a specimen of an epic poem in blank verse. Pope's translation of "Homer's Iliad" is an epic poem in rhyme.

Notwithstanding the technical use of the word epic, we have several poems of considerable length (long enough, indeed, for *epic* poems) in iambic measure of four feet. The "Lady of the Lake," by Scott, is an example, among others, of a poem of this description. This measure, however, is not so well adapted to grave and dignified subjects as that of five feet, it being too lively and rapid. It can, however, be applied to the most solemn subjects, under certain circumstances, without diminishing in the least their proper gravity and dignity,—witness Parrell's "Night Piece on Death," and very many hymns for public worship.

LYRIC POEMS, anciently, were those which were composed to be sung with the lyre or harp. In modern times, however, all those which are adapted to music, whether to be sung with instruments or not, go under that general name. Those which are designed for public worship are usually called psalms or hymns. An ODE or SONG is a short poem proper to be sung, although such may not have been its actual design, and is the most generic name given to poems of this kind ; but unless accompanied with some qualifying word, as *sacred* songs, songs of *Zion*, *elegiac* songs, it is usually taken to denote such brief poems as are adapted to music, and are not of a religious character. Were I to hear one person ask another to sing a *song*, I should not expect a *psalm* nor *hymn*. A BALLAD, according to modern usage, is a short poem designed to be sung, but of a low and somewhat vulgar character. Originally, it was applied to such short poems as are adapted to solemn purposes. A SONNET anciently denoted a short poem of a peculiar structure and of a given length, but is now used to denote a very short poem which would *admit* of being sung, though not written with that express design.

All these poems, whether called lyrics, odes, psalms, hymns, songs, ballads, or sonnets, or any other name of a similar import, admit the various kinds of verse which have been described, with a great variety of combinations. Examples of these will be given and noticed in the poetical lessons hereafter, and need not, therefore, be inserted here.

In the shorter poems of modern times, we find a greater disregard for any one pure species of verse than among those which were written in the days of Pope, Parnell, and Gray, and in the times which immediately followed. In those days, the best authors paid a strict regard to the purity of their verse, never substituting for the regular feet any which would not contribute to its melody ; nor did they endeavor to form new and unusual combinations of feet for the purpose of either novelty or oddity, sacrificing to these all melodiousness of verse and sound. In modern times, an effort seems to have been made to jumble together all sorts of poetical feet, which it would puzzle the most experienced prosodist to scan,* without the least regard to melody. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans, not to mention others, is prolific of these irregularities. There is much of her poetry which no one must expect to read according to any known rules of prosody, or so as to produce any melody to the ear. To show that I do not mistake, I will here introduce two or three short samples from her poetical works.

* To divide and read a line according to its true number of feet.

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
 In the dim, brooding violet of the dell,
 Set deep that thought.

If in the two last lines here quoted there is either poetry, melody, or sense, I have not been able to discover them.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea ;
 Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell ;
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be ;—
 Fare thee well, bark, farewell.

The first three lines are sufficiently destitute of melody, and evince a determination to use *poetic license*, as it regards quantity, very much at random ; but the last line is altogether intolerable. The following extract exhibits a curious jumble of poetic feet, though with less violation of melody than before.

All, all our own shall the forests be,
 As to the bound of the roebuck free ;
 None shall say, " hither, no farther pass ;"
 We will track each step through the wavy grass ;
 We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night.

Where there is such a jumble of feet in unexpected succession, it is impossible to read the poetry so as to make the sound pleasant to the ear. Let any one compare poetry of this irregular structure with the specimens before given, and he cannot fail to perceive, at once, a very striking contrast.

Rules for reading poetry.

The same rules which govern us in reading prose, are, in general, applicable to the reading of poetry. The inflections of the voice are the same ; there are the same cadences, and the same modes of closing interrogative sentences ; and emphasis is the same thing in both.

All the pauses which are used in prose belong also to poetry, and some are altogether peculiar to the latter, and may be called poetical pauses. The former of these need no further consideration.

The first poetical pause which I shall notice is a mere suspension of the voice at the end of every line, whether required by the sense or not, or whether any be marked or not. When the voice comes to the end of the line, it is to be continued there, for a very short space, at the same elevation as it would have if no stop were made. This pause is required to show the proper length of the verse or line, and to distinguish this

species of writing from prose. Without it, blank verse, in a multitude of instances, could not be distinguished from prose, but would be mistaken for what is called prose *run mad*; nor could rhyme be any better discerned, except by a mere jingle of sounds, which, in fact, would be seldom noticed as belonging to versification.

EXAMPLES.

O Death, all eloquent, you only prove
What dust we dote on when 'tis man we love.

The smiling infant in his hand shall také
The crested basilisk and speckled snake.

No sun shall smite thy head by day;
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray',
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star'
Dart his malignant fire so far.

God is the tower'
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh'
In every hour.

These, as they change, almighty Father', these'
Are but the varied God. The rolling year'
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring'
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.

The last passage, if read without the poetical pause, might as well be written thus, in the manner of prose:—"These, as they change, almighty Father', these are but the varied God. The rolling year is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love." If read as last written, few hearers would take the passage to be poetry, but a species of poetical *prose*. Some, however, choose to read in this manner, and authors are not wanting who *teach* us so to do. They seem to imagine, that, if a *pause* is made, the sense will be interrupted and lost; and so it would if the pause were made with the intensive downward slide or a cadence; but the sense is always carried forward when the voice is not *dropped*, but merely suspended, during the stop. In such case, the attention of the hearer is kept awake, and waiting for the *conclusion* of what is begun. This principle is applicable to pauses of suspension, both in poetry and prose.

The pause which gives to the recital of poetry its chief melody and grace is the *CESURA*; and it is for these purposes, and not at all to give the sense, that the cesural pause is employed. Its object is to denote the pauses which *melody* requires, inde-

pendent of metrical feet and the grammatical meaning of words. The cesura, however, *may* coincide with a grammatical pause, and when it does, the melody is better promoted than when the two are separated. It may likewise coincide with the termination of a metrical foot, or it may fall in the middle of a foot. It is considered as producing the most melody when it falls in the middle of a line, or nearly so. In iambic verse of five feet, it may fall at the end of the second or third foot without detriment to the melody; and it is admissible at the end of the first foot or even half-foot from the beginning, and at the same distance from the end of a line. The cesura is used in every variety of verse, and a little practice will enable the learner to discover its true place. It may be remarked, that poetry, in which the cesura is not quite apparent, has but little melody in its composition.

Besides the full cesura, there is also what is called the DEMI-CESTRA, which is a pause of the same kind, and of about half the length of the first, and usually occurs between the full cesura and the end of the lines. I shall now give a few examples from different kinds of verse, marking the full cesura with a perpendicular dash below the line, and the demi-cesura with a similar one above it.

In adamantine chains, shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant, feel the eternal wound.

Deluding oft, the labors of the year',
The sultry south, collects a potent blast.

And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains',
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought'
So long in vain?

Among the saints, that fill thy housé
My offerings, shall be paid;
There shall my zeal, perform the vows'
My soul, in anguish made.

Sing, to the Lord most high;
Let every land, adore;
With grateful voice, make known'
His goodness, and his power.

Let cheerful, songs'
Declare, his ways,
And let, his praisé
Inspire, your tongues.

Soft' as the slumbers, of a saint' forgiven,
And mild' as opening beams, of promised' heaven.

My fugitive years, are all hasting away,
 And I' must myself, lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf at my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove, rises up in its stead.
 Lo, earth, receives him from the bending skies ;
 Sink down', ye mountains, and, ye vallies', rise.
 Walk' in thy light, and in thy temple' bend.
 Sweet' to the world, and grateful' to the skies.
 And startled' Nature, trembled' with the blast.
 Thy throne', O God, forever stands ;
 Grace, is the scepter' in thy hands.
 Happy infant, early blessed',
 Rest, in peaceful slumber', rest.

It is necessary that both the cesura and demi-cesura should be distinctly marked in the reading of poetry, if a person would read it with due grace and effect ; yet how few are there who even know that there is any such thing !

By making the cesura fall on different places in a line, the irksomeness of uniformity in pauses is avoided. Were we always to meet with a pause after the same foot in a line, the continual repetition would grow tiresome, and make poetry worse than prose. A little attention will show us, that, by means of a full and a demi-cesura, by using sometimes only one in a line, and sometimes two and three, and by placing them after different feet and parts of feet, a great variety can be effected in sound and melody.

Another source of variety in our versification is the use of both long and accented syllables. It has already been seen that both these syllables have, in our language, an equal *quantity* in the structure of metrical feet. By this means, much more life, energy, and variety can be infused into English verse than can be done in those languages which are destitute of this sort of accent. Here follow some examples of lines containing none but pure *long* syllables, and pure *accented* ones, and of lines in which both are intermixed.

NOTE.—In the *accented* syllables, the vowels are marked with an accent over the succeeding consonant.

Syllables with the vowel long.

And trũth propõsed to rêas'ners wĩse as thēy.
 Sõunds for the põor, but sõunds alike for ãll.

Syllables accented.

The mõn'arch thũs' ; the rêv''rend Nēs'tor thēn'.
 If in your breasts' or lové or pit'y dwell'.

Alternate.

The mûse forgót, and thōu be loved' no mōre.

Two accented and three long.

By for'eign hands' thy dýing eyes were clōsed.

Lines of the first description, having all long or all accented syllables in their feet, are rarely met with. The two kinds are usually blended in the same verse in different proportions.

Quite a common fault in the reading of poetry is this,—when a word ends in a consonant, and the next one begins with a vowel, to detach the consonant from the word to which it belongs and join it to the next, as though it formed the commencement of the succeeding syllable. The following lines,

Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne,

are frequently read thus,

Lou das his thunder shout his praise,
And soun dit lofty as his throne.

Again, "Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree," as if "Let cloud, sand wind, sand wave sagree." Again, "Of our inferior clay," as if "O fou rinferior clay," or rather, as pronounced, "O vou rinferior clay."

This fault likewise occurs in reading prose, but not, perhaps, as frequently. It is one which should be cautiously avoided, as it *may* be by the continual habit of distinct articulation, and the clear and full enunciation of the final consonant of every word and syllable.

PART IV.

LESSONS FOR EXERCISE.

LESSON I.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL.

ON a dark, cold night', in the middle of November', as Mr. Hardy was travelling in a stage-coach from London to Norwich', he was roused from a sound sleep, at the end of a stage, by the coachman's opening the door of the carriage, and begging leave to look for a parcel which was in the box under Mr. Hardy's seat. The opening of the door admitted a violent gust of wind and rain', which was very unpleasant to the feelings of the sleeping passengers', and roused them to a consciousness of the situation of those who were on the outside of the vehicle. "I hope, coachman', you have a good thick coat on, to guard you against the cold and wet'," said Mr. Hardy. "I have a very good one, sir," replied the man'; "but I have lent it to a poor little girl that we have on the top'; for my heart bled for her', poor thing', she had so little clothing to keep her warm."

"A child' exposed on the outside of the coach' on such a night as this!" exclaimed Mr. Hardy'; "I am sure it would be very wrong in us to let her stay theré. Do let us have her in immediately'; it is quite shocking to think of her being in such a situation."

"Oh nò," cried a gentleman oppositè; "we can do nothing with hère; it is quite out of the question. The coach is already full', and she will be so wet' that we might as well be on the outside ourselves as sit nêar her. Besidès, she is a poor child', in charge of the master of a workhouse, and one does not know what she may have about her."

"Why, as to thàt, sir'," replied the coachman', "I believe she is as clean as any child needs to bé, though she is rather delicate looking', poor thing'. But she is a fine little créaturé, and deserves better fare than she is likely to get where she is going."

"Let her come in, at any raté," said Mr. Hardy; "for, poor or rich, she is equally sensible of cold; and no oné, I am suré, who has a child of his own, can bear the idea of her being so exposed; and as to her being wet, I will wrap her in my plaid, and take her on my knee, so that no one can feel any inconvenience from it."

This silenced the gentleman's objections; and the rest of the company agreeing to it, the coachman was desired to bring the child in, which he gladly did; and the dry plaid being rolled about her, Mr. Hardy took her on his knee, and putting his arm around her waist, clasped her, with benevolence and self-satisfaction, to his breast. "I am afraid you are very cold, my poor little girl," said he.

"I was very cold indeed till the coachman was so good to me as to let me have his coat," replied she, in a very sweet and cheerful voice; "but you have made me warmer still," she added; and, as she spoké, she laid her head against the breast of her benevolent friend, and was asleep in a few minutes.

"The coachman showed a great deal of concern for her," said one of the passengers; "I could hardly have expected so much feeling in the driver of a stage-coach."

"I believe there is much more humanity among the lower classes of people than is generally supposed," replied Mr. Hardy; "for we seldom meet with one who is deaf to the appeals of childhood or helplessness."

His companion was too sleepy to dispute the point, and the whole party soon sunk into the same state of torpor from which this little incident had roused them, and from which they were only occasionally disturbed by the changing of horses, or the coachmen's applications for their usual féé, till the full dawn of day induced them to shake off their drowsiness.

When Mr. Hardy awaké, he found that his little companion was still in a sound sleep, and he thought, with satisfaction, of the comfortable rest which he had procured for her, with only a very little inconvenience to himself. He was glad, too, that he had interested himself for her before he saw her; for, had he seen the prepossessing face which he then beheld, he might have suspected that his interference had been prompted by her beauty as much as occasioned by her distress. She appeared to be about five years old, of a fair complexion, and regular features; but Mr. Hardy was particularly interested with her sensible and expressive countenancé, which indicated extreme sweetness of disposition. "What a pity," thought he, as he looked at her, "that so promising a little creature should be confined to the charity of a poor-house, and there reared in vice and ignorance!"

As these thoughts passed across his mind', the little girl awoke', and looked around her', as if at a loss to know where she was ; but at the next moment', seeming to recollect herself', and looking in Mr. Hardy's face', she returned his kindness by a smile of satisfaction. "Have you had a good sleep', my dear'?" asked he, kindly. "Yes', sir', I have been sleeping very soundly', and I thought I was at home."

"Where is your home'?" asked Mr. Hardy.

"I call where my aunt Jane used to live my home."

"And where did your aunt Jane live'?"

"I do not know what they called the place; but it was at the end of a long lane, and there was a pretty garden before the house. It was such a nice place, I am sure you would like it' if you saw it."

"Do you not know the name' of the place'?"

"No, sir', I do not know what they call it', on'ly' that it was aunt Jane's house, and it was near the large town they call Ipswich', where my father lived', and where there were a great many ships and a large river."

Surprised at the easy and proper manner in which this little girl', who bore marks of nothing but the greatest poverty', expressed herself', Mr. Hardy's curiosity was greatly excited', and, feeling much interested respecting her', he asked her name.

"My aunt Jane used to call me Fanny Edwin'," replied she; "but my new mother told me I must say my name is Peggy Short', but I do not like that name."

"Why did she tell you to call yourself by that' name?" asked Mr. Hardy.

"I cannot tell, sir', for she used to call me Fanny herself till she took me to the large town that we came to yesterday'; and then she called me Peggy', and said I must call myself so."

"Where is your aunt Jane now? And your new' mother', as you call her', where is she gone'?"

"My aunt Jane', sir', went away a long time since'; she said she was forced to go to a lady who was ill', that had been very kind to her'; but she would come back to me soon, and then I should live with her again, and that I must love her till she came back; and I have loved her' all this time very dearly, but she has never come again." As the child said this' her little heart swelled', and her eyes filled with tears.

"Where did you go when she left you?" inquired Mr. Hardy. "I went to live with my father'; for I had a new' mother, my aunt Jane said', who would take care of me. But my father went away in a ship', and my new mother said he was drowned in the sea', and would never come back again; and

thên she was not very kind to me ; not so vêry kind as my aunt Jane used to be ; for my aunt Jane never beat mé, but used to take me upon her kneé, and tell me pretty stories', and teach me the way to read them myself', and to sew', that I might learn to be a useful wôman' ; and used to kiss mé, and say she loved me very dearly' when I was a good girl."

"And I hôpe you were al'ways a good girl'," said Mr. Hardy, patting her cheek. A confused blush covered the face of his little companion as he said this.

"Nò, sir'," said shé, "I was not àlways good, for once I told a stòry', and my aunt Jane did not lovè me for a great many days', and I was very unhappy."

"That was indeed nàughty' ; but you will never tell anoth'er story', I trust'."

"I hôpe not," said the child modestly ; and Mr. Hardy, desirous of knowing something more of her history, asked her again what had become of her mother. "I do not know where she has gonè tó ; but I am afraid she has lòst herself', for when we got to the large town, she told me to sit down upon a door-step till she came back to mé ; and I sat a very long time, till it was quite dark, and I was very cold and hungry, and she never came to me, and I could not help crying ; so the lady heard me that lived in the house, and came to me, and asked me what was the mâtter ; and when I told her', she took me into the kitchen', and gave me something to éat, and was very kind to me."

At this simple narrative the passengers were all much affected ; and even the gentleman who had, at first', opposed her coming into the coach', rubbed his hand across his eyes' and said', "Pōor thing`—pōor thing` ;" while Mr. Hardy pressed her more closely towards him', and rejoiced that Providence had enabled him to provide his òwn daughter with every indulgence that affection could desire.

NOTE.—Children use the rising inflection more than adults.

LESSON II.

THE WAY TO BEAR PAIN.

WE should learn to endure patiently the common afflictions of life. By exercising fortitude and submission', we can greatly alleviate the evils we cannot avoid.

Every body has to bear pain` : now let us see how Jâmes submits to the toôthaché. Perhaps there is no harder pain to

bear', because we are thinking constantly of the *suré*, speedy'. though very unpleasant', remedy. When we complain, our friends say, "Well, why don't you have the tooth extracted'?"* James has suffered three days with the toothache. He has remained at home three days from school, and submitted patiently to the usual remedies for this disease. Sometimes the pain has been *vêry* *sevēré*, but he has not allowed himself to shed *ōne* *teār'*, or, for one moment', to lose his self-command.

At length his father and mother advise him to have the tooth extracted. Poor James dreads the operation' as much as any one. He considers the subject for some hours, and then resolves to submit to it *mànfully*. He slips quietly out of the house, and directs his steps towards † the dentist's. His voice falters a little as he inquires if the doctor is at home. "Yes'," is the reply, and James summons all his courage. "Sir'," he says pleasantly, "can you extract a tooth for me this afternoon?" Arrangements are soon made, and James seats himself in the great *arm-chāir*. It is all over in a moment', and he is on the way home. How light is his step', and how happy his heart! He knows that he has done his duty', and exercised a becoming degree of fortitude. How surprised is his mother to hear that the troublesome tooth is actually gone, and how approvingly his father smiles upon him!

Georgè has been suffering with the same complaint, but as yet he cannot be induced to apply to a dentist for relief. He is fretful and peevish. He complains of every application, and of every proposed remedy he says, "it will *dō nō gōod*, and it is of *nō ūse* to try it."

He is finally hired to have his tooth out, and he goes with his father to the dentist's. As soon as George finds himself in the presence of the doctor', he begins to cry. He declares that he can *nót* and will *nót* have the tooth out, and that the operation will kill him. His father threatens, and the doctor flatters, but all to no effect. At length he is compelled to open his mouth. His father holds his head and hands firmly, and the doctor succeeds, in spite of George's efforts to the contrary', to place the instrument properly on the tooth;—and now he screams loud enough to disturb the whole neighborhood.

Who does not admire James's' superior fortitude and courage?

A restless, discontented spirit, is a serious injury to a sick

* This mark : denotes that the syllable over which it is placed is raised a note higher than is denoted by a simple point.

† Pronounced as one syllable, *tōrds*; or, *tōrds*. See page 16.

person. It always retards recovery. The effect of medicine is often counteracted by this disposition.

It is always necessary to use sêlf-côntrol in sickness. There was a boy who suffered much with weak eyes. His friends thought he would have recovered much sooner, if he could have been induced to give up crying'; but the boy had not sêlf-côm-mând enough to do this. On every occasion when he was vexed or disappointed', he would be found in tears. This always had the effect to increase the inflammation', and, no doubt, prolonged his sufferings.

The design of sickness is', not to call into exercise wicked and wrong feelings', but the op'posite of thesê, *patience*', *fortitude*', and *submission*.

So with fatigûe; when it is excessivê, it is certainly pàinful; but pain is in no way diminished by constant complaints. Who can sympathize deeply with the boy', whó, when a little tired', is constantly talking about it', and making it an excuse for neglecting his dûtý? Some persons are always annoying their friends with a recital of their hardships and fatigues. True benevolence would rather wish to conceal' thât' which could in no way be remedied by exposure.

Boys often complain bitterly' of còld wêather'. To be sure, it is bad enough to have one's fingers achê, and ears tingle; but it makes a bad matter worse', when a boy whines and cries about it.

William is an example of manliness in this respect. When the hour for school arrives', he quietly collects his books', buttons on his great-coat', puts on his mittens', and courageously makes his way through the snow' without a murmur' or complaint. When he is in school', he pursues his studies in spite of the chilling atmosphere, and soon forgets that it is a còld December morning. He is acquiring habits of self-control in his youth', which will prove a blessing to him as long as he lives.

LESSON III.

AN EXAMPLE.

WHEN John awoke in the morning', he saw that the light was coming in at the win'dows', and he knew accordingly' that he ought to get up. His brother Roger was sleeping in the same bed. It was a trundle-bed, so low that he could easily get out and in. He lay thinking for a few minutes', happy in

heart', and grateful that God had kept him through another night. He saw, too, a beautiful star out of the window. It was the last star,—all the others had gone out in the light of morning.

While he lay thus', he began to grow sleepy again;* but just then he heard a bell ringing below', at the foot of the stairs;—for this was a very regular family', and the father always rang a bell at a certain hour of the morning', when the fires were made, for the boys to get up. When John heard the bell' he began to dress himself', calling, at the same time, "Röger', Röger'."

Roger began soon to move; he turned over', half opened his eyes, and said', "What do you want'?"

"It is time to get up'," said John; "the bell has rung'."

Roger said nothing,—but he looked displeased and fretful,—and presently John saw that he was going to sleep again.

John then took a long feather which he pulled out of the pillow', and began playfully to tickle his brother's nose. This waked him up',—he rubbed his face, opened his eyes', and when he saw John laughing', and with the feather in his hand', he looked very cross, and said, "Be still." Then he turned over', and half covered his face with the pillow.

At first John began to feel a little angry; but very soon he reflected that he ought not to be so'. He thought that he ought not to do any thing which would trouble his brother; so he came to the bedside and leaned over him', and said', "Roger', I am very sorry I tickled you with that feather', if you do not like it'; I was only at play'. But it is really time for you to get up'."

Roger still looked displeased, though when he heard John speaking so pleasantly', he was a little ashamed of his own conduct. He knew that he ought not to lie in bed any longer;—but he had no love, no fear of God in his heart, and so did not care much about doing wrong. He therefore lay still until John was nearly dressed. He, however', gradually grew good-natured', and being a little ashamed of his ill-humor', began to talk very pleasantly with his brother.

Now the father of these two boys had taught them to kneel down, every morning, by the bedside, as soon as they were dressed', and each to say a prayer; but this morning', when John was dressed and ready for this', Roger was still lying in bed.

Roger proposed, therefore, that they should say their prayers then', while he was lying still', and accordingly John kneeled

* Again; this word should be pronounced as if spelt, agen; the last syllable is too often pronounced as though it had a long vowel, like a in name.

down' and repeated his prayer. While saying it, he thought what he was saying. He knew that God' heard him', and he' really desired the blessings' that he asked. But Rôger' was all the time thinking of something else.

Roger said his prayer too; but his saying it' was a mere form. In the prayer was a petition that God would forgive his sins; but Roger did not feel that he had committed any, nor that he needed any forgiveness. While we must believe that John's prayer was heard', we are forced to suppose that God could pay no regard to Roger's', except to be displeased at its being offered in so heartless a manner.

After the prayers were over, Roger leaped out of bed and began to dress himself in earnest. He was afraid that he should not be down in season.—John went to the door to go down stairs.—

"Wait' for me,—can't you?" said Roger.

John stood a moment' with his hand upon the door. He wanted to wait for his brother', but he did not like to be late. He did not know exactly what he ought to do.

While he was thus hesitating', he heard the second bell ring below. It was to call the family together for prayers.

"I must go," said hé, "the second bell is ringing."

"Oh' wait a minuté," said Roger', hurrying on his clothes, "I shall be ready very soon."

Roger knew that his brother ought not to wait', but he thought that he should appear less to blame if they both went down together.—John' hesitated a moment.

"I must do my duty," thought he. He then said aloud to Rogér, "I would wait for you, but father says we must always be down when the second bell rings', and I must go."

Roger was vexed and angry. He said some fretful words to him in reply,—but John shut the door gently and walked down stairs. He bid his father and mother good morning', and then, sitting down by the side of the fire, in his low chair', he took little Lucy, his sister', up in his lap', and began to show her the pictures in a picture book. When he came into the room', Lucy was troubling her mother', who was setting the table, and John thought that by amusing her' he could help his mother. He wanted to do all the good he could.

When they were all ready for prayers', his father asked him where Roger was'.

"He was not quite ready when I came down," said John.

"You may go and see if he is ready now," said his father.

John opened the door and began to go up stairs; and when he had gone about half way up', he met his brother coming down'.

"They are all ready for us'," said John, and stood back in a corner, made by a turn in the stairway, to let his brother pass. Roger brushed rudely by, and scowled upon him, looking much displeased still. John said nothing, but he was very sorry to see it. He was sorry for two reasons,—because he was grieved to have his brother feel angry with him, and because he knew that the scowling, angry expression in Roger's face indicated a very wicked state of heart. As he followed him down the stairs he secretly prayed to God to forgive his brother, and make him good and happy again.

Now there was a little rocking-chair, with a green cushion and mahogany arms, which their uncle had given these two boys, and they were accustomed to take turns in sitting in it at morning prayers. Roger, being the oldest, always sat nearest his father, and John next; and in the morning, when the room was arranged, the rocking-chair was placed, one day for Roger, and the next for John.

It happened this morning that it was John's turn, and the rocking-chair was placed for him. As he came into the room, sorry that Roger felt as he did, and, wanting to do something to soothe and quiet his mind, he happened to see the rocking-chair, and thought he would let Roger sit in it that morning, though it was not his turn. So, while Roger was standing by the fire, warming himself, John went behind him, and changed the chair.

Roger turned round just as he had done it, and, for an instant, he thought that it was his turn to have the chair, and that John was taking it away from him. In a moment, before he had time to see how it was, he cried out, "Let alone that chair."

But at the very instant the words were spoken, he saw how it was; for John was that moment sitting down in the other chair, and looking up at his brother with a good-humored smile.

Roger took his seat in the rocking-chair, and his father began to read. John paid attention to the reading, but Roger was not at rest, and began to feel ashamed of his bad conduct. His heart was touched, too, by the forbearance of his brother. He felt guilty and ashamed, but that was all. He did not feel penitent. That is, he did not think that such feelings as he had had, and such things as he had done that morning, were great sins against God. He did not think about God at all. He only felt guilty and ashamed;—but at length, while his father was reading, his thoughts were gradually turned to other things; and when, after prayers, they sat down to

breakfast', he had nearly forgotten what had happened; yet there was in his heart that constant uneasiness and suffering', which all boys feel who live in sin.

Thus, you see, these two boys lived and acted very differently. John tried to do *as he ought*,—to please his Savior', to whom he had given himself away. Roger went on doing *as he liked to do*,—thinking nothing about God, and scarcely knowing any thing about the Savior.

When it was time to go to school', John was ready; but Roger could not find his things. John's cap and books', and satchel', were all in their place; but Roger's' were scattered about', he did not know where. With John's aid', however, he soon found every thing but his geography and maps; and those, he said, he put on the shelf in their place, and that John or Lucy must have taken them away.

John said he did not recollect taking them away.

"Well', what could have become of them then', if you', or somebody', did not take them away'?" said Roger.

"Why, perhaps," said John mildly', "you may be mistaken about putting them there."

"I tell you, I am not mistaken', I am *sure*'. I put them there; and I believe you have carried them off' and hid them, just to plague me."

"I *have not* carried them off'," said John', "and you ought not to say' I have."

In fact John began to be out of patience with his brother, on account of his injustice in charging him', without any evidence, with having carried away his books; and they went on talking about it', until a good many unkind words had passed on both sides. At last, as they were looking for the third time in the secretary', John suddenly stopped and said',—"You left them out behind the house, last night."

Roger hesitated and thought a minute. There was a little hill behind the house, where the boys were accustomed to slide for half an hour after school,—and there Roger had laid down his books', and when he came in' he forgot to bring them. The boys went out there, and found the atlas with the geography safe upon the top of a post.

They walked along to school silently. Both were thinking of the dispute which they had got into', and Roger was ashamed,—but John' was penitent. Roger' was trying to forget' it, and to think of something else,—but John' prayed to God' to forgive him for all the unkind words he had spoken', and for the impatient spirit he had manifested. He determined, too', to confess his fault to Roger,—and in the recess at school!

‘that day’, he wrote a little note to his brother, saying that he was sorry for the unkind words he had spoken to him, and promising to try never to do so again.

Then he felt relieved and happy again. His sin was brought out, confessed and forgiven. But Roger’s was only covered up, concealed and gradually forgotten. But God did not forget it. It went into the book of account.

Thus, always when John did wrong, he confessed his sins fully, and prayed for their forgiveness. He did not wish to conceal any thing, but as he tried all the time to please God, so when he failed he always sought mercy and forgiveness through the Savior who died for his sins. He improved his time faithfully, and made himself as useful as possible to all around him.

In school John was diligent and patient. His desk was always in good order, and his books neat. In fact, he wished to do his duty in every thing. Sometimes he would feel tired, and begin to wish that it was time for school to be over,—but then he would soon reflect that his Savior was near him, and would be pleased to have him persevere in doing his duty, even if it was not very pleasant to him. At such a time he would take out the books which he had begun to put away, and take hold of his studies again in good earnest; and then he would find that his time passed much more rapidly and pleasantly than when he was idly wishing for school to be over.

John, always attentive to the wants and to the happiness of others, found a great many ways to be useful; and he found that by endeavoring to do good to others, he enjoyed a great deal of pure and solid happiness himself. He found, by experiment, that the more he contended against his sins, the easier it was to overcome them. The more he was in the habit of being kind, and faithful, and obedient, the more easy and natural it was for him to be so. The more he became acquainted with God, too, the more he loved him, and the pleasanter it was to obey him. At last he grew up to be a man, and to be useful and happy in the world.

LESSON IV.

MISS TROUBLESOME.

JANE WILSON was one of the most noisy, troublesome girls I ever met with in my life. Where Jane was, there could be no quiet. I was paying a visit at her aunt’s, when she came to

pass a vacation there with her cousin. She was then ten years old. The first I knew of her being in the house, was one forenoon', just before dinner', as I was resting myself upon the sofa* in the parlor', after a long walk. I heard some one coming down stairs as if she was trying to see how much noise she could possibly make. "There is Miss Wilson," thought I, "and of course an end of all peace for the present;" for though I had never seen her before', I had heard of her from various sources. She came into the room where I was sitting to look for her cousin', and passed through into the breakfast-room', leaving both doors open', though it was very cold. Her cousin was not there', and I heard her calling with a very loud voice', "Lucy', Lucy'." I had no sooner shut the doors', and retaken my seat', when she returned; and, slamming the door after her with great violence', she seated herself at the window to watch her cousin's return; for Lucy had not yet come from school. After waiting a few minutes', she went to Lucy's neatly-arranged book-shelf' to look for something to read; but while there', she heard her cousin's voice', and, throwing the book she had in her hand upon the table', she ran into the entry.

In the afternoon the children all went out to play; for there was a warm, sunny yard, adjoining the house. There were Jane', and Lucy', who was about a year younger', George', and William', little brothers of Lucy', one six' and the other four' years old. They had not been there long when we heard a loud screaming', so that we thought some dreadful accident must have happened to one of the children. All the family ran to the door to see what could be the matter', and there was Jane laughing heartily to see how she had frightened poor little William', by putting a spider on him', and saying it would bite him. Lucy knew that common house-spiders *never* bite, and she had brushed it away, and was trying to quiet her brother; but he still feared that the spider was on him. His mother took him into the house', and again left the children to themselves.

Presently Jane burst into the parlor. "Oh! aunt'," said she, "see what I have done'."

"What is the matter now'?" said her aunt.

"Oh! I have torn my new frock by an ugly nail in the fence."

"But how could you do that'?"

"I was only climbing over into the garden, and did not see the nail."

"Climbing' over the fence! I do not think that is a very

Sofa, o being long, and not *soffa*.

pretty play for a little girl. I hope this will teach you a good lesson. Lucy will help you to change your dress', and perhaps you will like to take a walk together."

Away went the two little girls, Jané walking in her usual manner', for it really seemed as if she did not know how to move lightly.

When they returned' it was time for tea. In the evening' Lucy took her books', and went away' to learn her lesson for the next day. She first gave her cousin a pencil and paper to draw, and some pretty picture books' to look at. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth'; the astral lamp was lighted'; the room looked pleasantly', and I thought, "Now how happy might we bé if Miss Troublesome were not heré." She scratched a little with the pencil', turned over a few leaves of the books', saying ten times in the course of a quarter of an hour, "I wonder when Lucy will have finished her lessons! Aunt', do you think she has almost learnt them'?" Then she said she wanted some work. Her aunt gave her a little apron to hem for her doll. She worked on this ten' minutes', dropped her needle three times, kept breaking her thread' and getting out of patience with it', and completely prevented my having any quiet conversation with her aunt. At last', her cousin returned, and eight o'clock soon came^, when it was time for them to go to bed. The next day I left the housé to make a visit to another of my friends', determining not to return' till Miss Jane's vacation was over.

Now if you see any thing in your character which resembles Jane's I advise you to set about correcting it as soon as possible. Depend upon' it', you will never be beloved as long as you resemble her' in any of the respects I have mentioned. All who knew her cousin Lucy' loved to have her' with them', because she was mild' and amiablé, and consideraté in respect to the rights and enjoyments of others.

LESSON V.

THE GOOSE AND THE COLT.

A YOUNG colt, that was scampering about the fields' and enjoying himself very much', met a poor goosé which had been lately stripped of her feathers' to supply the wants of her master. The colt', instead of pitying her condition', only laughed at the figure she made', and, snorting with contempt', turned

away', waved his tail', kicked up his heels', and bounded off' into the fields.

Now it happened, that, soon after this', the colt's master thought it best to catch this same colt', put a rope around his neck', and cut off his ears' and tail. Having done this', he turned him into the field', where, after a few days', he chanced to meet the goose. "Ahà!" says the old bird', "so you have lost your ears and tail' I see! whose turn is it to laugh now? Look at mē'. You see that nature is supplying me with new feathers', to take the place of those I lost'; but who will restore to you' your ears and tail'?"

This story may show us the folly of laughing at the misfortunes of those whom we may chance to meet in life; and we may rest assured' that whoever turns others into ridicule, will be treated in the same way' if ever he becomes unfortunate.

LESSON VI.

THE FOREST TREES.

In a fine forest of trees of various kinds' there were several which were holding a conversation upon their particular beauty', use, strength', size, and other qualifications. Some boasted of one thing', some of another.

One of the tallest and finest trees said proudly', "Which of you, my friends', is so tall and straight as I' am'? I' am the stateliest tree in the forest." Another said', "Which of you is as strong as I' am'? I have stood in the storm for years', and no beast has been able to bend or break me down. I' am the strongest tree in the forest." A third said', "Which of you is so graceful' as I' am'? My branches all wave in the breeze in the most elegant manner. I' am the most graceful tree in the forest." Another said', "You may all boast of your size, strength' and elegance', but when winter has stripped you of your verdure, how naked and desolate you appear', while I' am clothed in everlasting green'! I' am the only tree worth looking at. I' am the brightest' and most unfading' tree in the forest'."

While these vain trees were thus talking', each trying to appear better than the others', the owner of the forest came, with his wood-cutter', to mark some trees which he meant to have cut down. The tall', the strong', the graceful', and the evergreen' tree were all' selected', and, in another hour', were laid low by the axé, and cut up for use.

Thus you see how vain it is to boast of any qualifications we possess', as', like these boastful trees', we have not the power to ensure their continuance.

LESSON VII.

THE FROG AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

A FROG', which had made his dwelling in a bank of earth near an old hedge', was one day very much alarmed by hearing a man, who was working not far off', say' that he was going to remove the hedge' and dig down the bank' in a day or two.

The frog instantly set to work' and removed his habitation to another ditch hārd bȳ, for he was afraid that the laborer would destroy his house', and that he should lose his life. He also told all his neighbors of the man's intention', and warned them of their danger; but they only laugh'ed àt him', and called him a sīlly old crōakēr.

The next day, as the frog found that the man had already begun his work', he went again to his neighbors' and told them of their peril. "Do you not see," said hé, "that the hedge is already pulled down', and that the bank cannot long' remain'?"

"Mind your own' affairs'," said the uncivil frogs', "and wè will mind ours. We have timè enough' before us. Wè, surely', know as well as yôu when it is necessary to leave our homes. We are very happy and comfortable here', and will not go till it is time."

Notwithstanding the insults and ingratitude he met with', this wise and kind-hearted frog', seeing the dwellings of his friends on the verge of destruction', went again to expostulate with them', and told them, that, if they did not all remove immediately', they would certainly lose their lives. "Wèll, wèll, we will remove to-môrrôw'," said the frogs.

To-morrow came', but the lazy frogs had not removed', and they were all killed or wounded', and their dwellings destroyed.

The frog' that had warned his neighbors, was all the time sâfe and snùg in his house. He lamented the fate of his friends', but confessed that those who put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day' can expect no better fortune.

Let this fable teach us all' never to procrastinaté, or put off till another timé, that which should be done nòw. To-môrrôw may never come; and if it does', if we are too idle to do our duty to-day', it is likely we shall be too idle to do it to-morrow.

LESSON VIII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS FIG.

A COUNTRYMAN one day wished to take his pig to market. But when he tried to drive him one way, he would go the other, and seemed obstinately bent on going every way but the right. If the man wanted him to turn to the right, he insisted upon going to the left; and if he tried to drive him to the left, he was sure to turn to the right.

At length, the countryman, being tired and out of patience, tied a string to one of the pig's hind legs, and attempted to guide him with the whip as if he were a horse; but this would not do, for grunter kicked and squealed, ran forward and then backward, and persisted in attempting to return to his sty.

"Sò, then," said the driver, "you will not go on and do as I want you to do. Well, well, we will see who shall be master, you or I." So saying, he took a strong rope out of his pocket, seized the squealing animal by the legs, and, tying them fast together, threw him on the back of his horse, between two bags of grain.

In vain did the angry creature struggle and squeal. He could not get away, nor loosen the cord about his legs. He now repented of his obstinacy, for the cord hurt him, and the motion of the horse made him ache all over. But the countryman did not mind this, but hurried on his horse to make up for the time that had been lost.

"O, my dear master," said the uneasy pig, "do pray let me get down. I am not accustomed to riding. I know nothing about it, and shall certainly break my neck. Besides that, the string hurts my legs sadly, and I feel bruised all over. Do let me get down this once."

"That you shall not," said the countryman. "You would not walk to please me, and so you shall ride. You have had your way long enough; now I must have mine." So saying, he jolted the squealing pig all the way to market.

My little readers may learn from this story never to be obstinate; for, if they are so, they must expect to be treated roughly by those who would, doubtless, prefer to treat them with tenderness. It is much better to be obedient than to cry and resist like the foolish pig.

LESSON IX.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

A YOUNG cock, that was sitting upon the branch of a tree, crowed so loud that a fox which chanced to be passing by heard him. So up he trots and says, "How do you dō, my dear friend? I have not sēen you for an āge."

"Thank you for your politeness, sir," said the cock. "I am as well as usual." "I am delighted to hear it," said the fox. "Pray come down from that high perch, that I may see you clōser and admire your beautiful feathers."

"No, I am much obliged to you," said the cock; "that will not dō, for I have heard my old father say that a fox is very fond of the flesh of a cock, and will ēat him whenever he gets a chance. So, if you please, sir, I will stay where I am."

"Pshaw, child," said the sly thief; "give me leave to tell you that your ōld sire is an ōld fōol and does not speak a word of truth, for I knōw that all the beasts and birds are now at peacē; therēfore you need not mind that, but fly down and see me."

"Is this āll true?" said the cock. "I am very glad to hear it, I am sure." And saying this, he stretched out his neck as far as he could, as if he saw something a great way off.

"What do you sēe, my dear friend, that you look out so earnestly?" said the fox. "O nothing at all," said the cock, "only a pack of hounds, that seem to be running a race. It is a fine sight. Look, look, they are coming this way."

"Dēar mē," said the fox; "coming this way! Then it is high time for mē to be gonē!" "Gōnē!" said the cock; "why should you gō? What danger can there be to a fox in meeting hounds in time of peāce?"

"Yēs," cried the fox, "all you say is true; but it is ten to one that these vile curs had not yet heard of the peace; therefore I must run as fast as I can to get out of the way."

This story shows us, that, when a known enemy wishes to seem a friend, there is most cause for us to keep out of his reach; and also that shāme is likely to follow from falsēhood.

LESSON X.

TIT FOR TAT.

A LITTLE chimney-sweeper was, one afternoon, sitting upon the steps of a door, rest'ing himself after his morning's work. He had a lârge piêce of bread and butter in his hand, which the cook of the house had kindly given him, and which he intended to eat for his supper.

When he was qûite rêsted, he began to eat. He found the bread and butter very sweet and good, and as he was hungry, he enjoyed it very much. So he ate as fast as he could, now and then humming a tune.

Not far from him, on the steps of another door, lay a dog quietly asleep in the sun. The sweep called out to him, and said, "Come herè, sir, come hère," whistling and beckoning to him at the same time.

The dog, hearing himself called, and seeing that the boy was eating, got up, shook himself, wagged his tail, and advanced towards the boy, in the hopes that he would give him a piece of the bread and butter. The mischievous boy held out the bread to the dog, which instantly stretched out his nose to take it. But the young rogué, instead of giving the dog any of his supper, hastily drew back his hand, and struck him a severe blow on the nosè, which made the poor creature run howling away, while the cruel little sweep laughed most heartily at the trick he had played.

A gentleman, who was sitting at a window on the opposite side of the street, saw this action, and determined to punish the wicked bōy. So, opening the street door, he beckoned to the sweep to come ôver, showing him a sixpence which he held in his hand.

"Would you like to have this sixpencé, my boy?" said the gentleman. "It will buy you a better supper than you have got there." "O, yes sir, if you pleasé, with many thanks," said the little sweep, eagerly stretching out his hand for the prize.

But, just as he was going to take the money, the gentleman hit him so smart a rap on his knuckles, with a cane which he held behind him, that the boy drew back his hand screaming with pain.

"What did you do thât for?" said hè, sobbing, and rubbing his knuckles. "I did not ask for the sixpencé." "Why did you hûrt the pōor dōg just now?" said the gentleman. "Hè

did not ask you^a for your bread and butter. I only serve yōu, as you served him^a, Let this^a teach yoú that dogs^a can fēel^a as well as boys^a, and learn^a to behave mōre kindly towards dumb animals^a in future."

LESSON XI.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

JAMES HOGG^a, the Ettrick Shepherd^a, had a dog named *Sirrah*^a, which was for many years his sole companion. "He was," quoth the shepherd^a, "beyond all comparison^a, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly^a, unsocial^a temper^a, disdain^aing all flattery^a, and refused to be caressed^a; but his attention to his master's commands and interests^a will never be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him in a ropè. He was hungry and lean^a, and far from being a beautiful^a cur^a, for he was all over black^a, and had a grim facè, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for thrèe shillings^a, somewhere on-the border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his facè, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him^a, and appropriated him to myself. He was scarcely then a year old^a, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, he would try every way deliberately till he found what I wanted him to do, and when once I made him to understand, he never forgot nor mistook again." About seven hundred lambs^a, which were once under his care at weaning timé, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and his assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd in great affliction^a, "my man^a, they're a' awà."* The night was so dark that he did not sèe Sirrah^a; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words, and, without more ado, he set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile, the shepherd and his companion spent the whole night in scouring the hills^a; but of neither the lambs^a nor Sirrah^a, could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstancé," says the shepherd^a, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it, (day having dawned^a,) but to

* Scottish dialect for all away.

return to our master' and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way homé, however', we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine,* called the Flesh Cleach, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them', looking around for some relief', but still standing to his charge. The sun was then up', and', when we first came in view of them', we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs, which Sirrah had been unable to managé until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment' when we discovered that not one' of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark' is beyond comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself' from midnight until the rising of the sun'; and if all the shepherds in the country had been there to assist him', they could not have effected it with greater propriety."

LESSON XII.

PETER THE GREAT.

ONE day, as the czar was returning from hunting', he happened to loiter behind the rest of the company' to enjoy the cool air', when, looking around', he observed a boy standing on the top bar of a stile' looking earnestly about him', upon which he rode briskly up and accosted him with', "Well', my boy', what are you looking for'?" "An't please your honor'," said the boy, "I'm looking out for the king'." "Oh," said the emperor, "if you will get up behind me, I'll show you him." The boy then mounted', and, as they were riding along', the czar said, "You will know which is the emperor' by seeing the rest take off their hats to him." Soon after, the emperor came up to the party', whó, much surprised at seeing him so attended', immediately saluted him', when the czar, turning round his head', said, "Now do you see who's the king'?" "Why'," replied the boy' archly', "it is one of ús' twó, but I'm sure I don't know which', for we've bôth got our hats on."

* Pronounced *raveen*. When spelt without a final *e*, pronounced *rav'-en*.

LESSON XIII.

FOR THE GOOD OF TRADE.

THE late well-known Sandy Wood', surgeon in Edinburgh, was walking through the streets of that city during the time of an illumination', when he observed a young rascal', not above twelve years of age, breaking every window he could reach' with as much industry' as if he had been doing the most commendable action in the world. Enraged at this mischievous disposition', Sandy seized him by the collar', and asked him what he meant by thus destroying honest people's windows'. "Why, it's all for the good of trade'," replied the young urchin; "I am a glazier'." "All for the good of trade, is' it?" said Sandy', raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head; "there, then, that's for the good of my' trade; I am a surgeon'."

LESSON XIV.

THE APE AND THE BEAVER.

A PERT apé one day by chance made a visit to the habitations of the beavers', who were all hard at work in their several apartments', and addressing one of those industrious animals', which was busily employed in building a curious house for himself and his family', he began to make his impertinent and silly observations on the most trivial things that occurred', until the beaver', finding that he could not go on with his work' while interrupted by this insignificant intruder', thus sharply reprovéd him:—"Pray leave mè," said hè, "to my labor. Go and pay your visits to such only as are idle like yourself'; at least, you should not take up the time of those to whom time is precious', and who make use of every moment to some good purpose, thus reducing^ them to a level with yourself'."

APPLICATION.

Bad habits are as infectious^ as the plague. The idle make those idle with whom they associatè. The vicious libertine debauches or corrupts the innocent mind until it becomes as depraved as its teacher'; the quarrelsome create broils wherever they intrudè; gamesters' make gamesters'; and thieves' makè thieves'. There is a tendency in nature to cause every thing, where it is possible, to produce its likeness.

LESSON XV.

THE MASSACRE OF SCIO.*

Scio is a most lovely island' in the Grecian Archipelago. Its climate is delightful, and its soil fertilé, producing the most delicious fruits' and fragrant flowers. Its capital', named also Sció, is handsome and well built, and its vicinity ornamented with the villas and gardens of many wealthy merchants', who once resided here in great splendor and luxury. Alas, how has the scene been changed! They who once enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchasé or this delightful climate furnish', who were happy in the bosom of their families', and surrounded with every thing that could make life desirablé, have either been cruelly slaughtered', or have become wretched slaves', or miserable outcasts', wandering without a homé or without the means of subsistence. A heart of sensibility must bleed at a recital of the horrors witnessed by this once happy island, horrors' from which it will take many years to recover', and which will remain on record as another lamentable proof of the depravity of man' and of the savage nature of civil war.

So fearful were the inhabitants of Scio of losing' the gratifications they enjoyed', and so effeminate had luxury rendered them, that liberty' had no charms for them', and the calls of their fellow-countrymen to join them in the glorious struggle for freedom' were disregarded. Indeed, so ably had they managed to avoid every appearance of disaffection to their masters', the Turks', that the Ottoman fleet never molested them', till', on one unfortunate occasion', a tumultuary rabble joined the forces of a Greek leader, who landed with a small party of troops', besieged the citadel', and put the Turkish garrison and inhabitants to the sword.

Scarcely was this tragedy completed', when the Ottoman fleet entered the harbor', and the Greek troops', unable to cope with so formidable an armament', fled and left the island to its fate. Although the principal inhabitants had taken no part in the outragé, they were aware of their danger', and instantly repaired on board the ship of the captain pachá,† making the most solemn protestations of their innocencé and of their fidelity to the Porte.‡ They were received with great civility', and their fears quieted' by the admiral's expressing himself ready

* *Skeeo*, or *See-o'*.

† Pronounced *pashaw*. A Turkish governor or commander.

‡ Emperor of Turkey; often called the Ottoman Porte. The final *e* is silent.

to forget all that had passed, and ordering coffee and other refreshments.

They being thus lulled into a fatal security, the pacha landed his troops, consisting of about six thousand men, without opposition. Immediately the work of death began. No distinction was made. The innocent were confounded with the guilty in one indiscriminate slaughter, and the Turks, when weary with their sanguinary work, would coolly sheath their bloody sabres, sit beneath the shades of the stately trees, take their pipes and coffee, converse with the utmost indifference or take a nap, and then rise refreshed and renew their horrid employment. No attention was paid to the most earnest protestations of innocence nor supplications for mercy. Neither the silver hairs of age nor the blooming cheeks of beauty wrought compassion in the hearts of the barbarous foe. Shrieks of agony and shouts of exultation were mingled in horrid dissonance. On every side, were seen trembling fugitives pursued by the ferocious murderers, who stabbed children in the arms of their mothers, cut down with their remorseless weapons the aged sire and the hapless youth, vainly endeavoring to ward off the blow each from the other, while the exulting monsters triumphantly exhibited the heads of their victims dripping with gore.

Nor, when the shades of night and the weariness of the assassins gave a short respite to the wretched Sciots, was the scene less appalling. Bloody corpses were scattered over the velvet lawns, among the orange groves, and in the most magnificent apartments as well as in the lowly cottages; and the plaintive lament of heart-broken relatives over the bodies of the slain, and the shuddering cry of despair uttered by those who knew that inevitable death awaited them at the return of day, were as distressing and heart-sickening as the tumult and agonizing shrieks that accompanied the scene of blood and carnage. Daily was the butchering renewed whilst any victims remained. Some had the good fortune to escape beyond the barrier of the rocky mountains or into the boats and vessels that were off their coast. But their fate was little to be envied—without a home, without friends, almost without food, many perished from fatigue and famine, while the survivors, bereft of every thing they held most dear, suffered the miseries of present privation and the agonies arising from the recollections of what they once were. Twenty thousand are computed to have perished in this massacre.

When will the happy time arrive, that men, instead of glorying in the destruction of their fellow-creatures, shall

heartily join in promoting each other's felicity; when there shall be no national antipathies, no religious differences, but all shall unite in the worship of one Gód and in kind offices to one another.

LESSON XVI.

DOGS AND A LION.

JAMES STOW, in his "Annals," has an account of a battle between three mastiffs and a lion, in the presence of James the First and his son prince Henry. "One of the dogs, being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose, and was served in the same manner; but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip and held him for a considerable time, till, being severely torn by his claws, he was obliged to quit his hold. The lion, being greatly exhausted by the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds. The third survived, and was taken great care of by the prince, who said, 'He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with an inferior creature.'"

LESSON XVII.

SYMPTOMS OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG the marvellous stories related of Mahomet and his followers, one is that he was conveyed on a mysterious animal from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence ascended the seven heavens, conversed with patriarchs and angels, and approached within two bow shots of the throne of the Almighty; after which he descended to Jerusalem and returned to Meccà, all in the tenth part of a night. Another is, that the moon, at Mahomet's command, left the sky, performed seven revolutions round the temple of Meccà, saluted him in the Arabic language, entered at the collar of his shirt, and issued forth through his sleeve. A third is, that he saw angels in heaven whose heads were so large that it would take a bird a thousand years to fly from one ear to the other!!!

LESSON XVIII.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF ARGENTON.*

TOWARDS the close of the last century', about the year 1789, there occurred in France one of the most singular political convulsions of which history has any record. The lower orders of the nation', headed by some individuals of influencé, rose in arms against their sovereign', and after a long series of atrocities', succeeded in dethroning and beheading king Louis the Sixteenth', and in completely overturning the power of the nobles' and destroying the institutions of the state.

Of these scenes of horror, one of the most active agents was a man named Robespierre,† who, having raised himself to a situation of power amongst the disaffected', ruled his country with despotic tyranny'. During his temporary elevation', either the secret denunciation of an envious rival', or the false charges preferred by an open enemy', were sufficient to condemn innocence and virtue to a violent death. Any individual who was known', during the *reign of terror'*, (as that period of the French revolution has been termed',) to afford the slightest commiseration or assistance to the proscribed victims of tyranny', was almost certain to lose his life as the penalty of his injudicious compassion'; and owing to this circumstance, fear seemed to suppress every generous feeling of the heart', and to stifle every sentiment of humanity', in the bosoms of the greater part of the unhappy inhabitants of France.

There lived, about this time, in one of the northern counties of the kingdom',‡ a miller in easy circumstances', whose name was Maturin',§ and who, so far from participating in the alarm and dread' which seemed to freeze the charity of his countrymen', sought every opportunity of conferring acts of kindness on the unfortunate people who were flying from their homes' to avoid the horrors of prison or of death.

During this period', no suspicion had ever attached to him', and, in the opinion of his neighbors', he passed for an excellent patriot', as the term was then understood. He contrived', however', to conceal his real feelings under an air of gayety'; and on many occasions', in order to avoid suspicion', he had

* Pronounced *Argen'ton*; *g* as in *age*.

† Pronounced *Ro-bes-peer*.

‡ The department *des Deux Sèvres*.

§ Maturin; *u* long.

even received into his mill the officers of the tyrant', and entertained them hospitably.

Toinetté,* his daughter, a little girl only ten years of agé, was his only confidant† and companion. She was the depository of his secrets; and possessing a great deal of prudencé, together with an appearancè of childish innocencé, she was particularly useful to her father in aiding his efforts to deceive the cruel agents of Robespierre; and she shared in all his rejoicings when they had the good fortune to rescue any innocent sufferer from their snares.

On evening, Toinette had gone down to a fountain at some distance from the mill, in order to bring home fresh water for supper, when her father should return from labor. She filled her pitcher, and placing it on the ground, by the side of the well, she seated herself on a mossy bank, under the shade of a beach treé which grew above it. The sun was just setting:—there was not the slightest noise to disturb the calm silence which reigned around her; and leaning her head on her arm, she began to reflect on some melancholy tales of recent suffering which her father had been relating to her that morning. She had not remained in this position more than a few moments, when she fancied that she heard the voice of some one in distress apparently very near her. She started at an incident so unusual; and listening for a moment, heard distinctly a lów, faint mōan', which seemed to issue from a hovel not far from the well. It had formerly been a comfortable cottagè; but having been destroyed by fire about a year before, little more than the four walls and a part of the roof were now remaining.

She arose instantly, and proceeding towards the ruined hut, was about to enter the door, when she perceived the figure of a man stretched on the ground, wasted and palè, and apparently in the last struggle of death. She drew near to him without hesitation, attempted to raise his head, and asked him some questions in a voice of pity. The unfortunate man fixed his eyes intently on the little girl, and said in a lów vōicé, "Give me some bread; I am perishing from hunger."

At these words, the tears came into the eyes of Toinettè; she knew not what to dò; she had no bread with her,—and from the exhausted state of the poor sufferer, she feared to leave him to procure any, lest on her return she should find that he had breathed his last. For a few moments she hesi-

* *Oi* as in *boil*; *nette*, pronounced *nett*, accented.

† *Confidant* would be better.

tated what to dō,—whether to gó, or remain` where she was; at length`, thinking she had better leavè him`, and fetch some food`, than stay` with him`, and perhaps see him expire` before her eyes`, she gently laid his head on the floor`, and had proceeded a few steps from the door of the hut on her way homè, when she remembered that she had a pear and some chestnuts in her pocket. The recollection of these treasures no sooner flashed on her mind`, than she ran back`, and placing the head of the poor man upon her knee`, she put a small piece of the pear in his mouth. He had been so long without food`, that it was with some difficulty he swallowed the first morsel; but by degrees he seemed to revive`, and by the time he had finished the fruit`, he was so far recovered as to be able to answer the questions of the little girl.

“Tell mè,” said Toinetté, “how long you have been in this horrible placé? for your clothes are all ragged`, and you cannot have been shaved for many weeks. But you shall come with mè to m̄y homè; it is not far distant`, and my father is kind to all who are in distress`; and when you are well`, he will give you employment in our mill`, and every day` you shall have abundance to eat`, and a comfortable bed to sleep` on` at night.

“Alas`! my child,” replied Monsieur Passot`,* (for that was the name of the unhappy man`,) “it is impossible for me to take advantage of the offer which you are so kind as to make me. I am unfortunately obliged to fly`, and to conceal myself`, far from the haunts of my fellow-creatures; but I should rather prefer to perish here`, than to end my days on a scaffold. I can only thank you for your kindness`, but I cannot accept of it; fetch me a little bread`—it is all that I ask`; and promise me faithfully that you will not mention`, even to your father`, your having seen me.”

Toinette did all in her power to persuade Monsieur Passot to alter his determination`, and to confide in her father`; but, finding that she could not succeed`, she promised to keep his secret inviolable; and “do not think,” said shé, “that I will abandon you here without assistance. Oh, nō`! I will procure you something to eat` now`, and will find the means to return to you every day`, and to bring you some bread. No one shall know of your existencè; and, for myself`, I will diè rather than betray you.”

When she had gone`, Monsieur Passot found himself much more composed and tranquil: he was thankful for the interest which Toinette had taken in his welfaré, and he considered it

* *Munseer* (nearly) *Passo*. Monsieur signifies Mister, or Master.

as an especial interference of Providence to preserve his life. He could now keep himself concealed as long as he chose, since his little friend had undertaken to provide him with food; and he hoped to be enabled by this means to elude his enemies till his name should be forgotten, or a new order of things in France would permit his return to his home and his family.

In a few minutes Toinette was again by his side, with some bread, and a little cup of milk, from which the poor sufferer eagerly drank, and seemed much refreshed. Toinette would have been very glad to learn the particulars of Monsieur Passot's escape; but, fearing that her father would miss her, and inquire the cause of her absence, she took a reluctant leave of her protégé;* and hastening to the well, she took up her pitcher, and returned to the mill, rejoicing to have had it in her power thus to save the life of a fellow-creature.

The little girl, faithful to her promise, continued to supply her pensioner, at stated periods, with bread, to which she occasionally added some vegetables or cheese. Monsieur Passot took great pleasure in her intelligent and child-like conversation; and, on her part, Toinette was so pleased with her friend that she was never in a hurry to leave him and return to the mill. At the same time, she was grieved to see that he had no other covering or shelter than the wretched hovel where he lay, and which was in fact more fit to be the retreat of a wild beast than that of a human being. In vain she renewed, from time to time, her entreaties that he would confide in the protection of her father, and remove to the mill. He was too generous to endanger, by his presence, the safety of honest Maturin; and preferred enduring all the horrors of his present situation, from a conviction that to their kindness he was chiefly indebted for concealment and security.

One morning, when Toinette and he were deeply engaged in conversation, they were alarmed by the approach of a third person, who suddenly started from amongst the trees, and struck them with terror by his presence. Toinette, however, soon recovered her confidence when she recognised her father; and, turning to Monsieur Passot, she entreated him not to suspect her of having told Maturin of his living in the forest. "Ask himself," said the little girl eagerly, "and he will assure you that I have not."

Her father, thus appealed to, replied, "It is very true, my child, that you never have; but how could you suppose that I

* *Protege*—a French word; one who is protected. *G* as in age, and the final *e* sounded.

could be so blind as not to observe your frequent absencé, or that I should not feel uneasy when I was at home alone, whilst you have been here chatting with Monsieur? The quantities of bread, too, which you have been in the habit of carrying off, have excited my suspicions; but, Toinetté, how could you think of permitting this gentleman to remain hère so long in the midst of so much misery? Had you told me of his being heré, I would at once have found him an equally safe, and more commodious retreat."

"My good sir," interrupted Monsieur Passot with great emotion, "it was not the fault of this dear child, for I have uniformly resisted her entreaties to take me to your homé, through my fear of bringing you into difficulty or danger. I have suffered so much, that I would not willingly bring another into similar trouble."

"If that be all your fear," replied the miller, with a smile, "you may set your mind at rest. I shall run no risks; and even if I should, I have, at most, but one life to lose, and that I shall gladly endanger to serve my suffering fellow-creatures. Nô: you must not stay hère. This evening, at dusk, Toinette shall come for you. A few days ago, I was obliged to dismiss my assistant, who was an idle fellow. You shall take his placé, and do his work when you are able; but we will first rid you of this long beard, which would make you look more like a Capuchin friar than a miller's man; and having arrayed you in one of my dresses, all suspicion will be lulled, and by the assistance of Providencé, all will go on securely and well. But I must leave you now; farewell, Monsieur, for the present, and at night-fall I shall expect to see you at my mill."

So saying, Maturin took the hand of his daughter, and both went away together, leaving the heart of Monsieur Passot swelling with gratitude to heaven, and to them as the agents of its bounty.

At night Toinette arrived, according to promise, at the forest. She was delighted at the thought of her friend being no longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and deprived of the necessaries of life. They left the ruined cottage together, traversed the paths of the wood in silence, and at last arrived, without having been seen, at the mill. Here Monsieur Passot was immediately shaved, and being dressed in a suit of the miller's clothes, obtained the new name of "Nicholas," and took his seat at the table between Maturin and his daughter. A few glasses of good wine recruited his spirits, and he had soon the pleasure of stretching his weary limbs on a comforta-

ble bed', after lying for six weeks exposed to the dew', and the rain', upon the cold damp floor of the ruined cottage.

During the few succeeding days', wholesome and plentiful food', and above all', the tranquillity of his mind', served to recruit the strength of the stranger; and one morning he informed his good host of his previous adventures', and his melancholy story. He had been denounced', he said', and condemned to death', without being permitted to speak', or being even asked for a defence', by the revolutionary committee of the town of Bressuire',* where he resided. A friend who knew his danger', and to whom he had once shown a trifling kindness', gave him information of his impending fate', in time to permit him to make his escape', under the disguise of a beggar. During his flight' he traversed each night the high roads of the department', and during the day', lay concealed in the woods among the lonely hills', where he happened to find himself. By these means he had reached the forest near the mill', and had hid himself in the ruins where Toinette first discovered him. "But even here'", continued he', "I should soon have perished from cold and exhaustion', had it not been for the arrival of your dear child; since the terror of falling into the hands of my enemies' seldom permitted me to go beyond the walls of my retreat', and I was fast sinking under the pains of hunger', when Toinette came in time to render me assistance', and to save my life."

One morning soon after this conversation had taken place', Toinette came running in', out of breath', to say that four soldiers', armed with sabres and muskets', and of a very ferocious appearance', were approaching the mill from the high road.

Monsieur Passot eagerly inquired where he could hide himself.

"That would be impossible," said Maturin', "for if they search the mill', as it is likely they will', they would be sure to find you', and your fate would be inevitable. You must now put a bold face on the matter'; summon up all your hardihood', and leave it to me to deceive them."

Two minutes after', the soldiers entered the mill. "Good-morrow', citizen'," said they', striking Maturin on the shoulder', "here we are', four worthy fellows', sadly fatigued with following an aristocrat',† (the name given by the revolutionists to those who supported the party of the government and the no-

* Pronounced *Bress-weer*.

† *Aristocrat* denoted at that time in France one who favored a regular government of king, nobles, and representatives; or even *any* government in opposition to the misrule of usurpers.

bility,) who has unfortunately eluded our pursuit. Come, what can you give us to eat?"

"The best in my house, to be sure," replied the miller. "Gò, Toinette, put a clean napkin on the tablè, fetch down that piece of ham which was left from yesterday's dinner; and you, Nicholas, off to the cellar, and bring up four bottles of the primest Burgundy for these worthy citizens: quick, blockhead!" he added, pushing him rudely by the shoulder; and Monsieur Passot hastened to do as he was directed. It took some minutes to perform his errand, and on his re-appearance with the wine, Maturin again seemed very angry with Nicholas for presuming to make them wait so long. He appeared, in fact, ready to strike him, and in such a passion, that the soldiers interfered to appease him, and observed that Nicholas seemed really an honest sort of a fellow, though somewhat too much of a simpleton.

The miller seated himself at table beside them; pressed them again and again to do honor to his provisions, and supplied them plentifully with wine; and then inquired what was passing in the world, or what news they were charged with.

"Wår," said they, "goes on against all who oppose the progress of the revolution. The prisons are still overflowing with criminals, in spite of the daily execution of thousands, and we are at this moment in pursuit of one of the most decided aristocrats in France,—a man called Pàs'sot, who lived at Bressuieré and was condemned by the tribunal; some traitor gave notice of his sentencé, and he escaped from the city; but we know that he is at this moment not far distant from the spot where we sit, and we are in hope of soon having him in our custody. There are five hundred crowns proclaimed as a reward for him, which we are determined to earn if possible." They then asked for another bottle of wine, and when they had finished it, they prepared searching the mill. To this proceeding the miller offered no resistance; but, on the contrary, ordered Nicholas to go for the keys, and to throw open all the doors in the house.

When this was doné, Toinette took the hand of her father, and accompanied him through the mill; every door was opened, and the soldiers, having inspected every corner, were about to retirè, when one of them recollected that they had not searched the cèllar, where, he said, a dozen of traitors might be concealed. Nicholas was accordingly again summoned, and the cellar was visited in due form. On coming up they expressed themselves perfectly satisfied; they then drank another glass of wine to the health of Robespierre, and departed well

pleased with the reception they had met with from the miller, his daughter, and the stupid Nicholas.

Maturin, however, began to fear that he could not long continue to shelter Monsieur Passot with equal security. He knew that such visits as this would be frequent; and in some of them he might be surprised and discovered. He accordingly pretended that he was going a journey of fifty leagues into the country, and obtained a passport for himself and his servant. He set off in a few days; and the miller conducted his friend in safety to the house of one of his brothers, who lived at some distance from Bressuieré, and leaving him under his protection, returned home to Toinette.

Here Monsieur Passot lived securely till the termination of the revolution; when it was not difficult for him to prove his innocence, and reclaim his property.

In his prosperity, however, he did not forget his former benefactors. He returned to visit Maturin the miller, and justly regarding Toinette as the preserver of his life, he undertook to have her educated at one of the best schools in Paris; supplied her with masters of every description, and finally, on the sudden death of her father, adopted her as his own child, and took upon himself the charge of establishing her in the world.

LESSON XIX.

POETRY.

Iambic. Four feet, and three feet, alternately.

MORN on her rosy couch awoke,
 Enchantment led the hour,
 And mirth and music drank the dews'
 That freshened Beauty's flower;
 Then from her bower of deep delight'
 I heard a young girl sing,
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy-thing."
 The sun in noon-day heat rose high',
 And on, with heaving breast',
 I saw a weary pilgrim toil'
 Unpitied and unblest;
 Yet still in trembling measures flowed'
 Forth from a broken string',
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry'
 For 'tis a holy thing."

'Twas night, and Death the curtains drew
 'Mid agony severe,
 While there a willing spirit went
 Home to a glorious sphere;
 Yet still it sighed, even when was spread
 The waiting angel's wing,
 "Oh, speak no ill of poetry,
 For 'tis a holy thing."

LESSON XX.

AURELIA AND THE SPIDER.—A FABLE.

Iambic. Four feet.

- THE muslin torn, from tears of grief
 In vain Aurelia sought relief;
 In sighs and plaints she passed the day;
 The tattered frock neglected lay:
5. While busied at the weaving trade,
 A spider heard the sighing maid,
 And kindly stopping in a trice,
 Thus offer'd, gratis, her advice:—
 "Turn, little girl, behold in me
10. A stimulus to industry;
 Compare your woes, my dear, with mine,
 Then tell me who should most repine:
 This morning, ere you'd left your room,
 The chambermaid's remorseless broom'
15. In one sad moment that destroyed,
 To build which, thousands were employed
 The shock was great; but as my life
 I saved in the relentless strife,
 I knew lamenting was in vain;
20. So patient went to work again.
 By constant work, a day or more
 My little mansion will restore:
 And if each tear which you have shed
 Had been a needle-full of thread,
25. If every sigh of sad despair
 Had been a stitch of proper care,
 Closed would have been the luckless rent,
 Nor thus the day have been misspent."

LESSON XXI.

THE PAPER KITE.—A FABLE

Iambic. Four feet, with a short syllable sometimes added.

ONCE on a time a paper Kite'
Was mounted to a wondrous height`;
Where, giddy with its elevation',
It thus expressed self-admiration` :—

5. " See how yon crowds of gazing people'
Admire my flight above the steeple`;
How would they wonder', if they knew'
All that a Kite', like me', could do' ?
Were I but free', I'd take a flight ,
10. And pierce the clouds beyond their sight` :
But', ah` ! like a poor prisoner bound',
My string confines me near the ground` ;
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing',
Might I but fly without a string`."
15. It tugged and pulled', while thus it spoke',
To break the string` ;—at last it broke` !
Deprived at once of all its stay',
In vain it tried to soar away` ;
Unable its own weight to bear',
20. It fluttered downward through the air` ;
Unable its own course to guide',
The winds soon plunged it in the tide`.
Oh` ! foolish Kite, thou had'st no wing',
How could'st thou fly without a string' ?
25. My heart replied', " O Lord', I see
How much the Kite resembles mè !
Forgètfu' that by thèe I stand',
Impatient of thy ruling hand',
How oft I've wished to break the lines'
30. Thy wisdom for my lot assigns` !
How oft indulged a vain desiré
For something more', or something higher` !
And but for gracé and love diviné,
A fall' thus dreadful' had beèn miné."

LESSON XXII.

THE BALL.

Anapestic ; first foot often an iambus or spondee. First, third, and fourth lines have four feet each ; the second and fifth have three each.

1. My good little fellow', don't throw your ball therè ;
You'll break neighbor's windows', I knòw' ;
On the end of the house there is roòm', and to spare :
Go round', you can have a delightful game there',
Without fearing for whère you may throw.
2. Harry thought he might safely continue his play',
With a little more càre than before :
So, forgetful of all that his father could say',
As soon as he saw hè was out of the way',
He resolved to have fifty thròws morè.
3. Already as far as to forty he rosé,
And no mischief had happened at all' ;
Onē mōre, and òne mōre, he successfully throws' ;
But when', as he thought', just arrived at the closè,
In' popped his unfortunate ball.
4. Poor Harry stood frightened', and turning about',
Was gazing at what he had donè ;
As the ball had popped in', so neighbor popped out',
And with a good horsewhip' he beat him about',
Till Henry repented his fun.
5. When little folks think they know better than great',
And what is forbidden them dō'
We must always expect to seé, sooner or laté,
Thăt sūch wise little fools' have a similar fātè,—
And that one' of the fifty goes through.

LESSON XXIII.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE.

Same measure as Lesson 22.

1. In a little dark crack half a yard from the ground',
An honest old spider resided :

So pleasant and snug', and convenient 'twas found',
That his friends came to see it from many miles round';
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

2. Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of lifé,
This spider was thoroughly tired':
So leaving those scenes of contention and strife,
His children all settled', he came with his wifé,
To live in this cranny retired.
3. He thought that the little his wife would consumé,
'Twould be easy for him' to provide her;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room',
Where came every morning' a maid and a broom'—
Those pitiless foes to a spider.
4. For when', as sometimes it would chance to befall',
Just when his neat web was completed',
Brush'—came the great broom down the side of the wall',
And, perhaps, carried with it web', spider', and all',
He thought himself cruelly treated.
5. One day', when their cupboard was empty and dry',
His wifé, Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner',
Said to him, "Dear', go to the cobweb', and try',
If you can't find the leg' or the wing of a fly',
As a bit of a relish for dinner."
6. Directly he went his long search to resumè.
For nothing he ever denied her';
Alas'! little guessing his terrible doom';
Just then' came the gentleman into his room',
And saw the unfortunate spider.
7. So while the poor fellow', in search of his pelf'
In the cobwebs continued to linger',
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf',
For certain good reasons best known to himself',
Preferring his stick' to his finger.
8. Then presently poking him down to the floor',
Not stopping at all to consider',
With òne hôrrid crush the whole business was o'er';
The poor little spider was heard of no more',
To the lâsting distrèss òf his widōw!

LESSON XXIV.

POOR DONKEY'S EPITAPH.

Iambic. First and third lines contain four feet; the second and fourth, three feet. Trochees and spondees sometimes substituted.

1. Down in this ditch poor Donkey lies',
Who jogged with many a load;
And till the day death closed his eyes',
Browsed up and down the road.
2. No shelter had he for his head',
Whatever winds might blow';
A neighboring common was his bed',
Though dressed in sheets of snow.
3. In this green ditch he often strayed',
To nip the dainty grass';
And friendly invitations brayed'
To some more hungry ass.
4. Each market-day he jogged along'
Beneath the gardener's load',
And brayed out many a donkey's song'
To friends upon the road.
5. A tuft of grass', a thistle green',
Or cabbage leaf so sweet',
Were all the dainties he was seen
For twenty years to eat.
6. And as for sport'—the sober soul'
Was such a steady jack',
He only now and then would roll'
Heels upward' on his back.
7. But all his sport', and dainties too',
And labors' now are o'er';
Last night so bleak a tempest blew',
He could withstand nō mōre.
8. He felt his feeble limbs benumbed',
His blood was freezing slow';
And presently he tumbled plump',
Stone dead upon the snow.
9. Poor Dōn'key'! travellers passing by',
Thy cold remains shall see;
12*

And 'twould be well', if all who dié
Had worked as hard as thee.*

LESSON XXV.

A TALE.—A CHAFFINCH AND HIS MATE.

Iambic. Same as last lesson.

1. In Scotland's realms, where trees are few',
Nor even shrubs abound',
But wheré, however bleak their view',
Some better things are found';
2. For husband there', and wife' may boast'
Their union undefiled';
And false ones are as rare, almost',
As hedge rows in the wild';
3. In Scotland's realm', forlorn and baré,
This` hist'ry chanced of late`—
This hist'ry' of a wedded pair',
A chaffinch and his mate.
4. The spring drew near`, each felt a breast'
With genial instinct filled`; /
They paired`, and only wished a nêst',
But found not whêre to build.
5. The heaths uncovered', and the moors',
Except with snow and sleet',
Sea-beaten rocks', and naked shores',
Could yield them no retreat.
6. Long time a breeding place they sought',
Till both grew vexed and tired`; /
At length a ship', arriving, brought'
The good so long desired.
7. A ship`! Could such a restless thing'
Afford them place to rest'?
Or was the merchant charged to bring'
The homeless birds a nêst'?
8. Hùsh!—Silent^ hearers profit most`!
This racer of the sea'
Proved kinder to them than the coast`;
It served them with a tree.

* Bad grammar;—should be *thou*.

9. But such` a tree ! 'twas shaven deaľ ;
The tree they call a maľst` ,
And had a hollow with a wheel` ,
Through which the tackle passed.
10. Within that` cavity aloft`
Their roofless home they fixed` ;
Formed with materials neat and soft` ,
Bents` , wool` , and feathers` mixed.
11. Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor`
With russet specks bedight` :—
The vessel weighs`—forsakes the shore` ,
And lessens to the sight.
12. The mother bird is gone to sea` ,
As she had chang'd her kind` ;
But goes the mate` ? Far wiser he`
Is doubtless left behind` .
13. Nō` !—Soon as from the shore he saw`
The winged mansion mové` ,
He flew to reach it` , by a law`
Of never-failing lové` !
14. Then perching at his consort's sidé` ,
Was briskly borne along` ;
The billows and the blasts defied` ,
And cheered her with a song.
15. The seaman` , with sincere delight` ,
His feathered shipmate eyes` ,
Scarce less exulting in the sight` ,
Than when he tows a prize.
16. For seamen` much believe in signs` ,
And from a chance so new` ,
Each` some approaching good divines` ;
And may his hopes be true` !
17. Hail` ! honored land` ! a desert` , where`
Not even birds` can hide` ;
Yet parent of this loving pair` ,
Whom nothing could divide.
18. And yè` , who rather than resign`
Your matrimonial plan` ,
Were not afraid to plough the brine` ,
In company with man` ;—
19. To whose lean country` , much disdain
We English often show` ;

- Yet from a richer' nothing gain'
 But wantonness and woe ;—
 20 Be it your fortune', year by year',
 The sãme resource to provè ;
 And may ye', sometimes landing here',
 Instruct us how to love !

LESSON XXVI.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

1st, 2d, 4th and 5th lines have an iambus and one anapest in each ; the 3d and 6th lines are anapestic.

1. THE fox and the crow',
 In prose', I well know',
 Many good little girls can rehearse ;
 Perhaps it will tell'
 Pretty nearly as well',
 If we try the same fable in verse'.
2. In a dairy a crow^
 Having ventured to gó,
 Some food for her young ones to seek',
 Flew up in the trees',
 With a fine piece of cheese',
 Which she joyfully held in her beak.
3. A fox', that lived nigh',
 To the tree saw her fly',
 And to share in the prize made a vōw '
 For having just dined',
 He for cheese felt inclined^ ;
 So he went and sat under the bough.
4. Shè, was cun'ning', he knew^ ;
 But sô was he^, too,
 And with flatt'ry', adapted his plan ;
 For he knew' if she'd speak',
 It must fall from her beak^ ;
 Sô, bowing politèly', began` :
5. "'Tis a vèry fine day' ;"
 (Not a word did she say` ;)
 "The wind', I believe ma'm', is south^ ;
 A fine harvest for pēase ;"
 He then looked' at the chēese ;—
 But the crow` didn't open her mouth.

6. Sly reynard', not tired',
 Her plumage admired';—
 "How charm'ing! how brilliant its huè!
 The voice must be finé
 Of a bird sô diviné;—
 Ah'! let' me just hear' it—pray' dô.
 7. "Believe me', I long'
 To hear a sweet song'."
 The silly crow foolishly tries';
 She scârce gave one squâll,
 When the cheese' she let fall',
 And the fox', ran away with the prize.

MORAL.

8. Ye innocent fair',
 Of coxcombs beware',
 To flattery never give ear;
 Try well each pretence,
 And keep to plain sense,
 And then ye have little to fear.

LESSON XXVII.

THE NOTORIOUS GLUTTON.

Anapestic verse.

1. A duck', who* had got such a habit of stuffing',
 That all the day long she was panting and puffing',
 And by every creature', who did her great crop seé,
 Was thought to be galloping fast for a dropsy',
2. One day, after eating a plentiful dinner',
 With full twice as much as there should' have been in her',
 While up to her eyes in the gutter a roking',†
 Was greatly alârmed, by the symptoms of choking.
3. Nôw thêre wâs an old fellow, mûch famed for discerning,
 (A drakè, who had taken a liking for learning',)
 And high in repute with his feathery friends',
 Was called Dr. Drake;—for this doctor she sends.
4. In a hole of the dunghill' was Dr. Drake's shop',
 Where he kept a few simples for curing the crop;

* It is improper to apply the pronoun *who* to irrational creatures; instead of it, *that*, or *which*, should be used; though it is admissible in a case like this if anywhere.

† A provincial, or low word;—not to be used.

- Some gravel and pebbles, to help the digestion,
And certain fāmed plants of the doc'tor's selection.
5. So, taking a handful of comical things',
And brushing his topple' and pluming his wings',
And putting his feathers in apple-pie order',
Set out, to prescribe for the lady's disorder.
 6. "Dēar sir'," said the duck', with a delicate quack,
Just turning a little way round on her back',
And leaning her head on a stone in the yard',
"My case', Dr. Drake', is exceedingly hard.
 7. I fēel sō distāndēd with wind', and opprest',
So squeamish and faint',—such a load at my chest';
And day after day, I assure you it is' hard',
To suffer with patience' these pains in my gizzard."
 8. "Give me leave," said the doctor', with medical look',
As her flabby cōld pāw in his fingers he took';—
"By the feel of your pulse'—your complaint', I've been
thinking',
Is caused by your habits of eating and drinking."
 9. "O nō, sir', believè mé," the lady replied,
(Alarmed for her stōmach as well as her pride'),
"I am sūre, it arises from nothing I eat',
For I rāthēr sūspēct I got wet in my feet."
 10. I've only been ro'king a bit in the gutter',
Where the cook had been pouring some cold melted butter',
And a slice of green cabbagé, and scraps of cold meát,
Just a trifle or twó—that I thought I could eat."
 11. The doctor was just to 'his business proceeding',
By gentle emetics', a blister', and bleeding',
When all on a sudden she rolled on her side',—
Gave a horrible quac'kle—a strugglé—and died!
 12. Her remains were interred in a neighboring swamp',
By her friends', with a great deal of funeral pomp';
But I've hēard, this' inscription her tombstone was put on',
"Here lies Mrs. Duck', the notorious glutton."
And all the young ducklings are brought by their friends'
To learn the disgrace in which gluttony ends.

LESSON XXVIII.

THE JACKDAW.

Iambic, with frequent use of trochees, and other short feet. The third and sixth lines have three feet each; the others, four.

1. THERE is a bird, which', by his coat',
And by the harshness of his note',
Might be supposed a crow';
A great frequenter of the church',
Where', bishop-like', he finds a perch',
And dormitory too.
2. Above the steeple shines a plate',
That turns, and turns, to indicaté
From what point blows the weather'.
Look up'—your brains begin to swim';
'Tis in the clouds—that' pleases him';
He chooses it the rather'.
3. Fond of the speculative height',
Thither he wings his airy flight',
And thence securely sees'
The bustle and the raree show'
That occupy mankind below',
Secure', and at his ease.
4. You think, no doubt', he sits and muses'
On future broken bones and bruises',
If he should chance to fall.
Nò; not a single thought like that'
Employs his philosophic pate',
Or troubles it at all.
5. He sees that this great roundabout'—
The world', with all its motley rout',
Chùrch, àrmy, physíc, lāw',
Its cùstòms, and its būs'nèssès',
Is no concern at all of his',
And says'—whàt says he'?—Cāw'.
6. Thrice hāppy bird! I, tōo, have seen
Much of the vanities of men';
And, sick' of having seen them',
Would cheerfully these limbs resign'
For such a pair of wings as thine',
And such a hèad between them.

LESSON XXIX.

A DESIRE TO PRAISE.

Iambic, with changes to the trochaic measure ;—four feet ; and three feet and a long syllable.

- PROFITIOUS Son of God', to theé
 With all my soul I bend my knee ;
 My wish I send', my want impart',
 And dedicate my mind and heart.
5. For, as an absent parent's son',
 Whose second year has only run',
 When no protecting friend is near',
 Void of wit, and void of fear',
 With things that hurt him fondly plays',
10. Or here` he falls', or there` he strays' ;—
 Sò, should my soul's eternal guide'—
 The Sacred Spirit', be denied',
 Thy servant soon the loss would know,
 And sink in sin, or run to woe.
15. O Spirit' ! bountifully kind',
 Warm', possess', and fill' my mind ;
 Disperse my sins with light divine',
 And raise the flames of love with thine.
 Before thy pleasures', rightly prized',
20. Let wealth and honor be despised',
 And let the Father's glory be'
 More dear than life itself to me.
 Sing' of Jesus', virgins', sing`
 Him` your everlasting King ;
25. Sing` of Jesus', cheerful youth',—
 Him' the God of love and truth ;
 Write and raise a song divine',
 Or come`, and hear`, and borrow mine.
 Son' eternal' !—Word' Supreme'—
30. Who made the universal frame'—
 Heàven, and all its shìning show',
 Earth`, and all it holds below',
 Bow` with mercy', bow` thine ear',
 With me sing thy praises here.
35. Son' eternal' !—ever blest',
 Resting on the Father's breast',

Trochaic.

Trochaic.*

Trochaic.

" "

" "

" "

" "

Iambic.

Trochaic.

Iambic.

Trochaic.

" "

Trochaic.

" "

" "

" "

* Three feet and one additional long syllable.

Whose tender love for all provides',	Iambic.
Whose power over all presides',	Trochaic.
Bow' with pity' bow' thine ear',	" "
40. While we sing thy praises here.	" "

LESSON XXX.

ELM-TREE HALL; OR, DO NOT MEDDLE WITH WHAT DOES NOT
BELONG TO YOU.

I LOVE to tell a cheerful tale
In happy-hearted mood';
Come, read it with a willing mind',
For it may do thee good!

About twenty years ago there lived a singular gentleman in the old Hall among the Elm Trees. He was about threescore years of age, very rich, and somewhat odd in many of his habits, but for generosity and benevolence he had no equal.

No poor cottager stood in need of comforts which he was not ready to supply; no sick man or woman languished for want of his assistance; and not even a beggar, unless a known impostor, went empty-handed from the Hall.

The sick he soothed', the hungry fed',
Bade care and sorrow fly',
And loved to raise the downcast head'
Of friendless poverty.

Now it happened that the old gentleman wanted a boy to wait upon him at table, and to attend him in different ways, for he was very fond of young people. But, much as he liked the society of the young, he had a great aversion to that curiosity in which many young people are apt to indulge. He used to say, "The boy who will peep into a drawer, will be tempted to take something out of it; and he who will steal a penny in his youth will steal a pound in his manhood."

This disposition to repress evil, as well as to encourage good conduct, formed a part of his character; for though of a cheerful temper, and not given to severity, he never would pass over a fault till it was acknowledged and repented of.

No sooner was it known that the old gentleman was in want of a servant, than twenty applications were made for the situation; but he determined not to engage any boy until he had in some way ascertained that he did not possess a curious, prying disposition.

It was Monday morning that seven lads, dressed in their

Sunday clothes, with bright and happy faces', made their appearance at the Hall', each of them desirous to obtain the situation they applied for. Now the old gentleman, being of a singular disposition', had prepared a room in such a way that he might easily know if any of the young people who applied to be his servant were given to meddle unnecessarily with things around them', or to peep into cupboards and drawers. He took care that the lads', who were then at Elm-Tree Hall', should be shown into this room' one after another.

And first, James Turner was sent into the room', and told that he would have to wait a little; so James sat down on a chair near the door. For some time he was very quiet', and looked about him; but there seemed to be so many curious things in the room', that, at last', he got up to peep at them.

On the table was placed a dish cover', and James wanted sadly to know what was under it', but he felt afraid of lifting it up. Bad habits are strong things'; and as James was of a curious disposition', he could not withstand the temptation of taking one peep; so he lifted up the cover.

This turned out to be a sad affair'; for under the dish cover was a heap of very light feathers'; part of the feathers', drawn up by the current of air', flew about the room', and James', in his fright', putting down the cover hastily', puffed the rest of them off the table.

What was to be done'? James began to pick up the feathers', one by one; but the old gentleman', who was in the adjoining room', hearing a scuffle', and guessing the cause of it', entered the room, to the consternation of James Turner', who was very soon dismissed', as a boy who had not principle enough to resist even a slight temptation.

When the room was once more arranged', Thomas Hawker was placed there until such time as he should be sent for. No sooner was he left to himself', than his attention was attracted by a plate of fine ripe cherries. Now Thomas was uncommonly fond of cherries', and he thought that it would be impossible to miss one cherry among so many. He looked' and longed', and longed' and looked', for some time, and just as he had got off his seat to take one', he heard', as he thought', a foot coming to the door'; but no, it was a false alarm. Taking fresh courage, he went cautiously and took a very fine cherry', for he was determined to take but one', and put it into his mouth. It was excellent'; and then he persuaded himself that he ran no risk in taking another'; this he did', and hastily popped it into his mouth.

Now the old gentleman had placed a few artificial' cherries

at the top of the others', filled with cayenne pepper; one of these Thomas had unfortunately taken', and it made his mouth smart and burn most intolerably. The old gentleman heard him cough'ing' and knew very well what was the matter. The boy who would take what did not belong to him', if no more than a chërry', was not the boy for him'. Thomas Hawker was sent about his business without delay', with his mouth almost as hot as if he had put a burning coal into it.

William Parkes was next introduced into the room', and left to himself; but he had not been there two minutes', before he began to move from one place to another. He was of a bold', resolute temper', but not overburdened with principlë, for if he could have opened every cupboard', closet', and drawer in the housë, without being found out', he would have donë it directly. Having looked round the room', he noticed a drawer to the table', and made up his mind to peep' therein; but no sooner did he lay hold of the drawer knob' than he set a large bell a ringing', which was concealed under the table. The old gentleman immediately answered the summons', and entered the room. William was so startled by the sudden ringing of the bell', that all his impudence could not support him; he looked as though any one might knock him down with a feather. The old gentleman asked him if he had rung the bell because he wanted any thing'? William was much confused', and stammered, and tried to excuse himself', but all to no purpose, for it did not prevent him from being ordered off the premises.

Samuel Jones was then shown into the room by an old steward; and being of a cautious disposition', he touch'ed nothing', but only lôoked at the things about him. At last he saw that a closet door was a little open', and thinking it would be impossible for any one to know that hë had opened it a little môre, he very cautiously opened it an inch farther', looking down at the bottom of the door' that it might not catch against any thing and make a noise. Now, had he looked at the top', instead of the bottom', it might have been better for him', for to the top of the door was fastened a plug which filled up the hole of a small barrel of shot. He ventured to open the door another inch', and then another, till the plug being pulled out of the barrel', the leaden shot began to pour out at a strange ratë; at the bottom of the closet was placed a tin pan', and the shot falling upon this pan' made such a clatter that Samuel was half frightened out of his senses.

The old gentleman soon came into the room to inquire what

was the matter', and there he found Samuel nearly as pale as a sheet. Samuel was soon dismissed.

It now came to the turn of Harry Roberts to be put into the room. The other boys had been sent to their homes by different ways', and no one knew what the experience of the others had been in the room of trial.

On the table stood a small round box with a screw top' to it', and Harry thinking that it contained something curious', could not be easy without unscrewing the top'; but no sooner did he do this', than out bounced an artificial snake', full a yard long', and fell upon his arm. He started back and uttered a scream', which brought the old gentleman to his elbow. There stood Harry with the bottom of the box in one hand', the top' in the other', and the snake on the ground. "Come, come," said the old gentleman', handing him out of the room', "one' snake is quite enough to have in the house at a time'; therefore the sooner you are gone' the better';" with that he dismissed him' without waiting a moment for his reply.

Roger Ball next entered the room', and being left alone, soon began to amuse himself in looking at the curiosities around him.

Roger was not only curious and prying', but dishonest too, and observing that the key was left in the drawer of a book-casé, he stepped on tiptoe in that direction'; but the moment he touched the key' he fell flat on the floor. The key had a wire fastened to it' which communicated with an electrical machine'; and Harry received such a shock' as he was not likely to forget'. No sooner did he sufficiently recover himself to walk', than he was told to leave the house', and leave other people to lock' and unlock' their own drawers.

The last boy was John Grové, and though he was left in the room full twenty minutes', he never, during that time', stirred from his chair. John had eyes in his head as well as the others', but he had more integrity in his heart'; neither the dish cover', the cherries', the drawer knob', the closet door', the round box', nor the key', tempted him to rise from his seat'; and the consequence was'; that', in half an hour after', he was engaged in the service of the old gentleman at Elm-Tree Hall.

John Grove followed his good old master to his grave, and received a large legacy for his upright conduct in his service. Read this', ye busy', meddling', peeping', pilfering' young people', and imitate the example of John Grove.

LESSON XXXI.

THE BASKET OF TOOLS ; OR, WE MUST ALL DO OUR PART.

A JOINER's boy, going to his work, carried with him a basket of tools; and as he walked rather quick, it occasioned some little commotion among the sharp-edged instruments. The consequent accidental rubs which took place as they encountered each other at length excited an irritation of spirit, and the inconvenience of this unavoidable jostling soon proceeded to raise a voluntary purpose to injure one another, under the pretence of retaliation for the knocks, and scratches, and cuts which were inflicted from the deplorable circumstances in which they were placed.

"Pray, brother, keep your teeth to yourself," said a Hatchet to a Saw. At the same time bouncing up, he gave him a pretty sharp cut on the handle, which making him strike a File with some violence that lay under him, forced its rough side against the point of a Gimblet; and whilst itself felt the hurt, it drove the handle into the box of a Planè, which it knocked out of its place and stuck fast therein.

"What are you all about?" said the Planè; "do you see what a situation you have put me into? What is to become now of your clumsy operations, if you are without the finishing touch of my ability? What sort of work will you look like, do you think?"

"I think," said the Saw, "that we can do perfectly well without your insignificant help. What do you do towards the forming of the things we are employed in? Whatever it be, I am the most important; the length and breadth of all things are determined by my power, and each part made to suit the other."

"You boast yourself too much, Mr. Saw," said the Hatchet. "Who chopped down the tree in the forest, and lopped off the superfluous branches, and prepared the trunk, before you could have a single plank to saw? Such conceit indeed! forgetting the one that goes before and provides all for your after works."

"Besides," said the Filé, "I think I have some right to talk about what fits the joints and smoothes the edges."

"You all forget us," said the little Gimblet and Pricker; "we are not to be despised, though we are little: we are necessary. What sort of work would you make, do you think, if you should begin to hammer or screw without our help to

prepare the way ? Tell me now', you company of Nails', what splitting and tearing would happen', if you were driven in without preparation ?"

"It is not wè," answered the Nails', "who split' and tear' the wood'; it is that clumsy-headed Hammer' that comes without reason' or carè, and knocks us on the head', and drives us in', whether we will or not'."

Thus they talked in confusion and anger', each assuming consequence to himself', or throwing blame on the other.

The Hammer made no reply', but snug down in the bottom of the basket', kept himself quiet and listened to the affray'.

At length the boy reached the workshop', where the master was waiting for him.

"What has made you so long in coming', boy' ? Did I not tell you that you should make that box', and that you should come in timé ? You know it is wanted this evening'; and if you are idle you will make bungling work of it. Herè, takè that bit of rough wood'; it is a good tough bit of a treé which I chopped down with my own hands in the squire's park; I know it is a tough one', for if I had not had a good Hatchet', I should never have got it down."

As the boy set down his basket to prepare for his work', and all was still within', the company there had time to listen to what was going forward in the shop'; and the Hatchet felt no small degree of self-complacence when he heard himself thus unexpectedly acknowledged as a first instrument.

"Now'," continued the master', "take your Hatchet, and first chop off these knobby lumps here."

"Did I not tell you'," said the Hatchet', as the boy opened his basket to take him out', "did I not tell you, that none of you could do without mé ?"

"A clumsy bit of goods it must need bé'," said the Saw', "to require your help'."

"Ay', indeed'," said the Plane', "as if I could not put àll to rights' and smooth away all the lumps which the Hatchet leaves', as well as the ragged roughness you will leave, Mr. Sâw."

By this time the Hatchet was in the boy's hand and applied to its usè; sharply it cut', to show what it could do.

"Stay', stay'," said the master', "take that knob* off closer', or else when you come to divide it àcröss just thère' you will give your Saw' double work' and yourself' toò; it is hard to saw through a knòt: besides', as it must be planed on bòth,

* Knob, generally, but incorrectly pronounced in conversation as if spelled nub.

sides', the Plane will jut against this knot' and, it may be', snip the edge'; it will be almost as bad as a nail-head'!"

"Do you hear now', you Sâw and Plâne? I will do my work as I should dô, not so much to do you good, as show you what I can` dô!"

The block of wood was now pretty well trimmed', and the boy', thinking that he might rest a littlé, threw down the Hatchet' and stood still.

"What are you idling for', boy'? Did I not tell you that there was no time to lôse'? Will chopping with your Hatch'et' make the box'? Quick'en your motions', and takè your Saw', and saw it into six' slices like bits of plank'."

In a tone of sarcastic contempt', the Saw said', as the boy took him out of the basket',—"Cân cûtting with your Hâtchê't' mâke the bôx'?"

Soon was the Saw put to its usè, and slice after slice of the plank was cut and laid in readiness. And the boy', now forward to go on with his job', was beginning to see how he would put it together.

"What are you doing', you jumbling lad'? What sort of a box', now, do you think it would be', if you made it up in this' rough' form'? Do you see how the Saw has torn and jagged the board'? Where is your Plâne'? Go to work' and plane it as smooth as a looking-glass."

The Plane was then taken', and as it began to pass over the Saw's rough work', it seemed to whistle with delight', and to repeat', "Make it as smooth as a looking-glass."

"Thêre," said the master', sliding his hand over the boards', "that' is something like—now you may go on'. Measure your boards for bottom', top', sides', and ends', and then divide them with your Saw."

"Ah', ah'," said the Saw', "will plâning make the box'?"

The parts were then divided', and the boy thinking that all must be ready', expected to put it together.

"Seè, seè, what is to become of these ragged edges'? Do you see how rough the Saw has left them'? will it suit the smooth inside and outside to leave them so'? Take your File and smooth these top edges wêll."

The File now rose into self consequence', as he was taken to put on the finishing smoothing.

"Now then', boy', begin to put together."

The boy began', and taking a long Nail and the Hammer', was about to drive it in', when the master seized his arm to stop him.

‘Ott’ ott’, fellow’! * A pretty job you will make at last! do you not know that you will split the board all to pieces’, if you drive your Nails without making a way first with the Pricker’? Herè,” he continued’, taking out the Pricker’, “make a hole herè; feel’ that it goes through to the board which it is to join’, and then’ drive the Nail.” The boy did so, and all the nails went in smoothly and easily; and he drove them to the head without injuring the boards.

“Now then’, how will you put on the lid’? Herè, take this pair of hinges and screw them to it’.” The boy began to do as he was bid.

“What are you doing nōw’; will you split that board with Screws’? Take the Gimblet’ and prepare the way with it’; then put in the Screws’, and take the Screw-driver and screw them in to the very hēad.” The boy obeyed’, and the master said’,

“Thère nōw’, thère is a box at last’! A rough-made one after all’, though you’ will think much of it, I suppose. Learn the use of your Tools’; what onè cannot do, another cān. What good do they do you’, if they only lie in your basket’? And remember’, thēy cannot make a box’ unless you make ūse’ of them.

“There they are all together’; you wanted them āll’; and when you get a little more experiencé, you will find out before you can make a thing as it should be’, that you will want many more instruments’, and many years’ practice.”

The Hammer’, which was a sensible downright’ honest fellow’, had not listened to the first quarrel in the basket’, nor to the master’s words’, without application’; and he thus addressed the Tools :

“Brethren’, for we must all call ourselves brethren’, you see that none of us have any reason to boast ourselves one’ against another’, and also of how little use we are *alone*. We must all do our part’, or there will be no work for us to share. And we must also have some one who’, like another instrument’, will put us all to our uses. Hè, too, without the master’s teaching’, seems but a bungler. Where, or what, would have been the box’, without onè’ who knew how to use both boy’ and tools?”

* Not *feller*.

LESSON XXXII.

THE EVIL OF CONCEIT; OR, THE MENDER OF CRACKED EARTHEN-WARE.

"EDWARD'," said a prudent father to his son', who in the pride of over-strained politeness was tripping conceitedly along with a cane in one hand', and his hat borne up in the other', "return', and for a few moments lend a listening ear to my words.

"Whatever may be our natural' or acquired' accomplishments', conceit spoils them all. It disgusts the sensible, and exposes its possessor to the derision' even of fools. It throws a shade over talents not contemptible in themselves'; it checks the progress of improvement'; it shuts up the avenues of knowledge, and is an eternal bar to social regard' and solid fame.

"He who is very vain of his own acquirements at an early period of life', may certainly be pronounced very shallow'; for he either betrays his ignorancé or his folly. He feels himself incapable of ascending the hill of knowledge by his own address', or he grovels at the bottom', and in his limited sphere of vision', sees nothing he cannot reach', or does not already possess. The more enlarged our conceptions', and the higher our views are carried', the more sensible we become of our wants and imperfections', and the less we presume on our present attainments in virtue or learning'. Conceit', however', is all-sufficient'; and as it blinds the mind to a sense of defects', so it obstructs the possibility of their removal.

"But let a tale instruct', if reasoning' should fail.

"A mender of cracked earthen-ware had many years been settled in a certain capital town', and had just gained celebrity for his ingenuity', industry', and success. He could alter the spout of a bad-pouring tea-pot', cement a delicate tea-cup', or a glass tumbler', and sometimes he could line a crazy pitcher with such art and effect', that it was rendered almost as good as new.

"Business flowed in upon him apacè; he was never idle; and as accidents will often happen to brittle materials', he was never unemployed. He became respectable, and began to grow rich.

"He had a favorite son' whom he wished to bring up to the same business. He early taught him the whole history of cements' and rivets', of simple' and compound' fractures in

wedgewood and queen wares', glass' and china, of scouring', annealing', joining', &c. The lad profited by his father's instructions', and was likely', in due time', with sufficient practice', to understand his business very well. It is seldom, however', that people are satisfied with their situation', and hence their misery and disappointment.

"The old cobbler of earthen-ware' was desirous that his son should know all the new mysteries of the trade. He sent him to the metropolis to profit by the instructions of the most eminent artisans in his line. Now it is well known', that in the metropolis' every one follows a separate branch of business', and has a peculiar method of his own. The lad had several artists to attend; each was full of his own importance', and condemned the practice of his brethren.

"The novice imbibed all their discordant sentiments', without giving himself the trouble to reflect whether they were founded in reason', or sanctioned by experience. One taught him to scour out pitchers by a new process'; another', to mend tea-pots by a peculiar cement'; a third', to rivet bread-baskets and cups by a mode unknown in the country.

"The men he studied under' were adroit enough in their respective little walks'; but they had no notion of the general business.

"The young mender of earthen-ware, however', soon thought himself so wise', and became so much a slave to the opinions of his masters', that he despised all the mysteries he had learned from his father', and fancied himself the first genius of the craft.

"He returned to the country', full of himself and his acquirements'; he boasted of the difficult jobs he had performed', and the wonders he had seen'; ridiculed the modes of operation he had originally been taught', and nearly staggered the faith of some who had grown veterans in the trade. His father', too', thought him wiser than himself', and often stood in mute astonishment to hear him talk of cementing cups which had been broken into a hundred pieces', of adding a handle to one utensil', and a spout' to another.

"Talking', however', was all that he had yet' performed'; but his vanity and conceit were immense', and he longed to exhibit his skill. Some friends of his father were willing to trust him with a job'—and thought he might be a prodigy; and it is even said that cooks' were willing to have some things broken' that they might have the pleasure of seeing him make them as good as they were when new.

"In attempting. however', to mend a slight crack in a cream-

pot by a new discovery', he let it slip through his fingers', and spoiled a whole set of tea-table equipage. In scouring out a jar that had become crusted with mince-pies and sweetmeats', he unfortunately made a hole on the side'; the spout of a vessel that wanted only some little repairs', he quite broke off by his bungling', and sent it home with a tin tube. Other accidents happened in his hands'; but he was still equally conceited', and proud' of the secrets he had learned. His failings he always ascribed to causes not in his power to prevent'; they might have happened to the most knowing of the craft'; the materials he had to work upon' were bad', or the common tools' were improper.

"At last his father saw through his shallow pretensions', and found that business was failing from his presumption.

"'John', said he', 'I thought you might have gained some improvement in town', and therefore I was at the expense of putting you under the best masters in the trade'; but I find that you have only gained conceit', which teaches you to despise others', and will infallibly make you despised. My customers will not submit to your new-fangled experiments. If you really know any valuable discoveries in the craft', show them by your practice'; but never boast of them. Believe me', one ounce' of practice is worth a pound' of theory. It is not what you think' you know', but what you can actually perform', that will make you a good mender of earthen-ware, or a wise man. Mind me', leave vanity and conceit', and stick to experience', or you will lose the business of the old established shop', and ruin your own character.'"

We are not told what effect this judicious advice had upon him; nor do we know what influence this story had upon Edward', whose importance was so much increased by his new hat and shining cane. Vanity and conceit are contemptible' wherever they are found.

LESSON XXXIII.

WEALTH AND FASHION.

"WHAT a pity it is," said Caroline, throwing aside her book', "that we are born under a republican government!"

"Upon my word'," said her brother Horace', "that is a patriotic observation' for an American'."

"O, I know'," replied the sister', "that it is not a popular' one'; we must all join in the cry of liberty and equality', and

bless our stars that we have neither kings nor emperors to rule over us', and that our first audible squeak was republican. If we don't join' in the shout', and hang our hats on hickory trees or liberty poles', we are considered unnatural monsters. For my' part', I am tired of it', and I am determined to say what I think. I hate republicanism'; I hate liberty and equality'; and I don't hesitate to declare', that I am for a monarchy. You may laugh, but I would say it at the stake'."

"Brāvō!" exclaimed Horace; "why you have almost run yourself out of breath', Cara'.;* you deserve to be prime minister to the king'."

"You mistake'," replied she with dignity', "I have no wish to mingle in political broils', not even if I could be as renowned as Pitt' or Fox'; but I must say, I think our equality' is odious. What do you' think? To-day the new chamber-maid put her head into the door, and said', "Caroline'! your marm' wants you'."

"Excellent," said Horace', clapping his hands, and laughing, "I suppose if ours' were a monarchical government', she would have bent one knee to the ground', or saluted your little foot', before she spoke."

"No', Horace', you know there are no such forms as those', except in the papal dominions'. I believe his holiness the pope' requires such a ceremony'."

"Perhaps you' would like to be a pope'?"

"No'! I am no Roman Catholic."

"May I ask your highness' what' you would like to be'?"

"I should like," said she', glancing at the glass', "I should like to be a countess'."

"You are moderate' in your ambition'; a countess', nowadays', is the fag end of nobility'."

"O'! but it sounds so delightfully'^"—"The young Countess' Cârôlinē!"

"If sound' is all', you shall have' that pléasuré; we will call you the young Cōuntēss Cárôlinē'."

"That would be mère burlésque, Horacé, and would make me ridiculous'."

"There'," replied Horacé; "nothing can be more inconsistent for us than aiming at titles."

"For us, I grant you," replied Caroline, "but if they were hereditary', if we had been born' to them', if they came to us through belted knights', and high-born dames', then we might be proud to wear them'. I never shall cease to regret that I was not born' under a monarchy'."

* Abbreviation for Caroline.

"You seem to forget," said Horacé, "that ãll are not lords' and la'dies' in the røyál dominions'. Suppose your first *squeak*', as you call it', should have been among the plebeians';* suppose it should have been your lot' to crouch' and bend', or be trødden' under foot' by some titled personagé, whom in your heart' you despised; what thên'?"

"You may easily suppose, that I did not mean to take thòse chances'. Nò, I meant to be born among the higher' ranks."

"Your own reason must tell you' that all' cannot be born among the higher ranks', for then the lòwer ones' would be wanting', which constitute the comparison'. Now', Caroline', we come to the vèry point. Is it not better to be born under a government', in which there is the extreme neither of high' nor low'; where one' man cannot be raised prē-èminently' over another'; and where our nobility consists of talent' and virtué?"

"That sounds vèry patriotic,' brother'," said Caroline', with a laugh; "but I am inclined to think' that wèalth' constitutes our nobility', and the right' of abusing' each other', our liberty'."

"You are as fond of aphorisms as ever Lavater was," replied Horacé, good humoredly; "but they are not always true."

"I will just ask you'," returned shé, "if our rich men, who ride in their own carriages', who have fine houses', and who count by millions, are not our grèat mén?"

"They have all the greatness that mōney can buy'; but this is a very limited one."

"In my opinion," said Caroliné, "mōnēy is power."

"You mistake," returned Horacé; "money may buy a temporary power', but talent' is pōwer itsèlf; and when united to virtué, a God'liké pow'ér, one before which the mere man of millions' quails. Nò, give me talents', health' and unwavering principlé, and I will not ask for wealth', but I will carve my own way; and depend upon it', wealth' will be honorably mine."

"Well, Horacé, I am sure I heartily wish you the possession of ãll together',—talent', principlé, and wealth'. Really', without flattery', the two first you havè; and the last', according to your own idéa, will come when you beckon to it'. Now I can tell you, that I feel as determined as you dó, to 'carve my own way.' I see you smile', but I have always believed that we could accomplish what we steadily will. Depend' upon it', the time is not distant, when you shall see me in possession of all that rank which any onē can obtain in our plebeian country."

* Pronounced *ple-bee-ans*.

LESSON XXXIV.

THE HUNTERS OF THE PRAIRIE.

THE night had covered the earth with a thin robe of snow. As the morning dawned', we saw a deer straining across the prairié, as if urged by some imminent peril. He went at full bounds, and looked not behind. For a long time we watched his progress'; and though he flew onward with great rapidity', such was the vast level over which 'he passed', that after a while he seemed rather to creep' than run'. By degrees he dwindled in sizé, till he appeared but a speck. At length he reached the hills', which lay like a flight of steps' at the foot of the Rocky mountains; and', as he ascended them', he seemed an insect crawling over a sheet of white paper.

Scarcely was he lost to view, when a pack of eight wolves of the prairie were seen on his track', speeding forward with that eagerness which characterizes the race. Two were in advance of the rest', with their noses upon the ground'; yet proceeding, with a directness', expressive at once of assurance and determination. The rest followed, as if they placed implicit reliance upon their leaders. On' they went', and long before they reached the mountains', they were lost to our view.

It was a scene that suggested a long train of musings. One might have fancied' that peace would hold her reign over the solitudé, as yet disturbed by no intrusive footsteps of man. Far away was the océan; far away the busy marts along its border', whose bosoms', like the fretted sea, are agitated with the surges of contending billows. Before us was the spotless prairié, untouched and unsullied', pure with a mantle thrown over it from heaven. Yet here were things to remind us of scenes which are witnessed by human society. There was, indeed, no buying and selling'; yet that poor animal fled like a debtor', and those blood-hounds of the forest' pursued like greedy sheriffs. There was here no distinction of sects', no diversity of creéds; yet that pacific deer might seem a Quaker of the forest', carrying his non-combative* doctrines to the utmost extent. Poor fellow'! both he, and William Penn', his great prototypé, alike found that a peaceful life is not a sure protection against the malice of the world around.

Fancies like these crossed my mind', till other scenes suggested other thoughts', and the deer and the wolves' were for-

* A new-coined word.

gotten. As the sun was setting behind the mountains', however', my attention was suddenly attracted by the whistling of the deer', and the sharp cry of the wolves', now close upon him. He had recrossed the prairié, and sought for shelter in a little rocky mound', situated in the midst of the plain. In vain his endeavors to escapé, for during the whole day' his unwearied pursuers had maintained the chase. He was now wõrn and wēary; and the sight of the wolves at his heels', with teeth laid baré, and eyes staring upon their prey', was sufficient only to produce a staggering gait', between a walk' and a bound. Having crossed a little brook', he faltered as he ascended the bank'; and one of the wolves springing upon him', fixed his fangs fatally in the back of his neck.

LESSON XXXV.

THE MOTHER AND HER INFANTS.

A MOTHER was kneeling in the deep hush of evening', at the couch of two infants', whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings'; and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh, glad spirit, yet rested on their coral lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride'—and then', as she continued to gaze upon the lovely slumberers', her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness'; when a cold, shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of lifé, so fair', might be touched with sudden decay and go back', in their brightness', to the dust. She lifted her voice in prayer solemnly', passionately', earnestly', that the giver of life would still spare to her those blossoms of lové, over whom her soul thus yearned. As the low-breathed accents rose on the still air', a deepened thought came over her'; her pure spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strangé, wild paths of life'; a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair and lovely of the earth', and high and rich hearts scathed with desolating and guilty passion'. The prayer she was breathing grew yet more fervent', even to agony', that he', who is the fountain of all purity', would preserve those whom he had given her' in their innocence', permitting neither shamé, nor crime', nor folly' to cast a stain on the

brightness with which she had received them invested, from his hands', as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spent spirit', a pale shadowy form stood behind the infant sleepers. "I am death'," said the specter, "and I come for these thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them' where the perils you deprecate are unknown'; where neither stain', nor dust', nor shadow' can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is only by yielding them to me, you can preserve them from contamination and decay." A wild conflict—a struggle as of the soul parting in strong agony', shook the mother's frame'; but faith', and the love which hath a purer fount than that of earth-ward passions', triumphed'; and she yielded up her babes to the specter.

LESSON XXXVI.

MELANCHOLY MOMENTS.

"I WOULD not live alway'; I ask not to stay'
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way';
The few lurid moments that dawn on us heré,
Are enough for life's woes'; full enough' for its cheer."

Thou art gone', bright and beautiful summer', with thy green leaves and thy roses', to be here no more for a season. Thou hast borne them all hence upon the winds', to rest a few short hours in oblivion', and then come back in all thy sweetness' to the longing earth. Even as the fond participators of my happiness have passed one by one, and left this lone heart' a gloomy and unlighted sepulcher', so hast thou passed away. And shall I be here when the warm sunshine of spring breaks up the rude frosts of winter', and unlocks the icy fetters which have stayed the rivers in their coursé, and stopped the wild gush of fountains'? When all nature again smiles and puts on her garment of green—shall I then be heré to pluck the first spring flowers upon moor and fountain'? Ah'! who may tell'? Yes'! who may look forward to thy coming, and say, "I shall be here'?" Some unforeseen pestilencé, some hidden blow from the hand of him who created the universe of worlds', and who is the all-seeing ruler of our destinies', may beat us hence to be here no more forever. The song of birds may be heard again in the forest', and the hum of bees upon the wild flowers' be witnessed, but by few of those who now feel' that thou art gone. Who of the gay circle that now smiles around mé, may be dwellers on this earth when thou again dost visit it'? Thy

balmey winds may sigh over them', and the dew drops rest sweetly upon the long grass that overshadows them', and I even I', may be one of those who have passed away'!—yet who would live forever' ? Who would not rather dié, when the ties which bind us heré are yet unbröken; when our early affections are yet untarnished', and our fond hearts are still glowing with the warm impulse of youth', unchilled by the lapse of time' ! Who would not pass away', while life is yet bright with the flowers of existencé, and friendship has not grown cold'. Ah' ! why do we cling to earth' !*—When the warm currents of life are frozen', and our time-worn and channeled brows wear the deep impress of agé; when the rude frosts of our decline have stolen each flower of beauty', and fitted our gray heads for the tomb', why do we still dread the coming of death', and say we are not yet ready' ?—True', thou mayest come again'; thy beautiful flowers may spring up', when the earth and the green leaves may thrill to the music of the birds'; the fountains may gush forth from their chains', and the young streams leap to their own murmurs. But not like unto this is âge. Death is the only restorer', and who would not hail it' as the high boon from him' who created all things !

LESSON XXXVII.

THE STORY OF A HUNTER.

THE following story comes to us from a friend who actually heard it related by a person, in the manner herein described.

About thirty-five years ago I moved into this country', which was then nearly a wilderness'; no settlements having been made excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year', and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a good log housé, and temporary stables for my cattle'—had put into the ground ten acres of wheat', and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child', for I was married', were all my family'; neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles': so that visiting or amusements were entirely out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample

* Several of these sentences, though having an interrogative form, do not really contain in them a question in fact; that is, one which requires, or expects, an answer in some shape or other. No answer, either expressed or implied, is demanded; and the sentences, therefore, are exempt from the rules which govern interrogative ones. Some of them are mere exclamations.

time to gratify my love for hunting', for which I had always a great fondness. Winter had set in early', and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel', which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood at my door',—and taking care of the few cattle of which I was then owner. It was one day', I think, in the fore part of December', when', having finished my morning's work', I took down my gun', and told my wife that I would', on my return', please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are now very plenty in this part of the country'; but then', they were so much so', that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about a northwest course from my cabin', which led me direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep', and the wind blowing hard from the north', it drifted much in the openings'; yet this I thought was in my favor', as the noise made among the trees by the wind', prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting." But I was mistaken in my calculations'; for I had traveled five or six miles from home and had not got a shot at a single deer', though I had seen numbers of them', but they were always on the run', and at too great distance; and all the traces which I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during the day. I was then a young' hunter', but I have since learnt' that this animal is always on the move and generally runs throughout winter days'; probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves' which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp', on the edge of which I was struck by the singular appearance of a large stub', twenty-five or thirty feet high', with its bark off. From its scratched surface', I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons' or martins', which probably had also a den in it', as from its appearance I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through'; but eight or ten feet higher up', its size was much diminished', so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it', and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place', and being an expert climber', I soon gained the top. As I anticipated', the stub was hollow', the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day, you will observe, was dark and cloudy', and looking down the hollow', I fancied that I could see the bottom at no great distance; but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth', I concluded that I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole', and lowered myself gradually', expecting every moment the

my foot would come in contact with some animal', or the foot of the hollow; but feeling nothing', I unthinkingly continued letting myself down', until my head and hands', and my whole person', were completely within the center of the stub.

At this moment a sudden' and strange fear came over me; I know not from what causé, for I am not naturally timid—it seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation' such as is experienced in dreams under the effect of night-mare. Rendered desperate by my feelings', I made a violent attempt to extricate myself', when the edges of the wood to which I was holding' treacherously gave way' and precipitated me to the bottom of the holé, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it', but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tubé, and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss', dried leaves', and other soft substances', I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall'; nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent', owing', probably, to the smoothness of the surface produced by the long and frequent passing of the animals to and from their den—for a den I found it to be.

After recovering from my fright' I had time to examine the interior. All was dark'; and putting out my hands to feel my way', they came in contact with the cold nosé, and then the fur', of some beast', which I immediately knew was a half grown cub, or young bear. Continuing to examine', I ascertained that there were three or four of those animals', which', aroused by the noise made in my descent', came around' and smelt of me, uttering a mourning noisé, taking me at first, no doubt, for their dam'; but after a little examination', snuffing and snorting as if alarmed', they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss', and left me to my own gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury', but with that knowledge' came the dreadful certainty that the mother', whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded', was quite a different personagè, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived', as arrive she certainly would' before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness'; and aided by a little light from the top', I discovered that the den was circular', and on the ground' was five or six feet in diameter', its circumference diminishing, at the height of seven or eight feet', to a diameter of less than three', owing to the singular formation of the trunk', as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow', in the hopes of working my way out,

as a chimney sweep might have doné, were fruitless. My escape in this way, therefore, was impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let out my body with a small pocket knifé, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks and even months, as from the examinations which I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon which I possessed, and a hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement; and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should only exchange a sudden death for one, if possible, even mōre horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst;—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drift, and there was no possibility of my friends finding mé, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless, and desperate. As the shades of evening were now fast approaching, I thought of my cheerful home; my wife, seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time, expecting my return. These and many more such thoughts rushed through my mind, and which way soever they were turned, you may suppose that they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feeling upon the cubs by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act, as they could be of no service to me then, prevented me. Yes, I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is, when he feels that he himself would willingly be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably elapsed, and to mé, two of the longest that I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illuminated me from above was gone. I looked up, and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at the time were peculiarly sensitivé, were assailed with a low, growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy, and preparing for an attack. I thought that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having, by her acute organs of smell, discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now, therefore, braced myself for a death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner as they ascend trees; that is, the head is always upward: consequently, her

most assailable, or, rather, least formidable part was opposed to me. A thought quick as lightning rushed through my mind, that escape was possible, and that the bear might be the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary, for deliberation.

Just as she reached that part where the hollow widened, and where by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring and with both hands firmly caught hold of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which, in this close den, sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear,—and she was a powerful one,—taken by surprise, and unable to get at me,—frightened, too, at the hideous and appalling noise which I made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight, I found, was an impediment to her; for when about half way up, I perceived that she began to lag, and notwithstanding I continued to scream, at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength enough to proceed. Knowing that my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I had my knife, driving it to the hilt into her flesh, and redoubling the noise which I had already made. Her pain and fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day, at the top of the stub; nor did she stop there, to receive my thanks for the benefit which she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground, and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub, out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my escape. After giving thanks to that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods about nine o'clock in the evening.

LESSON XXXVIII.

TEMPER.—A TALE.

"SHŪT the door, Agathá,"* said Mr. Torrington to a beautiful girl four years old; "the wind from the passage is intolerable."

But Agatha stirred not.

"Did you not hear what I said?" resumed her father, "shūt the dōor, for I am cold."

* *Ag-athá*, accent on the first syllable.

Still, however, the child continued to build houses, and her father spoke in vain.

"I will shut the door myself," said her fatally indulgent mother. "Agatha is not yet old enough to understand the virtue of obedience."

"But she is old enough to understand the inconveniences of disobedience, my dear Emma, if properly punished for disobeying."

"Surely it would be cruel to punish a child when she is incapable of knowing that what she does is worthy of punishment. When she is old enough to have reason, I will reason with her, and make her obedient and obliging on principle."

"It is lucky for society, Emma, that the keepers of lunatics do not act on your plan, and allow them to follow all their propensities till they are reasonable enough to feel the propriety of restraint."

"There is a great difference between mad people and children, Mr. Torrington."

"Undoubtedly, but not in the power of self-guidance and self-restriction. The man who has lost his reason, and the child who has not gained his, are equally objects for reproof and restraint, and must be taught good and proper habits by judicious and firm control, and, occasionally, by the operation of fear."

"Could you ever have the heart to beat Agatha, Mr. Torrington?"

"If Agatha's good required it. If it were necessary that she should take medicine in order to cure the body, even you, Emma, would not hesitate, I conclude, to force the medicine down her throat."

"Certainly not."

"And is not the health of her mind of even greater importance? and should we hesitate to inflict salutary punishment in order to preserve that uninjured?"

At this moment Agatha, unconscious, poor child, how important to her future welfare was this conversation between her parents, interrupted it by seizing a pair of sharp-pointed scissors, and carrying off the forbidden plaything to the furthest part of the room.

"Agatha, bring back the scissors this moment," cried Mr. Torrington: but Agatha kept them still.

"Give them to me this instant," he repeated, arising from his chair, and approaching to take them by force, when Agatha, unaccustomed to obey, as she was, when not in her father's presence, and always used to command, instantly threw the scissors on the ground with violence.

"Take them up and give them to mē."

But Agatha only turned her back', and putting her hand under her chin, threw out her raised elbow at her father' with the gesture of sulky defiance.

Mr. Torrington now found that he was seriously called upon to pract'icé as well as preach'.

"Agathà," said he firmly but mildly', "obey mè and give me the scissors', or you shall go to bed this moment', and without your supper." But as the child continued obstinate and disobedient', in spite of her cries', blows', and kicks', Mr. Torrington took her up in his arms', and carried her into the nursery.

"Put Miss Torrington to bed' directly'," said hé, "and òn pāin òf instānt dīsmīssāl I forbid you to give her any thing to eat' or drink'."

He then returned to her mother', in the midst of the screams of the spoiled and irritated Agatha. He found Mrs. Torrington in tears.

"Why are you distressed thus', dearest Emmá?" cried he affectionately.

"I cannot bear to hear Agatha crȳ, Mr. Torrington."

"It does not give mē pleāsūre'," coolly replied he.

"Ah' Mr. Torrington', bût yōū āre nōt ā mōther."

"I knōw it', my lové. I have had', it is true', many comical nervous fancies', but I never fancied myself a mōther' yēt."

"This is a bād jokè, Mr. Torrington'."

"I grant it."

"And I, Mr. Torrington', am in no hūmor for joking; this is tōo sērīous a subject."

"Emmá, I joked', to show you that I', at least', did not think this temporary affliction of our violent child a cause for sorrow'."

"Nô? Hark', how she screams'! Indeed', Mr. Torrington', I must go to her'."

"Indeed', Emmá, you mūst nōt."

"Her agonies distract me; I cannot bear it', I tēll' yōú."

"You mūst' beār it', Mrs. Torrington', or forfeit much of my respect."

"O', a mother's feelings'——"

"—— are naturāl', and therefore honorablè feelings: but I expect a rātiōnāl being to be superior to a mere brūte mother."

"A brūte mōther', Mr. Torrington'!"

* Emphasis is often made by inversions. See the article on emphasis

"Yes"; a brūte mōthēr. The cat that lies yonder', unable to hear the cries of its kitten', would, from mere natural instinct', (the feelings of a mother', Emmá, which I have not', you know,) fly at the animal', or human creature', that occasioned those cries'; and the cat', wholly guided by instinct', could not do otherwise', though an operation were performing on its offspring that was requisite to save its life. But from you', Emmá, who have rēasōn' to aid and regulate the impulses of mere instinct',—from you', I expect better things than a selfish indulgence of your own tenderness' at the expense of your child's future welfare; nay', even of its present' safety. For had she been allowed to retain the scissors', she might have destroyed an eye', or laid open an artery' with them. If you must weep because shē weeps', let it be for the alarming obstinacy' and violencè which is now exhibiting; a violence' which may', perhaps', be big with her future misery and ruin."

The cries of Agatha soon began to grow fainter and fainter', and at length ceased altogether; for she had cried herself to sleep. But now a new alarm took possession of Mrs. Torrington.

"Bless mè," she exclaimed', "perhaps she has screamed herself into convulsions! I must go up and see her', indeed', Mr. Torrington'."

"Nò, Emmá, I will spare you the trouble', and go myself."

Accordingly he did so', and found Agatha in a calm and quiet slumber, though on her full and crimson cheek' still glittered the tears of turbulent resentment.

Mrs. Torrington', whom love and reverence for her husband made submissive to his will, did not venture to follow him into Agatha's bed room'; but she stood in the hall', anxiously waiting his return.

"Away' with these foolish fears'," said Mr. Torrington', "the child is in a most comfortable sleep';—ōr', if you must fear', let it be, as I said before', for the health of her mind, nòt of her body; and avoid', in future, the conduct that may endanger it."

LESSON XXXIX.

A REPUBLIC OF PRAIRIE DOGS.

On our returning from our expedition in quest of the young Count', I learned that a burrow', or village, as it is termed', of

prairie dogs had been discovered on the level summit of a hill', about a mile from the camp. Having heard much of the habits and peculiarities of these little animals', I determined to pay a visit to the community. The prairie dog is', in fact', one of the curiosities of the Far West, about which travelers delight to tell marvellous tales', endowing him at times with something of the politic and social habits of a rational being', and giving him systems of civil government and domestic economy', almost equal to what they used to bestow upon the beaver.

The prairie dog is an animal of the cony kind', and about the size of a rabbit. He is of a sprightly, mercurial nature', quick', sensitivé, and somewhat petulant. He is very gregarious', living in large communities', sometimes of several acres extent', where innumerable little heaps of earth show the entrances to the subterranean cells of the inhabitants', and the well beaten tracks', like lanes and streets', show their mobility and restlessness. According to the accounts given of them', they would seem to be continually full of sport', business', and public affairs'; whisking about hither and thither', as if on gossiping visits to each other's houses', or congregating in the cool of the evening', or after a shower', and gamboling together in the open air. Sometimes', especially when the moon shines', they pass half' the night in revelry', barking or yelping with short', quick', yet weak tones', like those of very young puppies. While in the height of their playfulness and clamor', however', should there be the least alarm', they all vanish into their cells in an instant', and the village remains blank and silent. In case they are hard pressed by their pursuers, without any hope of escape', they will assume a pugnacious air', and a most whimsical look of impotent wrath and defiance.

The prairie dogs are not permitted to remain sole and undisturbed inhabitants of their own homes. Owls and rattlesnakes are said to take up their abodes with them; but whether as invited guests, or unwelcome intruders', is a matter of controversy. The owls are of a peculiar kind', and would seem to partake of the character of the hawk'; for they are taller and more erect on their legs', more alert in their looks', and rapid in their flight', than ordinary owls', and do not confine their excursions to the night', but sally forth in broad day.

Some say that they* only inhabit cells which the prairie dogs have deserted', and suffered to go to ruin, in consequence of the death, in them', of some relative; for they would make out this little animal to be endowed with keen sensibility', that will

* Viz. owls.

not permit it to remain in the dwelling where it has witnessed the death of a friend. Other fanciful speculators represent the owl as a kind of housekeeper to the prairie dog; and, from having a note very similar, insinuate that it acts, in a manner, as family preceptor, and teaches the young litter to bark.

As to the rattlesnaké, nothing satisfactory has been ascertained of the part he plays in this most interesting household; though he is considered little better than a sycophant and sharper, that winds himself into the concerns of the honest, credulous little dog, and takes him in most sadly. Certain it is, if he acts as a toad-eater, he occasionally solaces himself with more than the usual perquisites of his order, as he is now and then detected with one of the younger members of the family in his maw.

Such are a few of the particulars that I could gather about the domestic economy of this little inhabitant of the prairies, who, with his pigmy republic, appears to be a subject of much whimsical speculation, and burlesque remarks, among the hunters of the Far West.

It was towards evening that I set out with a companion, to visit the village in question. Unluckily, it had been invaded in the course of the day by some of the rangers, who had shot two or three of its inhabitants, and thrown the whole sensitive community into confusion. As we approached we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts, to keep a look-out. At sight of us, the picket guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a sharp yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

We traversed the whole village, or republic, which covered an area of about thirty acres; but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen. We probed their cells as far as the ramrods of our rifles would reach, but could unearth neither dog, nor owl, nor rattlesnake. Moving quietly to a little distance, we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time, silent and motionless. By and by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put forth the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another, at a greater distance, would emerge entirely; but, catching a glance of us, would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some which resided on the opposite side of the village, taking courage from the continued stillness, would steal forth, and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence, probably, of some family connection, or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous,

or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

Others', still more bold', assembled in little knots', in the streets and public places', as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow burghers.

We rose from the ground and moved forward, to take a nearer view of these public proceedings', when', yelp'! yelp'! yelp'! there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth'; the meetings suddenly dispersed'; feet twinkled in the air in every direction', and in an instant' all had vanished into the earth.

The dusk of the evening put an end to our observations'; but the train of whimsical comparisons produced in my brain by the moral attributes which I had heard given to these little politic animals', still continued after my return to camp; and late in the night', as I lay awake after all the camp was asleep', and heard in the stillness of the hours' a faint clamor of shrill voices from the distant villag , I could not help picturing to myself the inhabitants gathered together in noisy assemblage', and windy debat , to devise plans for the public safety', and to vindicate the invaded rights' and insulted dignity' of the republic.

LESSON XL.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

Anapestic verse of four feet.

1. "DEAR father', I ask for my mother in vain';
 Has she sought some far country her health to regain'?
 Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow',
 For some warm sunny land', where the soft breezes blow'?"
 "Yes', yes', gentle boy', thy loved mother has gon 
 To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown';
 Her spirit is strengthened', her frame is at rest';
 There is health', there is peac , in the Land of the Blest."
2. "Is that land, my dear father', more lovely than  urs'?
 Are the rivers more clear', and more blooming the flowers'?
 Does summer shine over it all the year long'?
 Is it cheered by the gl d sounds* of music and song'?"
 "Yes', the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night';
 The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright';
 And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addressed'
 To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

* Sounds should be made short in reading.

3. "Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear';
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here';
• From her foreign companions I know she will flee',
And sigh, dearest father', for you and for me."
"My darling', thy mother rejoices to gaze'
On the long-severed friends of her earliest days';
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest',
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."
4. "How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss';
That land must be surely more happy than this';
On you', my kind father', the journey depends';
Let us go to my mother', her kindred' and friends'.
"Not on me', love; I trust I may reach', that bright climé,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time',
And must strive', while awaiting his gracious behest',
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."
5. "Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy';
Thy peace it may blight', and thy virtues destroy';
Nor wilt thou, alas'! be withheld from its snares'
By a mother's kind counsels', a mother's fond prayers'.
Yet fear not—the God', whose direction we crave',
Is mighty to strengthen', to shield', and to save';
And his hand may yet lead thee', a glorified guest',
To the home of thy mother', the Land of the Blest."

LESSON XLI.

THE ORPHAN'S SONG.

Iambic. Each line has four feet; while the second and fourth of each stanza has an additional short syllable.

1. OH! lady, buy these budding flowers',
For I am sad', and wet', and weary'.—
I gathered them ere break of day',
When all was lonely', still', and dreary':
And long I've sought to sell them heré,
To purchase clothes', and food', and dwelling',
For Valor's wretched orphan girls—
Poor me, and my young sister Ellen'.
2. Ah'! those who tread life's thornless way',
In fortune's golden sunshine basking',
May deem my wants require no aid',
Because my lips are mute', unasking';

- They have no heart for woes like minè ;
 Each word', each look', is cold'—repelling' ;
 Yet oncè a crowd of flatt'ers fawned',
 And fortune smiled on mè' and Ellen !
3. Oh ! buy my flowers', they're fair and fresh'
 As mine' and morning's tears' could keep them' !
 To-morrow's sun shall see them dead',
 And I shall scarcely live to weep them' !
 Yet this sweet bud', if nursed with care',
 Soon into fulness would be swelling' ;
 And nurtured by some gen'rous hand'
 So might' my little sister Ellen !
4. She's sleeping in the hollow treé,
 Her only homè—its leaves her bedding' ;
 And I've no food to carry there',
 To soothe the tears which she'll be shedding'.
 Oh ! that those mourner's tears which fall',
 That bell which heavily is knelling',
 And thât dēep grāvé were meant for mè',
 And my poor little sister Ellen !
5. When we in silence are laid down'
 In life's last fearless', blessed', sleeping',
 No tears will fall upon our grave'
 Save those of pitying Heaven's own weeping.
 Unknown we've lived', unknown must diè ;
 No tongue the mournful tale be telling'
 Of two young, broken-hearted girls'—
 Poor Mary' and her sister Ellen !
6. No one has bought of me to-day',
 And night is now the town o'ershading' ;
 And I', like these poor drooping flowers',
 Unnoticed and unwept am fading' ;
 My soul is struggling to be frèè—
 It lothes its wretched earthly dwelling' !
 My limbs refuse to bear their load'—
 Oh God', protect lone orphan Ellen.

LESSON XLII.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMPSON.

Iambic. Four feet to a line.

1. In yonder grave a druid lies',
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave' ;

- The year's best sweets shall duteous rise'
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.
2. In yon deep bed of whispering reeds'
His airy harp shall now be laid',
That he', whose heart in sorrow bleeds',
May love through life the soothing shade.
 3. Then maids and youths shall linger here',
And while its sounds at distance swell',
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear'
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
 4. Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore'
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest',
And oft suspend the dashing oar',
To bid his gentle spirit rest !
 5. And oft', as ease and health retire'
To breezy lawn, or forest deep',
The friend shall view yon whitening spiré,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.
 6. But thou, who own'st that earthy bed',
Ah' ! what will every dirge avail',
Or tears', which love and pity shed',
That mourn beneath the gliding sail' ?
 7. Yet lives there oné, whose heedless eyé
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near' ?
With him', sweet bard', may fancy diè,
And joy desert the blooming year.
 8. But thou, lorn stream', whose sullen tide'
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend',
Now waft me from the green hill's sidé,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend'.
 9. And seè, the fairy valleys fadè ;
Dun night has veiled the solemn view' !
Yet once again', dear parted shadé,
Meek nature's child', again adieu !
 10. The genial meads', assigned to bless'
Thy lifé, shall mourn thy early doom' ;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress',
With simple hands', thy rural tomb.
 11. Long', long', thy stone and pointed clay'
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes' :
O ! vales and wild woods', shall he say',
In yonder grave your druid lies'

LESSON XLIII.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

In this ode is employed the iambic, trochaic, and anapestic measure, in lines of various lengths.

1. **AH** mè ! I've lost my liberty';
 And in this cage
 My active mind'
 Is close confined';
 Nor can I hope again'
 My birthright to obtain',
 Till this my gilded tenement shall be
 Destroyed by some disaster or by age.
2. But—how came I here' ?
 Who was it that deprived my heaven-born soul'
 Of the freedom she enjoyed'
 In the paradise of God',
 Where no base passion could my peace control',
 Or in my breast create a fear' ?
 'Twas Satan', aye 'twas he'
 That robbed me of my liberty':
 His artful snares the insidious fowler laid',
 And to this captive state my innocence betrayed.
3. Cruel enemy', to try', Trochaic.
 When I feared no danger nigh', “ “
 Thus to deceive and ruin mé “ “
 With basest arts of treachery! Iambic.
 But boast not', Satan', thou thy point hast gained'. Trochaic.
 Heaven permits it so to be,
 That all the world may one day see
 Justice triumphant over perfidy';
 For know', that Christ the conquest hath obtained'.
 Yes', and he'll quickly come',
 And publicly pronounce thy doom'.
 So shall the horror of this cruel deed',
 By which thy malice had designed'
 To draw down vengeance on mankind',
 With double fury light on thy devoted head.
4. In the mean while I sit',
 And heré, in groans'
 And silent moans',
 Lament my prisoned state'.

Ah me', I once was used to mount and fly',
 Up through the trackless regions of the sky',
 And as I passed along',
 In sweetly pleasing strains',
 To trill my warbling song'
 All o'er the ethereal plains.
 But now', condemned within this cage to lie',
 I droop the wing',
 Refuse to sing',
 And sighing', wish to die.

5. But why despair' ?

 Come, try thy voice, and stretch thy wing';
 A bird within a cage' may chirp and sing',
 And taste what freedom is', e'en while she's here.
 Strike up some cheerful note';
 With fond desire'
 Peep through the wire':

 Thy keeper 'll quickly come and let thee out.

6. This', O, this', is happy news' ! Trochaic.

 Now' to sing' I can't refusè : " "

 Thèse shall be the notes I choosé :— " "

 " Satan, the cruel fowler', put me in,
 And fast inclosed me round with sense and sin';
 But Satan cannot keep me hère ;
 For not to him' the cage belongs ;
 'Tis Christ's', and hē shall have my songs',
 Since he's my kind deliverer."

7. Thus awhile

 I will beguile

 The passing hours away',
 Assured my Master 'll not forget'
 To make my bed', and find me meat',
 So long as 'tis decreed that here I stay.
 Whereforé, free from all cares',
 From all dangers and snares',
 While Jesus', my Savior', is by',
 O how happy I dwell',
 Though immured in a cell';
 Not anxious to livé, nor yet fearful to die.

8. But soon', alas' ! secure of future bliss',

 Senseless I grow',

 And scarcely know'

 What real freedom is.

The little circuit of my cagé
 Doth all my thoughts and time engage :
 With heedless feet from perch to perch I hop' ;
 And passing round',
 Pleased with the sound'
 Of tinkling bell'
 Hung o'er my cell',
 My nobler notes I drop.
 Ah' ! how depraved this wretched heart of miné,
 So soon to lose its taste for joys divine !

9. Busied thus with notes and straws',
 Idle nonsensé, empty joys',
 Without a hopé, without a fear'
 Of pleasures or of dangers near',
 Asleep I fall :

Fatal security' !

But hark' ! I hear my keeper call.
 Ay, 'tis his vóice ; now' I awake',
 Fancy I feel my prison shake',
 And dire destruction's nigh.
 Affrighted, round my cage I cast my eyé,
 And flutt'ring to and frá,
 Not knowing where to gó,
 Attempt to make my escape', but cannot fly.

10. Ah' ! silly heart',
 (I fetch a sigh',
 And sighing, cry',)
 Thus foolishly to part'
 With noble hopes', substantial joys',
 For airy phantoms', gilded toys',
 Trifles', the fond pursuit of which unmans my soul',
 And leaves me to the sport of every fancied fear'.
 That would my peace control.
 What miseries befall a heav'n-born mind',
 By being thus within a cage confined !
 Pity', Saviour', pity mè,
 And quickly come and set me free !

11. My Savior hears' ; and straight replies',
 With soft compassion in his eyes',—
 " Thy silent moans'
 And piteous groans'
 Have moved my heart' ;

Ere long I'll comé,
 And fetch thee homé,
 Where reason and the passions ne'er shall part."

12. 'Tis Jesus that speaks! how charming his namé;
 At the sound of his voicé,
 O how I rejoicé,
 And kindle all into a flamé!
 I leap' and I fly',
 And in ecstasy cry',
 Vain wōrld, I bid thee adieu':
 I'll wait not for āge'
 To pull down my cage',
 But, fearless of danger', will force my way through.
13. Check' thy passions', foolish man';
 The long'est life is but a span.
 Be contented hēre to stay'
 Another hour', another day';
 To feel a joy', to bear a pain',
 To do some good', some good to obtain',
 Think nōt thē mōmēnts lōng Heav'n hath decreed;
 Impatience cannot lash them into speed.
 With meek submission wait the approaching hour':
 The wheel of time will quickly whirl about',
 And then thy keeper 'll comé, and ope the door',
 Put in his hand', and gently take thee out.
14. The day arrives.
 Now through the wiré,
 With strong desiré,
 I cast my wishful eyes'.
 I see him comé: Yes', yes', 'tis hē!
 Hither he hastes to set me free.
 O' the music that I hear',
 Sweetly warbling in my ear!
 "Little songster', come away';
 In this vile cell no longer stay';
 But take thy flight to realms above the skies."
15. I hear', and instantly obey:
 Out of my cage I spring;
 And as I pass the wickered way',
 Thus to myself I sing:
 'How sāfe, how eāsý 'tis to dié,
 With Christ', my guardian angel', bȳ!
 He's my defence from pain and sin',

From foes without' and fears within'.
O death', where is thy sting' ? O grave, thy victory' ? ”

16. Now' I'm happy', now' I'm free ;
My active spirit', heav'n-born mind',
From all the dregs of sin refined',
Feels and enjoys her godlike dignity.
No more oppressed with the gross atmosphère
Of error', prejudice and sin',
Freely I breathe my native air',
And drink ambrosial fragrance in.
O', who can think'—O, who can tell'
The strange sensations now I feel !
17. Awhile my wings', unused to flight', I try',
And round and round in sportive bliss I fly :
Then through the opening skies',
In rapturous ecstasy I rise
Up to the flow'ry fields of paradise ;
And as I dart along',
On full expanded wing',
Amid the angelic throng',
Celestial anthems sing' ;—
“Glory to him that left his throne above,
And downward bent his way on wings of love ;
That wept', and bled', and died upon the tree,
To conquer death and set the captives free.”

LESSON XLIV.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my residence in the country', I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles', its mouldering monuments', its dark oaken panelling', all reverend with the gloom of departed years', seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country', is so holy in its repose',—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down', and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

“Sweet day', so pure, so calm', so bright',
The bridal of the earth and sky ! ”

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man' ; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church', amid the

beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better, man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer, habitually conning her prayer-book, which the palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart, I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far above the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.*

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll,† round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings

* Pronounced *quire*.

† Pronounced *nole*.

of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some of the children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummary of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by her arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation,—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cord seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tender-

ness of the mother burst forth'; as if any harm could come to him' who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by' and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard', where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave', leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth', and returning to silence and destitution', my heart ached for her. What', thought I', are the distresses of the rich'? They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world' to divert' and dissipatè their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young'? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressurè—their green and ductile affections' soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor', who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged', with whom life at best is but a wintry day', and who can look for no after growth of joy'—the sorrows of a widow', aged', solitary', destitutè, mourning over an only son', the last solace of her years';—these are indeed sorrows' which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

LESSON XLV.

RURAL FUNERALS.

THE grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them', and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb'; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire', and returns', like a holy flame', to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget'; but this' wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this' affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget

the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed, in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasured, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy;—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death! with all its stifled griefs! its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that depart-

ed being, who can nèver'—nèver'—nèver' return to be soothed by thy contrition'!

If thou art a child', and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul', or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent'—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms', to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth'—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged', in thought', or word', or deed', the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover', and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet', then be sure that every unkind look', every ungracious word', every ungentle action', will come thronging back upon thy memory', and knocking dolefully at thy soul'—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the gravé, and utter the unheard groan', and pour the unavailing tear'—more deep', more bitter', because unheard' and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers', and strew the beauties of nature about the gravé; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst', with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret';—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead', and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

LESSON XLVI.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.—Job vii.

- 1 Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth'?
- Are not his days also like the days of an hireling'?
- 2 As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow',
And as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work',
- 3 So am I made to possess months of vanity',
And wearisome nights are appointed to me.
- 4 When I lie down', I say, When shall I arise', and the
night be gone'?
- And I am full of tossings to and fro to the dawning of
the day.
- 5 My flesh is clothed with worms and clods of dust';
My skin is broken and become loathsome.
- 6 My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttlé,
And are spent without hope.

* No question is here properly asked.

- 7 O remember that my life is wind ;
My eye will no more see good.
- 8 The eye of him that hath seen mé, shall see me no more
Thy eyes are upon mé, and I am not.
- 9 As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away',
So he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no
more.
- 10 He shall return no more to his housé,
Neither shall his place know him any more.
- 11 Therefore I will not restrain my mouth ;
I will speak in the anguish of my spirit ;
I will complain in the bitterness of my soul.
- 12 Am I a-sea', or a whale', that thou settest a watch' over
mé' ?
- 13 When I say, My bed shall comfort mé,
My couch shall ease my complaint',
- 14 Then thou scarest me with dreams',
And terrifiest me through visions',
- 15 So that my soul chooseth strangling'
And death' rather than my life.
- 16 I lôthe it ; I would not live always ;
Let me alone ; for my days are vanity.
- 17 What is man that thou shouldst magnify him',
And that thou shouldst set thy heart upon him' ?
- 18 And that thou shouldst visit him every morning',
And try him every moment' ?
- 19 How long wilt thou not depart from mé,
Nor let me alone till I swallow my spittlé ?
- 20 I have sinned ; what shall I do to théé,
O thou preserver of men' ? why hast thou set me as a
mark against théé,
So that I am a burden to myself' ?
- 21 And why dost thou not pardon my transgression',
And take away' my iniquity' ?
For now shall I sleep in the dust',
And thou shalt seek me in the morning', but I shall not be.

Job xiv. 1—14.

- 1 Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days and full of trouble.
- 2 He cometh forth like a flower', and is cut down :
He fleeth also as a shadow', and continueth not.
- 3 And dost thou open thy eyes upon such oné,
And bring me into judgment with théé ?

- 4 Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one.
 5 Seeing his days are determined,
 The number of his months is with thee,
 Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass,
 6 Turn' from him, that he may rest,
 Till he shall accomplish, as a hireling', his day'.
 7 For there is hope of a tree, if it is cut down',
 That it will sprout again',
 And that its tender branch will not cease'.
 8 Though its root shall become old in the earth',
 And its stock die in the ground',
 9 Yet through the scent of water it will bud',
 And bring forth boughs like a plant.
 10 But man' dieth', and wasteth away';
 Yes', man' yieldeth his breath', and where' is hé ?
 11 As the waters fail from the sea,
 And the flood decayeth and drieth up',
 12 So man lieth down', and riseth not':
 Till the heavens be no more', they shall not awaké,
 Nor be raised out of their sleep.
 13 O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave',
 That thou wouldst keep me secret', until thy wrath is past
 That thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and remember
 me!
 14 If a man dieth', shall he live again' ?
 All the days of my appointed time will I wait', till my
 change shall come.

LESSON XLVII.

CAIN AND ABEL.—Genesis iv. 3—15.

AND Abel was a keeper of sheep', but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering to the Lord. And Abel', he also brought of the firstlings of his flock', and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect to Abel', and his offering: but to Cain' and to his' offering' he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth', and his countenance fell. And the Lord said to Cain', Why art thou wroth' ? and why is thy countenance fallen' ? If thou doest well', shalt thou not be

accepted' ? and if thou doest not' well', sin lieth at the door. And to thee shall be his desiré, and thou shalt rule over him.

And Cain talked with Abel his brother'; and it came to pass when they were in the field', that Cain rose up against Abel his brother', and slew him. And the Lord said to Cain', Where is Abel', thy brother' ? And he said', I knōw nōt : am I my brother's keeper' ? And he said, What hast thou done' ? the vōice of thy brōthēr's blōod crieth tō mē frōm the grōund. And now art thou cursed from the earth', which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from the ground'; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield to thee its strength. A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth. And Cain said to the Lord', My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me this day from the face of the earth ; and from thy face shall I be hid ; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth ; and it will come to pass', that every one that findeth mé will slay me. And the Lord said to him', Therefore, whoever slayeth Cain', vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain', lest any finding him should kill him.

LESSON XLVIII.

THE HOST OF NIGHT.

The first and third alternatē lines have three feet each ; the second and fourth lines have two feet each. The first foot in each line is either a trochee or iambus, or spondee ; oftenest a trochee. The other feet are generally iambic.

1. Look at the host of night'—
 These silent stars' !
 What have thēy known of blight',
 Or heard of wars' !
2. Were they not marshalled théré,
 These fires sublimé',
 Gemming the midnight air',
 Ere earth knew timé' ?
3. Shine they for aught but earth',
 These silent stars' !
 And when they sprung to birth',
 Who broke the bars',
4. And let their radiance out',
 To kindle space',

When rang God's morning shout
O'er the glad race?

5. Are they imbed'ded there—
These silent stars?
Or do they circle air,
On brilliant cars?
6. Unfading things, impearled
On night's brow cool,
In mercy to the world,
So beautiful!
7. Are they all desolate—
These silent stars—
Hung in their spheres by fate
Which nothing mars?
8. Is young life springing there,
'Mid stars and dew;
Can death, or pain, or care,
Float up the blue?
9. Or can thy searching eye
See naught that saves?—
Is there mortality,
And worms—and graves?
10. Or is all—all we see—
These peerless gems,
The immortal jewelry
And diadems?
11. Where is the tongue to tell
Of things like these?
All earth—and heaven—and hell,
Are mysteries!
12. Curst man!—and hast thou pride,
That vauntest so?
By each thou art defied,—
What dost thou know?

LESSON XLIX.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Anapestic. Four feet in each line, with a short syllable added to the end of the first and third line of each stanza. The first foot of each line is generally a trochee. A trochee is occasionally found in the place of the third foot.

1. How often I think on the scenes of my childhood',
The meadows and fields where the wild flowers grew';
The orchards, the pond, the glade, and the wildwood',
And the social delights my infancy knew';—
2. The dew-spangled lawn', and the green grassy meadow',
The copse where the birds warbled sweetly their lay';
Where oft in the wide-spreading trees' ample shadow',
We felt the sea-breeze in the heat of the day.
3. I remember the road', with its winding and turning',
The green living hedgerow that skirted the way';
The field it enclosed, where the brick-kiln was burning',
And the pits where they dug up the smooth yellow clay.
4. And I have not forgot, when a storm was a coming',
The hoarse rumbling noise of the waves of the sea',
The old hollow log where the partridge was drumming',
And the woodpecker pecking the hollow oak tree.
5. I remember the old-fashioned mansion we lived in',
With the bay and the beach, and the ocean in view';
The swamp and the braké, where the singing birds built in',
And the tree by the lane where the thorn-apples grew.
6. In that old-fashioned housé, in this loved situation',
With small panes of glass, and the clean oaken floors',
Content was our lot, and no fear of invasion';
Not a bar', nor a lock', nor a bolt' to the doors.
7. But what was the cause of that tranquil enjoyment' ?
Not the housé, nor the fields', nor the prospects' so rare';
Not the orchards', nor pond', nor rural employment',
But the dearly loved friends of my bosom were there.
8. And the day that we parted', the heart-rending anguish'
No pen can describé, neither pencil portray';
To me all the beauties around seemed to languish ,
And all the gay scenes quickly faded away.

LESSON L.

CLING NOT TO EARTH.

Iambic. Three feet in each line; but the last foot in each stanza is a pyrrhic.

1. CLING not to earth'—there's nothing theré,
However loved'—however fair',
But on its features still must wear'
The impress of mortality.
2. The voy'ger on the boundless deep',
Within his barqué may smile or sleep'—
But bear him on'—he will not weep'
To leave its wild uncertainty.
3. Cling not to earth'—as well we may
Trust Asia's serpent's wanton play',
That glitters only to betray'
'To death' or else to misery.
4. Dream not of Friendship'—there may be
A word', a smilé, a grasp' for thee'—
But wait the hour of need', and sée'—
But wonder not'—their fallacy.
5. Think not of Beauty';—like the rest'
It bears a luster on its crest'—
But short the time ere stands confess'
Its falsehood'—or its frailty.*
6. Then rest no more so fondly on'
The flowers of earth around thee strown';—
They'll do awhile to spòrt upon',
But not to lôve so fervently.

LESSON LI.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

Iambic. Three feet in a verse. In the following piece the voice is kept up, without a cadence, from the beginning to the end.

WRITE' on your garnered treasures',
Write' on your choicest pleasures',

* The author must have intended that this word should be pronounced with three syllables, thus, *fra-il-ty*; but this is too great a poetical license.

- Upon things new and old',
The precious stone and gold',
5. On outward riches—write—
On bosomed' riches—write—
Wife—husband—children—friends—
On all that goodness lends';—
On altars where you kneel';—
10. Where Mercy doth reveal'
Herself';—on your good name,—
Upon your cherished fame,—
On every pleasant thing';—
On stores that Heaven doth fling'
15. Into your basket';—write—
Upon the smiles of God',—
Upon his scourging rod';—
Write—on your inmost heart';
Write—upon every part'
20. Of thy mysterious frame':—
To him', from whom it came',—
To him', who claims the whole,
Time, talent, body, soul,
To whom small birds belong',
25. And worlds that wheel in song'
Ocean and little rills',
The everlasting hills',
Whose shadowing wings as well
Fold heaven', as the broad hell';—
30. Who moves the planets' dance',
Who marks the blade's advance',—
Whose coming stirs the dead—
Write—(for it shall be read',
When finally expire'
35. Suns on their funeral pyre,—)
Upon his footstool write—
Upon his throne—God, write—
HOLINESS TO THE LORD!

LESSON LII.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Anapestic. The first and third lines of each stanza have four feet ; the second and fourth, three. The first foot is generally an iambus, or a spondee.

1. If I in thy likeness, O Lord', may awake'
And shine a pure image of theé,
Then I shall be satisfied when I can break'
The fetters of flesh', and be free !
2. I knōw the stained tablet must first be washed whité,
To let thy bright features be drawn' ;
I know I must suffer the darkness of night',
To welcome the coming of dawn :
3. But I shall be satisfied when I can cast'
The shadows of nature all by' ;
When the cōld', heavy world' from my vision has past',
To let the soul, open her eye.
4. I gladly shall feel the blest morn drawing near',
When time's dreamy fancy shall fadé,
If thēn' in thy likeness I māy but appear',
And rise' in thy beauty arrayed.
5. To see thee in glory', O Lord' ! as thou art',
From this mortal, perishing clay'
The spirit im'mortal in peace would depart',
And joyous mount up her bright way.
6. When ōn' thine own image, in me', thou hast smiled'
Within thy blest mansion', and when'
The arms of my Father encircle his child'—
Oh' ! I shall be satisfied then !

LESSON LIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF A MASON.

THERE was once upon a time a poor mason', or brick-layer, in Granadá, who kept all the saints' days and holidays, and saint Monday' into the bargain', and yet', with all his devotion', he grew poorer, and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it', and beheld

before him a tall', meager', cadaverous-looking priest. "Hark yè, honest friend'," said the stranger', "I have observed that you are a good Christian', and one to be trusted', will you undertake a job this very night'?" "With all my heart', Senôr Padré,* on condition that I am paid accordingly."

"That' you shall bé, but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this' the mason made no objection'; so being hoodwinked', he was led by the priest through various rough lanes, and winding passages', until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key', turned a creaking lock' and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered'; the door was closed and bolted', and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor and spacious hall', to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes', and he found himself in a patio,† or court', dimly lighted by a single lamp.

In the center' was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain', under which the priest requested him to form a small vault'; bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night', but without finishing the job. Just before daybreak the priest put a piece of gold into his hand', and having again blindfolded him', conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing'," said hé, "to return and complete your work'?"

"Gladly, Senôr Padré, provided I am as well paid."

"Well, then', to-morrow' at midnight' I will call again."

He did sò and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest', "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words'; he followed the priest with trembling steps' into a retired chamber of the mansion', expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death', but was relieved', on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. * They were evidently full of money'; and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed', the pavement replaced', and all traces of the work obliterated.

The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route

* Spanish title for a priest; pronounced, nearly, *Sane-yur Pah-dra*; first *a* as in *late*; second as in *father*, but short. The mark (') over the syllable *or* in *Senôr* is not a *circumflex* here, but a notation used in the Spanish language.

† A Spanish word.

different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys', they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand'. "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that timé, evil will befall you." So saying he departed.

The mason waited faithfully', amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand', and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral rung its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes and found himself on the banks of the Xenil;* from whence he made the best of his way homé, and reveled with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work'; after which he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal', and keep holidays and saints' days from year to year', while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gipsies.

As he was seated one morning at the door of his housé, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon who was noted for owning many houses', and being a griping landlord.

The man of the money eyed him', for a moment', from beneath a pair of shagged eyebrows.

"I am told, friend', that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, Senór';† it speaks for itself."

"I presume, then', you will be glad of a job', and will work cheap'."

"As cheap, my master', as any mason in Granada."

"That's what I want. I have an old house fallen to decay', that costs more money than it is worth to keep it in repair', for nobody will live in it'; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a huge deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers', he entered an inner court where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment. "It seems," said he', "as if I had been in this place before: but it is like a dream. Pray, who occupied this house formerly'?"

"A pest upon him'!" said the landlord; "it was an old miserly priest', who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich', and, having no relations', it was thought he would leave all his treasure to the church. He

* Pronounced *Zenil*.

† Spanish for *Sir*.

died suddenly', and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth', but nothing could they find' but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worse luck has fallen on me'; for since his death the old fellow continues to occupy my house, without paying rents', and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people pretend to hear the clinking of gold, all night long, in the chamber where the old priest slept', as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough'," said the mason sturdily—"let me live in your house *rênt frêe*', until some better tenant presents', and I will engage to put it in repair', and quiet the troubled spirits that disturb it. I am a good Christian and a poor man', and am not to be daunted by the devil himself', even though he come in the shape of a big bag of money."

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted'; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state. The clinking of gold was no longer heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest', but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason. In a word', he increased rapidly in wealth', to the admiration of all his neighbors', and became one of the richest men in Granada. He gave large sums to the church by way', no doubt', of satisfying his conscience', and never revealed the secret of the wealth until on his death-bed', to his son and heir.

LESSON LIV.

THE TRUANT.

SINCE writing the foregoing pages', we have had a scene of petty tribulation in the Alhambra which has thrown a cloud over the sunny countenance of Dolores.* This little damsel has a female passion for pets of all kinds', from the superabundant kindness of her disposition. One of the ruined courts of the Alhambra is thronged with her favorites. A stately peacock and his hen seem to hold regal sway here over pompous turkeys', querulous guinea fowls', and a rabble rout of common cocks and hens. The great delight of Dolores, however', for some time past been centered in a youthful pair of pigeons',

* Do-lô-res.

which have lately entered into the holy state of wedlock, and which have even supplanted a tortoise-shell cat and kitten in her affections.

As a tenement for them to commence housekeeping, she had fitted up a small chamber, adjacent to the kitchen, the window of which looked into one of the quiet Moorish courts. Here they lived in happy ignorance of any world beyond the court, and its sunny roofs. In vain they aspired to soar above the battlements, or to mount to the summit of the towers. Their virtuous union was at length crowned by two spotless and milk-white eggs, to the great joy of their cherishing little mistress. Nothing could be more praiseworthy than the conduct of the young married folks on this occasion. They took turns to sit upon the nest until the eggs were hatched, and while their callow progeny required warmth and shelter. While one thus staid at homé, the other foraged abroad for food, and brought home abundant supplies.

This scene of conjugal felicity has suddenly met with a reverse. Early this morning, as Dolores was feeding the male pigeon, she took a fancy to give him a peep at the great world. Opening a window, therefore, which looks down upon the valley of the Darró, she launched him, at once, beyond the walls of the Alhambra. For the first time in his life, the astonished bird had to try the full vigor of his wings. He swept down into the valley, and then rising upwards with a surge, soared almost to the clouds. Never before had he risen to such a height, or experienced such delight in flying; and like a young spendthrift, just come to his estate, he seemed giddy with excess of liberty, and with the boundless field of action suddenly opened to him. For the whole day he has been circling about in capricious flights, from tower to tower, and from tree to tree. Every attempt has been made, in vain, to lure him back, by scattering grain upon the roofs; he seems to have lost all thought of home, of his tender helpmate, and his callow young. To add to the anxiety of Dolores, he has been joined by two palomas ladrones, or robber-pigeons, whose instinct it is to entice wandering pigeons to their own dove-cotes. The fugitive, like many other thoughtless youths on their first launching upon the world, seems quite fascinated with these knowing, but graceless companions, who have undertaken to show him life, and introduce him to society. He has been soaring with them over all the roofs and steeples of Granada. A thunder shower has passed over the city, but he has not sought his homé; night has closed in, and still he comes not. To deepen the pathos of the affair, the female pigeon, after remaining several hours

on the nest without being relieved', at length went forth to seek her recreant matè; but stayed away so long', that the young ones perished for want of the warmth and shelter of the parent bosom.

At a late hour in the evening', word was brought to Dolores that the truant bird had been seen upon the towers of the Generaliffe.* A council of war was forthwith held in the chamber of Tia† Antonia. The Generaliffe is a distinct jurisdiction from the Alhambrà, and of course some punctilió, if not jealousy', exists between their custodians. It was determined, therefore, to send Pepé,‡ the stuttering lad of the gardens', as an ambassador to the administrador',§ requesting that if such fugitive should be found in his dominions', he might be given up as a subject of the Alhambra. Pepe departed', accordingly', on his diplomatic expedition', through the moonlight groves and avenues', but returned in an hour with the afflicting intelligence that no such bird was to be found in the dove-cote of the Generaliffe. The administrador', however', pledged his sovereign word, that if such vagrant should appear theré, even at midnight', he should instantly be arrested and sent back prisoner to his little black-eyed mistress.

Thus stands this melancholy affair', which has occasioned much distress throughout the palace, and has sent the inconsolable Dolores to a sleepless pillow. "Sorrow endureth for a night'," says the proverb', "but joy ariseth in the morning." The first object that met my eyes', on leaving my room this morning', was Dolores with the truant pigeon in her hand', and her eyes sparkling with joy. He had appeared at an early hour on the battlements', hovering shyly about from roof to roof', but at length entered the window', and surrendered himself prisoner. He gained little credit', however', for his return', for the ravenous manner in which he devoured the food set before him', showed that', like the prodigal son', he had been driven home by sheer famine. Dolores upbraided him for his faithless conduct', calling him all manner of vagrant names', though, woman-like', she fondled him at the same time to her bosom', and covered him with kisses. I observed, however', that she had taken care to clip his wings' to prevent all future soarings'; a precaution which I mention for the benefit of all those' who have truant wives', or wandering husbands'.

More than one valuable moral might be drawn from the story of Dolores and her pigeon.

* Gen-e-ra-lif-fe. † Tee-a. ‡ Pa-pe. § Administrator, or governor.
17*

LESSON LV.

IMPROVEMENT OF TASTE.

I WILL not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honor, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up in the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

LESSON LVI.

SPECIMEN OF INDIAN FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.

WE are happy in having buried under ground the red axe, that has so often been dyed with the blood of our brethren. Now, in this fort, we inter the axe, and plant the tree of Peace. We plant a tree whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread abroad, so that it shall be seen afar off. May its growth never be stifled and choked; but may it shade both your country and ours with its leaves. Let us make fast its roots, and extend them to the uttermost of your colonies. If the French should come to shake this tree, we should know it by the

motion of its roots reaching into our country. May the Great Spirit allow us to rest in tranquillity upon our mats, and never again dig up the axe to cut down the tree of Peace! Let the earth be trod hard over it, where it lies buried. Let a strong stream run under the pit, to wash the evil away out of our sight and remembrance. The fire that had long burned in Albany is extinguished. The bloody bed is washed clean, and the tears are wiped from our eyes. We now renew the covenant chain of friendship. Let it be kept bright and clean as silver, and not suffered to contract any rust. Let not any one pull away his arm from it.

LESSON LVII.

PARABLES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.—Judges ix. 7—20.

- 7 JOTHAM went and stood in the top of mount Gerizim,* and lifted up his voice and cried, and said to them, Harken to mē, ye men of Shechem,† that God may hearken to you.
- 8 The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them;
- 9 and they said to the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said to them, Should I leave my fatness, with which by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thōu and reign over us. But the fig-tree said to them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees to the vine, Come thōu, and reign over us. And the vine said to them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees to the bramble, Come thōu, and reign over us. And the bramble said to the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then comē, and put your trust in my shadow: and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon. Now therefore, if ye have done truly and sincerely in that ye have made Abimelech king, and if ye have dealt well with Jerubbaal, and his house, and have done to him according to the deserving of his hands; (for my father fought for you, and adventured his life far, and delivered you from the hand of Midian; and ye have risen up against my father's house this day, and have slain his sons, seventy persons,

* *Gerizim*; second syllable long.

† *Shechem*.

- upon one stone, and have made Abimelech', the son of his maid-servant', king over the men of Shechem', because he
 19 is your brother';) if ye then have dealt truly and sincerely with Jerubbaal', and with his house this day', then rejoice
 20 ye in Abimelech', and let him rejoice also in you: but if nôt, let fire come out from Abimelech', and devour the men of Shechem', and the house of Millô; and let fire come out from the men of Shechem', and from the house of Millô, and devour Abimelech

2 Samuel xii. 1—7.

- 1 And the Lord sent Nathan to David. And he came to him, and said to him', There were two men in one city; the one
 2 rich', and the other poor. The rich man had very numerous flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing save
 3 one little ewe lamb', which he had bought and nourished; and it grew up together with him', and with his children; it did eat of his own meat', and drank of his own cup', and
 4 lay in his bosom', and was to him as a daughter. And there came a traveler to the rich man', and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd', to dress for the way-faring man that had come to him'; but took the poor man's lamb', and dressed it for the man that had come to
 5 him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan', As the Lord liveth', the man
 6 that hath done this thing shall surely diè: And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing', and
 7 because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, Thôu
 8 art the man.

2 Kings xiv. 9—10.

- 9 And Jehoash the king of Israel sent to Amaziah king of Judah', saying', The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon', saying', Give thy daughter to my son for a wife: and there passed by a wild beast that
 10 was in Lebanon', and trôd down the thistle. Thou hast indeed smitten Edom', and thy heart hath lifted thee up; glory of this, and tarry at home; for why shouldst thou meddle to thy hurt', that thou shouldst fall', even thou', and Judah with thee?

Ezekiel xix. 1—9.

- 1 Moreover take thou up a lamentation for the princes of Israel', and say',
 2 What is thy mother? A lioness: she lay down among

- 3 lions', she nourished her whelps among young lions. And she brought up one of her whelps': it became a young lion', and it learned to catch the prey'; it devoured men'.
- 4 The nations also heard of him'; he was taken in their pit', and they brought him with chains to the land of Egypt.
- 5 Now when she saw that she had waited', and her hope was lost', then she took another of her whelps', and made him' a young lion. And he went up and down among the lions', he became a young lion', and learned to catch the prey', and
- 7 devoured men. And he knew their desolate palaces', and he laid waste their cities'; and the land was desolaté, and the
- 8 fulness of it', by the noise of his roaring. Then the nations set against him on every side from the provinces', and
- 9 spread their net over him': he was taken in their pit. And they put him in custody in chains', and brought him to the king of Babylon: they brought him into holds', that his voice should no more be heard upon the mountains of Israel.

LESSON LVIII.

JOB REBUKED BY ELIPHAZ.—Job iv.

- 1 THEN Eliphaz the Temanite answered and said';
- 2 If we essay to commune with thee', wilt thou be grieved'? But who can refrain from speaking'?
- 3 Behold', thou hast instructed many',
And thou hast strengthened the weak hands'.
- 4 Thy words have upheld him that was falling',
And thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.
- 5 But now if hath come upon thee', and thou faintest';
It toucheth thee', and thou art troubled'.
- 6 Is not this thy fear', thy confidence',
Thy hope', and the uprightness of thy ways'?
- 7 Remember', I pray thee', who ever perished', being innocent'?
- Or where were the righteous cut off'?
- 8 Even as I have seen', they that plow iniquity',
And sow wickedness', reap the same'.
By the blast of God they perish',
And by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed'.
- 10 The roaring of the lion', and the voice of the fierce lion',
And the teeth of the young lions', are broken.
- 11 The old lion perisheth for lack of prey',

- And the stout lion's whelps are scattered abroad.
- 12 Now a thing was secretly brought to mé,
And my ear received a small sound of it.
- 13 In thoughts from the visions of the night',
When deep sleep falleth on men',
- 14 Fear came upon me', and trembling',
Which made all my bones to shake.
- 15 Thên a spirit passed before my face;
The hair of my flesh stood up;
- 16 It stood still, but I could not discern its form';
An image was before my eyes';
There was silence,—and I heard a voice saying',
- 17 Shall mortal man be more just than God'?
Shall a man be more pure than his Maker'?
- 18 Behold', he put no trust in his servants';
And his angels he charged with folly';
- 19 How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay',
Whose foundation is in the dust', who are crushed before
the moth'?
- 20 They are destroyed from morning to evening';
They perish for ever without any regarding it.
- 21 Doth their excellence which is in them depart'?
They die', even without wisdom.

LESSON LIX.

SINAI AT THE GIVING OF THE LAW.—Exodus xix. 16—25.

- 16 AND it came to pass on the third day in the morning', that
there were thunders and lightnings', and a thick cloud upon
the mount', and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud'; so
- 17 that all the people that were in the camp trembled. And
Moses brought forth the people out of the camp' to meet with
- 18 God'; and they stood at the nether part of the mount'. And
mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke', because the Lord
descended upon it in fire': and the smoke of it ascended as
the smoke of a furnace', and the whole mount trembled
- 19 greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long,
and grew louder and louder', Moses spoke, and God an-
- 20 swered him by a voice. And the Lord came down upon
mount Sinai', on the top of the mount'; and the Lord called
- 21 Moses to the top of the mount'; and Moses went up. And
the Lord said to Moses', Go down', charge the people lest
they break through to the Lord to gaze', and many of them

- 22 perish. And let the priests also who come near to the Lord[^] sanctify themselves^v, lest the Lord break forth upon them.
- 23 And Moses said to the Lord[^], The people cānnot come up to mount Sinaí; for thou chargest us saying[^], Set bounds
- 24 about the mount[^], and sanctify it[^]. And the Lord said to him[^], Away[^], go down[^], and thōu shalt come up[^], thōu, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests[^] and the people[^] break through[^], to come up to the Lōrd[^], lest he break forth
- 25 upon them. So Moses went down to the people[^], and spoke to them.

LESSON LX.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

Iambic verse. Eight lines in a stanza, alternating with lines of four and three feet, except the last line, which has but two;—but the last line of the last stanza has three feet.

1. I said to Sorrow's awful storm[^],
That beat against my breast[^],
Ragè on^v—thou may'st[^] destroy this form[^],
And lay it low at rest[^],
But still the spirit[^], that now brooks[^]
Thy tempest raging high[^],
Undaunted on its fury looks[^]
With steadfast eye.
2. I said to Penury's meager train[^],
Come on^v—your threats I bravè;
My last poor life-drop you may drain[^],
And crush me to the grave[^],
Yet still the spirit, that endures[^],
Shall mock your force the while[^],
And meet each cōld, cōld grāsp of yours[^]
With bitter smile.
3. I said to cold Neglect and Scorn[^],
Pāss on^v—I heed you not[^];
Yè may pursue[^] me till my form[^]
And being are forgot[^],
Yet still the spirit[^], which you see
Undaunted by your wiles[^],
Draws from its own nobility[^]
Its high-born smiles.

4. I said to Friendship's men'aced blow',
 Strikè deèp—my heart shall bear';
 Thou canst but add onē bitter woé
 To those already thère;
 Yet still the spirit that sustains'
 This last^v severe distress',
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains',
 And scōrn redress.
5. I said to Death's uplifted dart',
 Aim sûre—O, why delay'?
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
 A weak reluctant prey';
 For still^v the spirit', firm and free',
 Triumphant in the last dismay',
 Wrapt in its own eternity',
 Shall smiling pass away.
-

LESSON LXI.

FABLE OF THE WOOD ROSE AND THE LAUREL.

Iambic measure. The lines of various lengths, containing four, three, and two feet.

- 1 IN these deep shades a flowret blows',
 Whose leaves a thousand sweets disclose;
 With modest air it hides its charms',
 And every breeze its leaves alarms';
- 5 Turns on the ground its bashful eyes',
 And oft unknown', neglected', dies.
 This flower', as late I careless strayed',
 I saw in all its charms arrayed'.
 Fast by the spot where low it grew',
- 10 A proud and flaunting Wood Rose blew'.
 With haughty air her head she raised',
 And on the beauteous plant she gazed.
 While struggling passion swelled her breast',
 She thus her kindling rage expressed':
- 15 "Thou worthless flower',
 Go leave my bower',
 And hide in humbler scenes thy head';
 How dost thou dare',
 Where roses are',
 Thy scents to shed'?

Gò, leave my bower', and live unknown ;
I'll rule the field of flowers alone."

- "And dost thou think"—the Laurel cried',
And raised its head with modest pride',
25 While on its little trembling tongue'
A drop of dew incumbent hung'—
"And dost thou think I'll leave this bower',
The seat of many a friendly flower',
The scene where first I grèw' ?
30 Thy haughty reign will soon be o'er',
And thy frail form will bloom no more';
My' flower will perish too'.
But know', proud rose',
When winter's snows'
35 Shall fall where once thy beauties stood',
My pointed leaf of shining green'
Will still amid the gloom be seen',
To cheer the leafless wood."
- "Presuming fool'!" the Wood Rose cried',
40 And strove in vain her shame to hide';
But ah'! no more the flower could say';
For', while she spoke', a transient breeze'
Came rustling through the neighboring trees',
And bore her boasted charms away'.
- 45 And such, said I', is beauty's power'!
Like thee she falls, poor trifling flower';
And if she lives her little day',
Life's winter comes with rapid pace',
And robs her form of every grace',
And steals her bloom away'.
- 50 But in thy form', thou Laurel green',
Fair Virtue's semblance soon is seen.
In life she cheers each different stage',
Spring's transient reign', and Summer's glow',
And Autumn mild', advancing slow',
And lights the eye of agè.

LESSON LXII.

THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

Iambic. Four feet in each line.

1. BRIGHT globe, upon the sunbeam tost',
Pure', sparkling', then forever lost';
No crested wave that glittering breaks',
Nor pearl that Wealth admiring takes',
Nor diamond from Golconda's coast',
Can half thy changeful brilliance boast.
2. Hast thou a voice to bid us see'
An emblem of our infancy',
Our reckless youth', our manhood's strife',
And all the painted gauds* of life'?
3. Hope spreads her wing of plumage fair',
Rebuilds her castle based on air';
Its turrets crowned with frost-work bright',
Its portals filled with rosy light';
A breath of summer stirs the tree';—
Where is that gorgeous dome'—*with thee*'.
4. Behold', arrayed in robes of light',
Young Beauty charms the gazer's sight';
Fast in her steps the graces tread',
The roseate chaplet decks her head';
But the brief garland fades away',
The bubble bursts',—and she is clay.
5. Dilate once more thy proudest size',
And deck thee in the rainbow's' dies';
Thy boldest flight aspiring dare',
Then vanish to thy native air';
Love dazzles thus' with borrowed rays',
And thus the trusting heart betrays.
6. Again it swells'; that crystal round'
Soars', shines', expands', and seeks the ground';
Save', save' that frail and tinsel shell'!
Where fled its fragments'?—who can tell?
Thus, when the soul from dust is free',
Thus shall it gaze', O Earth', on thee'.

* *Gaud* is now obsolete; something showy.

LESSON LXIII.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Iambic. Four and three feet alternating with each other.

1. No', never morè—my setting sun'
 Hath sunk his evening rays';
 And this poor heart is nearly doné
 With hope of better days'.
 I feel it in the clay-cold hand',
 The hard and fast-expiring breath';
 For now', so near the tomb I stand',
 I breathe the chilling airs of death.
2. No, never morè—it all is vain'—
 But O', how memory leans'
 To seé, and hear', and feel again'
 Its youth-inspiring scenes'!
 And deep the sigh that memory heaves',
 When, one by oné, they all are fled',
 As autumn gales on yellow leaves',
 That wither on their woodland bed.
3. Nò, never morè—I may not view'
 The summer vale and hill',
 The glorious heaven', the ocean's blué,
 The forests', dark and still'—
 The evening's beauty', once so dear',
 That bears the glowing thoughts above,
 When nature seems to breathe and hear'
 The voiceless eloquence of love.
4. Nò, never morè—when prisoners wait'
 The death-call to their doom',
 And see beyond their dungeon gaté
 The scaffold and the tomb',
 On the fair earth, and sun-bright heaven,
 Their gaze how fervently they cast'!
 So death to life a charm hath given',
 And makes it loveliest at the last.
5. Nò, never morè—and now farewell':
 The bitter word is said';
 And soon above my green-roofed cell'
 The careless foot will tread.
 My heart hath found its rest abovè,
 The cares of earth are passing by';

And O', it is a voice of love',
That whispers—It is time to die.

LESSON LXIV.

ESCAPE FROM WINTER.

Anapestic. Four feet in each line.

1. O, HAD I the wings of a swallow', I'd fly'
Where the roses are blossoming all the year long ;
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eyé,
And the bills of the warblers are ever in song';
O, then I would fly from the cold and the snow',
And hie to the land of the orange and vine',
And carol the winters away in the glow'
That rolls o'er the evergreen bowers of the line.
2. Indeed I should gloomily steal o'er the deep',
Like the storm-loving petrel, that skims there alone';
I would take me a dear little martin to keep'
A sociable flight to the tropical zone';
How cheerily', wing by wing' over the sea,
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away'!
And forever our song and our twitter should bé,
"To the land where the year is eternally gay."
3. We would nestle awhile in the jessamine bowers',
And take up our lodge in the crown of the palm',
And livé, like the beé, on its fruits and its flowers',
That always are flowing with honey and balm';
And there we would stay' till the winter is o'er',
And April is checkered with sunshine and rain'—
O, then we would fly from the far-distant shoré,
Over island and wavé, to our country again'.
4. How light we would skim', where the billows are rolled',
Through clusters that bend with the cane and the lime',
And break on the beaches in surges of gold',
When morning comes forth in her loveliest primè!
We would touch for a whilé, as we traversed the ocean',
At the islands that echoed to Waller and Moore',
And winnow our wings with an easier motion',
Through the breath of the cedar that blows from the shore.
5. And when we had rested our wings', and had fed'
On the sweetness that comes from the juniper groves',
By the spirit of home and of infancy led',

We would hurry again to the land of our loves';
 And when from the breast of the ocean would spring',
 Far off in the distance, that dear native shore,
 In the joy of our hearts we would cheerily sing',
 "No land is so lovely', when winter is o'er'."

LESSON LXV.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Iambic. The third and sixth lines of each stanza have three feet each; the other lines, four each.

1. I'LL tell you, friend', what sort of wifé,
 Whene'er I scan this scene of lifé,
 Inspires my waking schemes';
 And when I sleep', with form so light',
 Dances before my ravished sight',
 In sweet aerial dreams.
2. The rose its blushes need not lend',
 Nor yet the lily with them bend'
 To captivate my eyes'.
 Give me a cheek the heart obeys',
 And', sweetly mutablé, displays'
 Its feelings as they risè;
3. Features', where pensive, more than gay',—
 Save when a rising smile doth play',—
 The sober' thought you seè;
 Eyes', that all soft and tender seem',
 And kind affections round them beam',
 But most of all', on mè;
4. A form', though not of finest mould',
 Where yet a something' you behold'
 Unconsciously doth please;
 Manners all graceful without art',
 That to each look and word impart'
 A modesty and ease.
5. But still her air', her facé, each charm,
 Must speak a heart with feeling warm';
 And mind inform the whole;
 With mind her mantling cheek must glow';
 Her voice', her beaming eye', must show'
 An all-inspiring soul.

6. Ah! could I such a being find',
And were her fate to mine but joined'
By Hymen's silken tié,
To her myself', my all I'd givè',
For her alone delighted livè',
For her consent to die.
7. Whene'er by anxious gloom oppressed',
On the soft pillow of her breast'
My aching head I'd lay';
At her sweet smile each care should ceasé,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peacé,
And drive my griefs away.
8. In turn', I'd soften all her` carè;
Each thought', each wish', each feeling' sharè;
Should sickness e'er invadé,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh'
My hand the cordial should supply';
I'd watch beside her bed'.
9. Should gathering clouds our sky deform',
My arms should shield her from the storm';
And', were its fury hurled',
My bosom to its bolts I'd barè;
In her defence undaunted daré
Defy the opposing world`.
10. Together should our prayers ascend',
Together humbly would we bend'
To praise the Almighty namè;
And when I saw her kindling eyé
Beam upwards to her native sky',
My soul should catch the flamè.
11. Thus nothing should our hearts divide',
But on our years serenely glidé,
And all to love be given'.
And, when life's little scene was o'er',
We'd part, to meet and part nō mōré,
But live and love in heaven.

LESSON LXVI.

EXTRACT FROM COWPER'S CONVERSATION.

Iambic. Five feet in a line;—heroic verse, or epic poetry.

1. SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch';
You always do too littlé, or too much';

- You speak with life', in hopes to entertain',—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain`.
5. You fall at once into a lower` key ;—
That's worsè—the dronepipe of a humblebee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light' ;
You risè and drop the curtain`—nòw it's night`.
He shakes with cold`—you stir the fire', and strivé
10. To make a blaze'—that's` roasting him alive`.
Serve him with ven'son', and he chooses fish' ;
With sòal—that's just the sort he would not wish`.
He takes what he at first professed to lothè,
And in due timé feeds heartily on both ;
15. Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown',
He does not swàllów, but he gùlps it down.
Your hope to please him', vain' on every plan' ;
Himself should do that wonder', if he can`.
Alas'! his efforts double his distress' ;
20. He likes you's littlé, and his òwn still less`.
Thus always teasing others', always teased',
His only pleasure is`—to be dis`pleased.

LESSON LXVII.

A TALE OF POTTED SPRATS.

Most mistresses of families have a family receipt-book ; and are apt to believe that no receipts are so good as their own.

With one of these notable ladies a young housekeeper went to pass a few days', both at her town' and country'-house. The hostess was skilled, not only in culinary loré, but in economy ; and was in the habit of setting on her tablè, even when not aloné, whatever her taste or carefulness, had led her to pot', picklè or preservé, for occasional use.

Before a meager family dinner was quite over', a dish of Potted Sprats was set before the lady of the housè, whò, expatiating on their excellencé, derived from a family receipt' a century old', prest her still unsatisfied guest to partake of them.

The dish was as good as much salt and little spice could make it' ; but it had one peculiarity'—it had a strong flavor of garlick', and to garlick' the poor guest had a great dislike.

But she was a timid woman' ; and good breeding', and what she called benevolencé, said, "persevere in swallowing'," though her palate said, "nò." "Is it not excellent'?" said the hostess. "Very`;" faltered out the half-suffocated guest ; and

this was liè the first. "Did you ever eat any thing like it beforé?" "Never"—replied the other more firmly', for then she knew that she spoke the truth', and longed to add', "and I hope that I shall never eat any thing like it again'." "I will give you the receipt'," said the lady kindly'; "it will be of use to you as a young housekeeper'; for it is economical' as well as good', and serves to make out when we have a scrap-dinner. My servants often dine on it." "I wonder you can get any servants to live with you," thought the guest'; "but I dare say that you do not get any one to stay long!" "You do not, however', eat as if you liked it'." "O yes' *indeed*', I dô vëry mûch', (lie the second'), she replied'; "but you forget that I have already eaten a good dinner';" (lie the third'. Alas'! what had benevolencé, *so called*', to answer for on this occasion'!)

"Well, I am delighted to find that you like my sprats'," said the flattered hostess', while the cloth was removing; adding', "John'! do not let those sprats be eaten in the kitchen!" an order which the guest heard with indescribable alarm.

The next day they were to set off for the country-house', or cottage'. When they were seated in the carriagé, a large box was put in', and the guest fancied that she smelt garlick'; but

"Where ignorance is bliss',
'Tis folly to be wise"

She therefore asked no question's'; but tried to enjoy the present, regardless of the future. At a certain distance they stopped to bait the horses. There the guest expected that they should get out', and take some refreshment; but her economical companion, with a shrewd wink of the eyé, observed', "I always sit in the carriage on these occasions. If one gets out, the people at the inn expect one to order a luncheon. I therefore take mine with me." So saying, John was summoned to drag the carriage out of sight of the inn windows. She then unpacked the box', took out of it knives and forks', plates', &c'., and also took a jar', which', impregnating the air with its effluviá, even before it was opened', disclosed to the alarmed guest that its contents were the dreaded sprats!

"Alas'!" thought shé, "Pandora's box was nothing to this'! for in that', hope remained behind'; but at the bottom of this' is despair'!" In vain did the unhappy lady declare', (lie the fourth'), that she had no appetitè, and', (lie the fifth'), that she never ate in the morning. Her hostess would take no denial. However', she contrived to get a piece of sprat down', enveloped in bread'; and the rest she threw out of the window', when

her companion was looking another way',—whó, on turning round', exclaimed', "so you have soon despatched the fish! let me give you another; do not refuse because you think that they are nearly finished; I assure you that there are several left; and, (delightful information!) we shall have a fresh supply to-morrow!". However, this time she was allowed to know when she had eaten enough; and the travelers proceeded to their journey's end.

This day, the sprats did not appear at dinner;—but, there being only a few left, they were kept for a *bonne bouche*,* and reserved for supper, a meal, of which, this evening, on account of indisposition, the hostess did not partake, and was therefore at liberty to attend entirely to the wants of her guest, who would have declined eating also, but it was impossible; she had just declared that she was quite well, and had often owned that she enjoyed a piece of supper after an early dinner. There was, therefore, no retreat from the maze in which her insincerity had involved her; and eat she must: but, when she again smelt on her plate the nauseous composition, which being near the bottom of the pot was more disagreeable than ever, human patience and human infirmity could bear no more; the scarcely tasted morsel fell from her lips, and she rushed precipitately into the open air, almost disposed to execrate, in her breast, potted sprats, the good breeding of her officious hostess, and even benevolence itself.

LESSON LXVIII.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—EXTRACTS.

It was not dark when we entered the secluded, hill-embosomed settlement, where we were to pass the night. The little romantic retreat of Conway we had left behind us, lingering there only long enough to exchange a low-breathed word or two of knightly courtesy with wit and beauty, which, in the form of lovely woman, had made this mountain-shadowed village their home for a season. Never did that beauty appear so resistless amid the music and shade-lamps of the coteries at P., as it did there among the simplicities of nature.

We flung ourselves from horse and wagon at Hall's. The notable judge was then living, the wonder and curiosity of his region. As we dismounted at his quiet and grassy door, the old man was bowing and smiling, with his eye full of sport,

* Pronounced *bon boosh*. A French phrase for *last bit*, a *choice bit*

and his cheek full of tobacco', and expressing his welcome in all the varied' but homely honesty of his manner. He was decidedly of the old school. It spoke in his coat' and inexpressibles'; in his hair' and his hat'. Then his broad mountain Yankee was inimitable. No one could stand before it', seasoned as it was with just that *idée** of self-importance, that made it notorious without being offensive. He received us heartily, and in proper time had us down to a tabl , whose viands were surpassed only by the colony of daughters he contrived to congregate about it. On all sides of us, flashed their mirthful and beautiful faces', and on all sides went their pattering and Camilla-like feet', in the tireless services of the house. The whole establishment was in the way of rugged', honest hospitality. It was in a state of continual overflow at this season; and our own little band furnished but a trifle of the aggregate which it daily found it necessary to accommodate. As we sat before the hissing urn', flanked by milk bowls and whortleberry pies', the eye very naturally turned with something of an inquisitive glance towards the kitchen fire, which gleamed through a half-opened door', and round which were gathered the dusky forms of four or five Indian females. They were of the St. Francois tribe, passing up through the hills, on their way to Canada. They furnished a wild picture, sitting about the hearth in that uncertain light', their long hair floating about their shoulders', and their basket-stuff scattered at their feet. As we pushed through the room', I observed that they were preparing some rude repast in the corner', mingling the various articles of their meal with the reeking smoke of their pipes', and the peculiar guttural murmur of their monosyllable conversation. We left them that night to the floor and their blankets; and before we were astir the next morning, they were threading the hills towards the Notch of the White Mountains. But it is out of the question to dismiss our landlord in this summary way. He deserves something more. The country hereabouts had aforetime thought he deserved all the honor it could command; and so the district had trooped him off to Washington in the unsurpassable, the climacteric capacity of a representative of the people. How long he served, and how well', it would be needless for any book to tell, for his own tongue knew the story best', and certainly best it could relate it. The pride of this old servic , and of the old recollection', was amusing', dashed as it was with various curious anecdotes in the broad language of the narrator, and sprinkled with a due accompaniment of

* Vulgarism for *idea*. Two syllables only.

† *Saint Fran ois*; or, in plain English, St. Francis.

tobacco juice, ejected wherever it might happen', under the influence of a secret', but apparently irresistible, chuckle. Whether he had ever soiled' the erminé, in this or any other way', we don't pretend to say'; but it is nevertheless true', that in addition to his honors at the capitol', our quaint friend had', in other years', also sustained the dignity of judge. Indeed', this title held by, while all others had deserted him; and as "the court," we naturally addressed him, during our protracted sitting under the story-spinning spirit which seemed to have taken possession of the whole man. The night waned apace under our laugh and glee. Still the judge held on'. His tales were like an endless screw', or the Saco under the force of a freshet; and as there appeared to be no probability of the bottles being corked, while we sat to witness their pouring', we found it convenient to ask the road to our chambers', if we intended to resume the other in the morning. Still' the tongue wagged'; and even as we went straggling up the narrow stairs', bearing our lamps before our gaping visages', the judge kept company', determined that nothing should remain half told, if he could help it. In short', the good old man could scarce refrain from seating himself quietly on an old trunk in the chamber', and discoursing the night' out'; and we found nothing would do, but incontinently throw off our clothes, and thus bow the old chronicler from our presence. As it was' he was obliged to go in the midst of a parenthesis'; but he saw there was no hope, and so retreated with his arm half lifted in the way of asseveration. A sumptuous breakfast', spiced by the quiet drollery of "the court'," and the admirable attentions of his household', set us forward under excellent auspices. Every mile now increased the interest of the route, and every hill assumed a new character', grouped in, as it was', to form a portion of the lifting and gathering panorama. We were now fast approaching the celebrated gorge, and ere noon found ourselves descending that wild ravine, at the foot of which stands the humble and rude residence of Crawford', the experienced guide of these overshadowing mountains.

The old man received us with a wintry smile, (he never laughed in the world*) and a sort of guttural welcome. We informed him of our wish to employ his services in the ascent', and he expressed himself ready almost on the instant. There was little preparation for one of his mercury.* He was ever in good guise enough for a start, for nature had given him a dress that was proof to all trials here among her fastnesses.

* Temperament.

Accordingly, having arranged the inner and outer man for the expedition, we set forward with our iron-muscle conductor, along the winding, ascending pathway. The scene was full of sublimity. Often the mountain torrent crossed our course, dashing from rock to rock, to lose itself in some ravine, whose depths the eye could not penetrate, and over which the pine sighed, as it had centuries before, to the passing Indian. Sometimes we came upon an opening, that disclosed to us, far up and away, the path of the avalanché,* that had carried destruction to the land below, in some tempest of former years. It was in the early afternoon when we issued upon that green and beautiful spot, then occupied by the Willey family, since that time so suddenly and awfully destroyed. It was warm and still. The smoke curled peacefully up from the humble roof, and quiet and content abode there, in their most attractive garb. Nothing could present a stronger contrast than this spot, as it was then, itself offering to the eye every feature of loveliness and repose that could be desired, and overshadowed on every side by the gigantic ridges of the mountains, and the same ground, as it was when we stood upon it, after that terrible night, when ruin went thundering through that valley. The spot is now sealed—stamped by desolation. There is no green grass there; there is no life. The low house still stands as it did, but it is silent. They who made its roof a place of welcome to the weary traveller, and conducted him about the various rugged recesses of its picturesque neighborhood, sleep the long sleep beneath the huge rocks that lie scattered about its deserted door. That door lies flung from its hinges; the walls are rent, and the fox looks out of the window. Who has not read the tale of that night of horror! And who, as he stands over that ruin, does not feel how blind is man, and how vain his calculations! That humble family heard the rush of the coming earth. They thought to escape, and fled, affrighted, through the darkness of midnight. They were crushed and buried in an instant. Had they remained still upon their pillows, they had lived to tell the tale. * * * *

It was hardly daybreak when we were roused to gird anew, if we wished to witness the sun's first appearance over the mountain ranges. With renewed spirits, and a shout, we sprung to our feet, and in ten minutes had resumed our line of march through the Dedalian forest. The ascent continued as difficult and spongy as before, and it was not until we had cleared the heavier growth of pine and fir, and issued into a

* Av-a-lanah.

sparser and shorter generation of trees, that we found relaxation in our labors. At length we rose above the tangled wood, and emerged upon a hillock', covered with trees, indeed, perfectly formed', but only a few inches in height', and every instant decreasing in length', so that in a few moments we found ourselves literally walking upon the top of a miniature forest. So rapidly were we now rising above vegetation', that even this dwarfish presentation of it was soon left behind', and nothing but the mountain cranberry offered itself', as the last substance which nature could support in these lofty regions of the air. The scene was not a little striking as we issued upon this cleared point of the mountain land', from the scattered woods below. The delicious cool atmosphere was just blushing into morning', and a few clouds swept over us', just catching the hues of day', as they drove their dim trains over the distant peaks', and gradually dissolved in the upper sky. A right reverend looking owl sat in the most saturnine guise possible upon a little evergreen as we came up', and after gazing at us for a moment with admirable stolidity', threw out its broad gray wings', and went flapping heavily down the hill side into the woods below'. We took this for a good omen. There was something classic in the intimation'; and we urged forward with all the new vigor that may be supposed from this decided conviction that Minerva was on our side. While we were yet canvassing where he would appear', over the ridge that shot away into the heavens above us', the sun came up in all his splendor beside a peak now bathed in one flood of golden light.

* * * * *

Mount Washington was now first discovered heaving up into the blue, above the dark belt of clouds that gathered about his base. We had risen into a region of grandeur'; and this view of the monarch mountain on the east', with that of the highlands and peaks below us', over which we had toiled', and which now reposed in their silence, and darkness', and vastness', like some great Black Sea suddenly stayed as its waves were at the highest', together formed a panorama that is beyond description', and whose general effect is beyond belief. Upon one of these elevations, that presented this noble pictur , and upon which the sun poured his morning luster', we sat down to an ethereal breakfast. Hardly had we dipped into our viands before our sunshine was succeeded in an instant', by a mist, thick as night, and driving about us with all the drenching rapidity of a north-east storm'. This', to a party in their dresses', and most unquestionable perspiration', was a matter of doubtful utility. There was but one way to meet the evil'; that was, to fly from

it. We were therefore soon clear of our anchorage, and leaping from rock to rock into a valley where we hoped to find ourselves less exposed. A few steps disclosed to us the mystery of this sudden envelopment. We had breakfasted in a cloud'. At this moment it was sweeping off into the air below us', and in course of a minute the very spot we had occupied in a fog so thick we could hardly discern each other through its veil', was again in clear sunlight, and the volumed vapor was wrapping other summits that lay in its watery path. * *

The time consumed in this last stage, [namely, to the summit of Mount Washington',] was not long', and ere high noon' we had reached the summit. We that write this same are decidedly of opinion'—we always maintained it', and mean to hold to it', because we believe it'—that we were the first of the band'—not even excepting our long-legged pioneer of Hart's location'—the very first that reached the top of the granite peak'. This was something'. It argued good muscle. We have proved the probability of that sincè, fully', by the degrees we have taken in gymnastics. However, there we werè, and in a reasonably short time the party was full', and a chorus every way commensurate, was at once despatched into the clear blue sky. And we well shouted. There was never braver scene to shout over. We were above the world', emphatically'; and softened as every feature of it was', as it reposed, outstretched' below us', we could not but conclude that after all the scandal which has been heaped upon it', it was quite a decent world, in the upshot', and a thing easy enough to rise superior tó, if a man will only come to the trial. To be sure', it seemed to be rather a foolish affair to fight about', taken as a whólè; but when you came to think of quarreling for acres' and feet', it made you laugh incontinently, at the very idea. As for man', he seemed so much the merest circumstance of creation'—so perfectly unnoticeable among the mightier works of his Maker', that his struggle to become a president or a postmaster', looked really melancholy to us. Alas'! the magnificence of ambition'!

Of course, the drill and mallet were not long idle. The "natural longing after immortality" led each one to do his best towards impressing his name upon granite with lines as deep', if not as délicaté, as those of a master of the chisel'; and for ourselves we can only say that we drove away so manfully', that we have strong faith in the lasting of our letters, though not so decided a one in their beauty. At length this praiseworthy duty was effected'; a perfect mystery from beginning to end to the mind of our slab-sided guidé, who saw no more glory attached to this particular elevation than what fairly belonged

to vulgar "heights and distances;" his white oak nature being as unetherealized in this connection', as was that of the tailor, who found nothing more immediately striking in the torrent of Niagara than the capital chance it offered to "sponge a coat!"

Many a rock on this apex is covered with this hasty sculpture. Sometimes the eye will fall on a lady's name, for true it is that now and then her heroic spirit has led woman to scale this "heaven-kissing hill'," though at the time we trod its summit', it was a point quite unattainable by the sex. At present we believe it is a common object with the venturesome sisterhood; and if the gentle creatures are only willing to incur the sad risk of an enlarged anclé, we see nothing to hinder their capping this climax as easily as they do all others. How much more glory in this' than forever to "chronicle small beer." Let her wrestle her way up to Mount Washington', and after that', dedicate herself to a pair of small spectacles', and woman is made a *classic* for all the future purposes of the world. We cannot leave this subject of chiseling out immortality upon the mountain granite of Washington', without relating a circumstance at which we were somewhat inclined to be merry. We refer to an expressive Latin inscription', done on copper', and nailed to the rock upon the summit. It was signed, (per auctoritatem,*) by some three or four literary and learned gentlemen from the metropolis of Massachusetts', or thereabouts', wonderfully pregnant with the story of their toil', but every letter of it engraved, unquestionably, some weeks before', calmly and coolly in Boston. This is what we call perspiration in perspective; or to speak elegantly, sweating *in futuro*.†

But the prospect! the prospect! from this mountain tower. Towards the west it was boundless. It seemed as if the eye glanced over land and lakes, till vision was lost in the horizon of the northern sea. On the east', the whole region reposed beneath a veil of white vapor', so still and outstretched', that it resembled a vast ocean', above which storm and wind had sunk to their everlasting rest. Far away, one or two solitary peaks lifted themselves from the silent mist', as towering islands from the calm deep; and off towards the south, the black swells of the mountainous country lapped one upon the other', like the deep when its huge waves are heaved up and forward at night. Above us', the air was of singular transparency', and the blue sky seemed so near that we felt as though we were bathing our brows in its clearness.

* By authority.

† Sweating before the time comes.

LESSON LXIX.

A SCENE FROM THE GIPSY, OR, WHOSE SON AM I.

A room in a respectable country inn.

Enter CAPTAIN ETHERIDGE and CAPTAIN MERTOUN, ushered in by the Landlord.

Land. Will you be pleased to take any thing, gentlemen'?

Capt. Eth. I can answer for myself'—nothing'.

Capt. Mer. I agréé, and disagrèé, with you; that is, I coincide with you in'—nothing'.

Capt. Eth. Then I trust, Mr. Harness', that you will coincide with us in expediting the greasing of that radical wheel as soon as possible, and let us know where the horses are put to.

Land. Most certainly', captain Etheridge; I will superintend it myself'. [*Exit Landlord.*]

Capt. Eth. An old butler of my father's', who set up many years ago, with a few hundred pounds', and the Etheridge Arms' as a sign'. He has done well.

Capt. Mer. That is to say', the Etheridge Arms have put him on his legs', and drawing corks for your father has enabled him to draw beer for himself and his customers. Of course he married the lady's maid'.

Capt. Eth. Nò, he did more wisely'; he married the cook'.

Capt. Mer. With a good fat portion of kitchen stuff', and a life interest of culinary knowledge. I have no doubt but that he had a farther benefit from your liberal father and mother.

Capt. Eth. By-the-by', I have spoken to you of my father repeatedly', Edward'; but you have not yet heard any remarks relative to my mother'.

Capt. Mer. I take it for granted', from your report of your father', and my knowledge [*bowing*] of the offspring', that she must be equally amiable.

Capt. Eth. Had she been só, I should not have been silent'; but as I have no secrets from you, I must say', she is not—the very paragon' of affection.

Capt. Mer. I am sorry for it.

Capt. Eth. My father, disgusted with the matrimonial traps that were set for the post-captain', and baronet of ten thousand a year', resolved', as he imagined', wisely', to marry a woman in inferior life; who, having no pretensions of her own', would be humble and domestic. He chose one of his tenant's daughters', who was demure to an excess. The soft paw of a cat

conceals her talons. My mother turned out the very antipodes of his expectations.

Capt. Mer. Hum!

Capt. Eth. Without any advantages, excepting her alliance with my father, and a tolerable share of rural beauty, she is as proud as if descended from the house of Hapsburg—insults her equals, tramples on her inferiors, and—what is worse than all—treats my father very ill.

Capt. Mer. Treats him ill! What! hè that was such a martinet, such a disciplinarian on board! She does not beat him?

Capt. Eth. Nò, not exactly; but so completely has she gained the upper hand, that the admiral is as subdued as a dancing bear, obeying her orders with a growl, but still obeying them. At her command he goads himself into a passion with whomsoever she may point out as the object of his violence.

Capt. Mer. How completely she must have mastered him! How can he submit to it?

Capt. Eth. Habit, my dear Mertoun, reconciles us to such; and hé, at whose frown hundreds of gallant fellows trembled, is now afraid to meet the eye of a woman. To avoid anger with hèr, he affects anger with every one else. This I mention to you, that you may guide your conduct towards her. Aware of your partiality to my sister, it may be as well —

Capt. Mer. To hold the candle to the devil, you mean. Your pardon, Etheridge, for the grossness of the proverb.

Capt. Eth. No apology, my dear fellow. Hold the candle when you will, it will not burn before a saint, and that's the truth. Follow my advice, and I will insure you success. I only wish that my amatory concerns had so promising an appearance.

Capt. Mer. Why, I never knew that you were stricken.*

Capt. Eth. The fact is, that I am not satisfied with myself; and when I am away from my Circé, I strive all I can to drive her from my memory. By change of scene, absence and occupation, I contrive to forget her indifferent well. Add to all this, I have not committed myself by word or deed. I have now been three years in this way; but the moment I find myself within two miles of my fair one, as the towers of my house rise upon my sight, so rises the passion in my bosom; and what I supposed I had reasoned away to a mere dwarfish inclination, becomes at once a mighty sentiment.

Capt. Mer. That looks very like attachment. Three years,

* *Stricken* is now obsolete; *struck* should be used.

did you say' ? My dear brother in affliction', make me your confidant.

Capt. Eth. I intended to dō só, or I should not have originated the subject. My father brought up the daughter of our steward, Bargrové, with my sister Agnes. I have therefore known Lucy from her infancy', and ought I to be ashamed to say how much I am in love with her' ?

Capt. Mer. Etheridgè, this is a point on which', I am afraid' my advice would not be well received.

Capt. Eth. Of course you would imply that she must be renounced'.

Capt. Mer. Most assuredly'; that is my opinion on a first view of the case. You have your father's' example.

Capt. Eth. I havè, but still there are many points in my favor. Bargrove is of a very old', though decayed family'; indeed', much more ancient than our own.

Capt. Mer. I grant you, therè is one difficulty removed. But still your relative position. He is now your father's steward.

Capt. Eth. That is certainly a great obstaclè ; but on the other hand', she has really' been well educated.

Capt. Mer. Another point in your favor', I grant.

Capt. Eth. With respect to Lucy herself', she is —

Capt. Mer. As your father thought your mother'—perfection'. Recollect, thē sōft pāw ōf thē cāt conceals the talons.

Capt. Eth. Judge for yourself when you see and converse with her. I presume I am to consider myself blind'. At all events', I have decided upon nothing'; and have neither by word' or deed', allowed her to suppose an attachment on my part: still it is a source of great anxiety. I almost wish that she were happily married'. By-the-by', my mother hates her.

Capt. Mer. That's not in your favor, though it is in her's.

Capt. Eth. And my father dotes upon her.

Capt. Mer. That's in favor of you bōth'.

Capt. Eth. Now you have the whole story', you may advise me as you please ; but remember', I still preserve my veto.

Capt. Mer. My dear Etheridgé, with your permission', I will not advise at all'. Your father tried in the same lottery', and drew a blank'; you may gain the highest prize'; but my hopes with your sister render it a most delicate subject for my opinion. Your own good sense must guide you.

Capt. Eth. Unfortunately it often happens, that when a man takes his feelings for a guidé, he walks too fast for good sense to keep pace with him.

Capt. Mer. At all events be not precipitatè ; and do not

advance òne stēp which', as a man of honor', you may not re-
trace.

Capt. Eth. I will not if I can help it. But here comes Mr.
Harness.

LESSON LXX.

PORTIA—DISGUISED AS A DOCTOR OF LAWS.

Portia. Is your name Shylock' ?

Shylock. Shylock' is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow';
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law'
Cannot oppose you, as you do proceed.—
You stand within his reach do you not' ?

[*To Antonio.*]

Antonio. Ay', so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond' ?

Ant. I dò.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful'.

Shy. On what compulsion must I' ? tell me that'.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained';
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven',
Upon the place beneath'; it is twice blessed';
It blesseth him' that gives', and him' that takes':
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest'; it becomes'
The throned monarch better than his crown':
His scepter' shows the force of temporal' power,
The attribute to awe' and majesty',
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings';
But mercy' is abòve^ this sceptered sway';
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings';
It is an attribute to God' himself';
And earthly power doth then show likest' God's
When mercy' seasons justicè. Therefore, Jew',
Though justice be thy plea', consider this',—
That, in the course of justice, none of us'
Should see salvation': we do pray for mercy':
And that sàme pràyēr doth teach us àll to render
The dēds of mercy. I have spoke thus much',
To mitigate the justice of thy plea';
Which if thou fòllow', this strict court of Venicé
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant thèrè

Shy. My deed 's upon my' head' ! I crave the law',
The penalty' and forfeit' of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money' ?

Bassanio. Yes', here I tender it for him in the court':
Yea', twice the sum : if that will not sufficé,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er',
On forfeit of my hands', my head', my heart';
If this will not sufficé, it must appear
That malicè bears down truth'. And I beseech you,
Wrest oncè the law' to your authority':
To do a greât right', do a little wrōng,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not bè ; there is no power in Venicé
Can alter a decree established':
'Twill be recorded for a precedent';
And many an error', by the same examplé,
Will rush intō the statè : it cannot bè.

Shy. A Daniel' cōme tō jūdgēmēt' ! yea a Daniel' !
O wisē yōung jūdgè, how do I honor theè !

Por. I pray you let me lōok upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis', most reverend doctor', here it is'.

Por. Shylock', there 's thrice thy money offered theè.

Shy. An oath', an oath', I have an oath' in heaven':
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul' ?
Nò, not for Venicè.

Por. Why', this bond is forfeit';
And lawfully', by this', the Jew may claim'
A pound of flesh', to be by him cut off'
Nearest the merchant's heart': Be merciful';
Take thricè thy money'; bid me tear' the bond

Shy. When it is pâid according to the tenor'.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judgè;
You know the law', your exposition'
Hath been most sound'; I charge you by the lāw,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar',
Proceed to judgment': by my soul I swear',
There is no power in the tongue of man'
To alter me : I stay hērè, on my bond'.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court'
To give the judgment.

Por. Why then', thus it is.
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judgè ! O excellent young man' !

Por. For the intent' and purpose of the law'

Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
And how much elder' art thou' than thy looks'!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom'.

Shy. Ay', his breast',
So says the bond';—Doth it not', noble judge'?—
Near'est his heart'; those are the very words'.

Por. It is so. Is there balance heré, to weigh
The flesh'?

Shy. I have them ready'.

Por. Have by' some surgeon, Shylock', on your charge',
To stop his wounds', lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond'?

Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that'?

'Twere good you do so much' for charity'.

Shy. I cannot find it'; 'tis not in the bond'.

Por. Comè, merchant', have you any thing to say'?

Ant. But littlè; I am armed and well prepared'.—
Give me your hand', Bassanio'; fare you well'!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind'
Than is her custom; it is still her use'
To let the wretched' man outlive his wealth';
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow'
An age of poverty'; from which lingering penancè
Of such a misery' doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end';
Say how I loved you; speak me fair in death';
And when the tale is told', bid her be judgè,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not that you shall lose your friend';
And he repents not' that he pays your debt';
For if the Jew do cut but deep' enough',
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Shy. We trifle time: I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it', and the law doth give it'.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast';
The law allows it', and the court awards it'.

Shy. Most learned judge!—a sentence; comè, preparè

Por. Tarry a littlè; there is something else'.—

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
 The words expressly are, a pound of flesh;
 But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscatè
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gratiano. O upright judgè!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judgè!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
 Thou shalt have justice, more, than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judgè!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judgè!

Shy. I take this offer then;—pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;

The Jew shall have all justice;—soft!—no haste;—
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judgè, a learned judgè!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
 Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
 But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
 Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
 As makes it light, or heavy, in the substancè,
 Or the division of the twentieth part
 Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
 But in the estimation of a hair,—
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscatè.

Gra. A second Danièl, a Danièl, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court;
 He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
 I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture.
 To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil do him good of it!
 I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;
 The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice',—
 If it be proved against an alien',
 That by direct', or indirect' attempts',
 He seek the life of any citizen',
 The party', 'gainst the which he doth contrive',
 Shall seize one half his goods'; the other half'
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state';
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy'
 Of the duke only', 'gainst all other voice.
 In which predicament', I say thou stand'st';
 For it appears by manifest proceeding',
 That, in'directly', and directly', too,
 Thou hast contrived against the very life'
 Of the defendant'; and thou hast incurred
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed'.
 Down', therefore, and beg mercy of the duke'.

Gra. Beg' that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself':
 And yet', thy wealth being forfeit to the staté,
 Thou hast not left the value of a córd;
 Therefore', thou must be hanged at the state's chargé.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit',
 I pardon thee thy life', before thou ask it:
 For half' thy wealth', it is Antonio's';
 The other half' comes to the general state',
 Which humbleness may lessen to a fine.

Por. Ay', for the state'; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all'; pardon not that':
 You take my housé, when you do take the prop'
 That doth sustain' my house'; you take my lifé,
 When you do take the means' whereby I live.

LESSON LXXI.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE NOTARY.

IN former times there ruled, as governor of the Alhambra, a doughty old cavalier', whó, from having lost one arm in the wars', was commonly known by the name of El Gobernador* Mancó, or the one-armed governor. He in fact prided himself upon being an old soldier'; wore his mustachios curled up to his eyes', a pair of campaigning boots', and a toledo as long as a spit', with his pocket handkerchief in the basket hilt.

* *Gober-na-dor*; a as in *father*.

He was, moreover, exceedingly proud' and punctilious', and tenacious of all his privileges and dignities. Under his sway, the immunities of the Alhambra', as a royal residence and domain', were rigidly exacted. No one was permitted to enter the fortress with fire-arms, or even with a sword or staff', unless he were of a certain rank', and every horseman was obliged to dismount at the gate' and lead his horse by the bridle. Now as the hill of the Alhambra rises from the very midst of the city of Granada, being, as it were, an excrescence of the capital', it must at all times be somewhat irksome to the captain-general who commands the province', to have thus an imperium in imperio';* a petty independent post', in the very core of his domains. It was rendered the more galling in the present instance, from the irritable jealousy of the old governor', that took fire on the least question of authority and jurisdiction', and from the loose, vagrant character of the people that had gradually nestled themselves within the fortress as in a sanctuary', and from thence carried on a system of roguery and depredation at the expense of the honest inhabitants of the city. Thus there was a perpetual feud and heart-burning between the captain-general and the governor; the more virulent on the part of the latter', inasmuch as the smallest' of two neighboring potentates' is always the most captious about his dignity.

One of the most fruitful sources of dispute between these two doughty rivals', was the right claimed by the governor to have all things passed free of duty through the city', that were intended for the use of himself or his garrison. By degrees, this privilege had given rise to extensive smuggling. A nest of contrabandistas† took up their abode in the hovels of the fortress and the numerous caves in its vicinity', and drove a thriving business under the connivance of the soldiers of the garrison.

The vigilance of the captain-general was aroused. He consulted his legal adviser and factotum', a shrewd, meddling Escríbano‡ or notary', who rejoiced in an opportunity of perplexing the old potentate of the Alhambra', and involving him in a maze of legal subtilities. He advised the captain-general to insist upon the right of examining every convoy passing through the gates of the city', and he penned a long letter for him', in vindication of the right. Governor Manco was a straight-forward, cut-and-thrust old soldier', who hated an Escríbano, and this one in particular', worse than all other Escríbanos.

* Latin. A government within a government; an empire within an empire

† A Spanish word for contrabandists; illegal traders; smugglers.

‡ *Escri-ba-no*; a as in *father*.

"What," said hé, curling up his mustachios fiercely, "does the captain-general set his man of the pen to practise confusions upon mé? I'll let him see that an old soldier is not to be cuffed by schoolcraft."

He seized his pen, and scrawled a short letter in a crabbed hand, in which, without deigning to enter into argument, he insisted on the right of transit free of search, and denounced vengeance on any custom-house officer who should lay his unhallowed hand on any convoy protected by the flag of the Alhambra.

While this question was agitated between the two pragmatic potentates, it so happened that a mule laden with supplies for the fortress, arrived one day at the gate of Xenil,* by which it was to traverse a suburb of the city on its way to the Alhambra. The convoy was headed by a testy old corporal, who had long served under the governor, and was a man after his own heart; as trusty and stanch as an old toledo blade. As they approached the gate of the city, the corporal placed the banner of the Alhambra on the pack-saddle of the mule, and drawing himself up to a perfect perpendicular, advanced, with his head dressed to the front, but with the wary side-glance of a cur passing through hostile grounds, and ready for a snap and a snarl.

"Who goes thère?" said the sentinel at the gate.

"Soldier of the Alhambra," said the corporal, without turning his head.

"What have you in chargé?"

"Provisions for the garrison."

"Proceed."

The corporal marched straight forward, followed by the convoy, but had not advanced many paces before a posse of custom-house officers rushed out of small toll-house.

"Hallò, thère!" cried the leader; "muleteer, halt, and open those packages."

The corporal wheeled round, and drew himself up in battle array. "Respect the flag of the Alhambra," said he; "these things are for the governor."

"A fig for the governor, and a fig for his flag. Muleteer, halt, I say."

"Stay the convoy at your peril!" cried the corporal, cocking his musket. "Muleteer, proceed."

The muleteer gave his beast a hearty thwack; the custom-house officer sprang forward, and seized the halter; whereupon the corporal levelled his piece and shot him dead.

The street was immediately in an uproar. The old corporal was seized, and after undergoing sundry kicks and cuffs, and cudgellings, which are generally given impromptu by the mob in Spain, as a foretaste of the after penalties of the law, he was loaded with irons, and conducted to the city prison; while his comrades were permitted to proceed with the convoy, after it had been well rummaged, to the Alhambra.

The old governor was in a towering passion, when he heard of this insult to his flag and capture of his corporal. For a time he stormed about the Moorish halls, and vaped about the bastions, and looked down fire and sword upon the palace of the captain-general. Having vented the first ebullition of his wrath, he despatched a message demanding the surrender of the corporal, as to him alone belonged the right of sitting in judgment on the offences of those under his command. The captain-general, aided by the pen of the delighted Escribano, replied at great length, arguing that as the offence had been committed within the walls of his city, and against one of his civil officers, it was clearly within his proper jurisdiction. The governor rejoined by a repetition of his demand; the captain-general gave a sur-rejoinder of still greater length, and legal acumen; the governor became hotter and more peremptory in his demands, and the captain-general cooler and more copious in his replies; until the old lion-hearted soldier absolutely roared with fury, at being thus entangled in the meshes of legal controversy.

While the subtle Escribano was thus amusing himself at the expense of the governor, he was conducting the trial of the corporal; who, mewed up into a narrow dungeon of the prison, had merely a small grated window at which to show his iron-bound visagé, and receive the consolations of his friends; a mountain of written testimony was diligently heaped up, according to Spanish form, by the indefatigable Escribano; the corporal was completely overwhelmed by it. He was convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

It was in vain the governor sent down remonstrance and menace from the Alhambra. The fatal day was at hand, and the corporal was put *in capilla*, that is to say, in the chapel of the prison; as is always done with culprits the day before execution, that they may meditate on their approaching end, and repent them of their sins.

Seeing things drawing to an extremity, the old governor determined to attend the affair in person. For this purpose he ordered out his carriage of *staté*, and surrounded by his guards, rumbled down the avenue of the Alhambra into the city.

Driving to the house of the Escribanó, he summoned him to the portal.

The eye of the old governor gleamed like a coal at beholding the smirking man of the law advancing with an air of exultation.

"What is this I hear'," cried hè; "that you are about to put to death one of my soldiers'?"

"All according to law',—all in strict form of justicè," said the self-sufficient Escribanó, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "I can show your excellency the written testimony in the case."

"Fetch hither'," said the governor.

The Escribano bustled into his officé, delighted with having another opportunity of displaying his ingenuity at the expense of the hard-hearted veteran. He returned with a satchel full of papers', and began to read a long deposition with professional volubility. By this time a crowd had collected', listening with outstretched necks and gaping mouths.

"Pry'thee, man', get into the carriage out of this pestilent throng', that I may the better hear thee'," said the governor.

The Escribano entered the carriage, when', in a twinkling', the door was closed', the coachman smacked his whip', mules', carriage, guards and all', dashed off at a thundering raté, leaving the crowd in gaping wonderment'; nor did the governor pause until he had lodged his prey in one of the strongest dungeons of the Alhambra.

He then sent down a flag of truce in military stylé, proposing a cartel or exchange of prisoners' the corporal' for the notary'. The pride of the captain-general was piqued'; he returned a contemptuous refusal', and forthwith caused a gallows tall and strong', to be erected in the center of the Plaza Nueva* for the execution of the corporal.

"O ho'! is that' the gamé?" said governor Mancó: he gave orders', and immediately a gibbet was reared on the verge of the great beetling bastion that overlooked the Plazà. "Now'," said hé, in a message to the captain-general', "hang my soldier when you please; but at the same time that he is swung off in the squaré, look up to see your Escribano dangling against the sky'."

The captain-general was inflexiblè; troops were paraded in the squaré; the drums beat'; the bell tolled'; an immense multitude of ameteurst had collected to behold the execution'; on the other hand', the governor paraded his garrison on

* Plaza; a as in father; Nueva, Na-oo-vah.

† Am-a-tures.

the bastion', and tolled the funeral dirge of the notary from the Torre de la Campaná,* or tower of the bell.

The notary's wife pressed through the crowd with a whole progeny of little embryo Escribanoes at her heels', and throwing herself at the feet of the captain-general', implored him not to sacrifice the life of her husband', and the welfare of herself and her numerous little ones', to a point of pride; "for you know the old governor too well'," said shé, "to doubt that he will put his threat in execution if you hang the soldier."

The captain-general was overpowered by her tears and lamentations', and the clamors of her callow brood. The corporal was sent up to the Alhambra under a guard, in his gallows garb', like a hooded friar'; but with head erect' and a face of iron. The Escribano was demanded in exchange, according to the cartel. The once bustling and self-sufficient man of the law was drawn forth from his dungeon', more dead than alive. All his flippancy and conceit had evaporated'; his hair', it is said', had nearly turned gray with affright', and he had a down-cast', dogged look', as if he still felt the halter round his neck.

The old governor stuck his one arm a kimbó, and for a moment surveyed him with an iron smile. "Henceforth, my friend'," said hé, "moderate your zeal in hurrying others to the gallows'; be not too certain of your own safety', even though you should have the law on your side; and above all', take care how you play off your schoolcraft another time upon an old soldier."

LESSON LXXII.

A THUNDER STORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

IN crossing a prairie of moderate extent, rendered little better than a slippery bog by the recent showers', we were overtaken by a violent thunder-gust. The rain came rattling upon us in torrents', and spattered up like steam along the ground'; the whole landscape was suddenly wrapped in gloom that gave a vivid effect to the intense sheets of lightning', while the thunder seemed to burst over our very heads', and was reverberated by the groves and forests that checkered and skirted the prairie. Man and beast were so pelted', drenched', and confounded', that the line was thrown in complete confusion'; some of the horses were so frightened as to be almost unmanageable, and our scattered cavalcade looked like a tempest-tossed fleet, driving hither and thither, at the mercy of wind and wave.

* *Tor-ra, Campa-na.*

At length, at half-past two o'clock, we came to a halt, and, gathering together our forces, encamped in an open and lofty grove, with a prairie on one side, and a stream on the other. The forest immediately rung with the sound of the axe, and the crash of falling trees. Huge fires were soon blazing; blankets were stretched before them, by way of tents; booths were hastily reared of bark and skins; every fire had its group drawn close around it, drying and warming themselves, or preparing a comforting meal. Some of the rangers were discharging and cleaning their rifles, which had been exposed to the rain; while the horses, relieved from their saddles and burthens, rolled in the wet grass.

The showers continued from time to time, until late in the evening. Before dark, our horses were gathered in and tethered about the skirts of the camp, within the outposts, through fear of Indian prowlers, who are apt to take advantage of stormy nights for their depredations and assaults. As the night thickened, the huge fires became more and more luminous; lighting up masses of the overhanging foliage, and leaving other parts of the grove in deep gloom. Every fire had its goblin group around it, while the tethered horses were dimly seen, like specters, among the thickets; excepting that here and there a gray one stood out in bright relief.

The grove thus fitfully lighted up by the ruddy glare of the fires, resembled a vast leafy dome, walled in by opaque darkness; but every now and then two or three quivering flashes of lightning in quick succession, would suddenly reveal a vast champaign country, where fields and forests, and running streams, would start, as it were, into existence for a few brief seconds, and, before the eye could ascertain them, vanish again into gloom.

A thunder storm on a prairie, as upon the ocean, derives grandeur and sublimity from the wild and boundless waste over which it rages and bellows. It is not surprising that these awful phenomena of nature should be objects of superstitious reverence to the poor savages, and that they should consider the thunder the angry voice of the Great Spirit. As our half-breeds sat gossiping round the fire, I drew from them some of the notions entertained on the subject by their Indian friends. The latter declare that extinguished thunderbolts are sometimes picked up by hunters on the prairies, who use them for the heads of arrows and lances, and that any warrior thus armed is invincible. Should a thunder storm occur, however, during battle, he is liable to be carried away by the thunder, and never be heard of more.

A warrior of the Konza tribé, hunting on a prairié, was overtaken by a storm', and struck down senseless by the thunder. On recovering', he beheld the thunderbolt lying on the ground', and a horse standing beside it. Snatching up the bolt', he sprang upon the horse, but found', too laté, that he was astride of the lightning. In an instant he was whisked away over prairies, and forests', and streams', and deserts', until he was flung senseless at the foot of the Rocky Mountains'; from whence, on recovering', it took him several months to return to his own people.

This story reminded me of an Indian tradition', related by a traveler', of the fate of a warrior' who saw the thunder lying upon the ground', with a beautifully wrought moccason on each side of it. Thinking he had found a prize, he put on the moccasans'; but they bore him away to the land of spirits', from whence he never returned.

These are simple and artless tales', but they had a wild and romantic interest heard from the lips of half-savage narrators', round a hunter's fire, in a stormy night', with a forest on one side, and a howling waste on the other'; and where, peradventure, savage foes might be lurking in the outer darkness.

LESSON LXXIII.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

A room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two attendants.

Hubert. HEAT me these irons hot': and, look' thou stand'
Within the arras: when I strike my foot'
Upon the bosom of the ground', rush forth',
And bind the boy', which you shall find with mé,
Fast to the chair': be heedful': hence, and watch'.

1. *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't'.

(*Exeunt Attendants.*) Young lad', come forth'; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good' morrow', Hubert'.

Hub. Good' morrow', little princé.

Arth. As littè princé, (having so great a titlè
To be more princé,) as may be.—You are sad'.

Hub. Indeed', I have been' merrier'.

Arth.

Mercy on mè !

Methinks', nobody should be sad but I':
Yet, I remember', when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night',
Only for wantonness. By my christendom',
So I were out of prison', and kept sheep',
I should be as merry as the day is long';
And so I would be héré, but that I doubt'
My uncle practises more harm to mè :
Hè is afraid of mé, and I' of him':
Is it my' fault' that I was Geffrey's son' ?
Nò, indeed, is't not'; And I would to heaven',
I were your son', so you would love mé, Hubert .

Hub.

If I talk to him', with his innocent praté
He will awake my mercy', which lies dead':
Therefore I will be sudden', and despatch. (*Aside.*)

Arth.

Are you sick', Hubert' ? you look pale to-day' :
In sooth', I would you were a little sick',
That I might sit all night', and watch with you :
I warrant, I love you more than you do me'.

Hub.

His words do take possession of my bosom'.—
Read herè, young Arthur'. (*Showing a paper.*)
How now, foolish rheum', (*Aside.*)

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
 I must be brief, lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes', in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth.

Too' fairly', Hubert', for so foul' effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes'?

Hub.

Young boy', I must'.

Arth.

And will' you?

Hub.

And I will.

Arth.

Have you the heart' ? When your head did but aché,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows',
(The best I had', a princess wrought it mé,)
And I did never ask it you again';
And with my hand at midnight held your head';
And', like the watchful minutes to the hour',
Still and anon cheered up the heavy timé,
Saying, What lack you? and Where lies your grief' ?
Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
Many a poor man's son' would have lain still',
And ne'er have spoken a loving word to you ;
But you', at your sick servicé, had a princè.

Nay', you may think my love was crâfty lové,
 And call it cun'ning'; Do', an if you will':
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill',
 Why', then' you must'.—Will' you put out mine eyes'?
 Thèse eyes', that never did', nor ever shall',

So much as frown', on you?

Hub. I have swörn' to do it';

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah', none but in this iron' age would do it'!

The iron of itself', though heat* red-hot',
 Approaching near these eyes', would drink my tears,
 And quench his fiery indignation',
 Even in the matter of mine innocencè:
 Nay', after that', consume away in rust',
 But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron'?
 And if an angel should have come to mé,
 And told mé, Hubert should put out mine eyes',
 I would not have believed a tongue but Hubert's'.

Hub. Come forth'. (*Stamps.*)

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Dò as I bid you dò.

Arth. O', savè me, Hubert', savè me! my eyes are out',
 Even with the fiêrce lōoks of these bloody men'.

Hub. Give me the iron', I say', and bind' him here.

Arth. Alas', what need you be so boist'rous rough'?
 I will not strugglé, I will stand stone still'.
 For heaven's saké, Hubert', let me not be bound',
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb';
 I will not stir', nor wincé, nor speak' a word',
 Nor look upon the iron angerly':
 Thrust but these mên away', and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me tó.

Hub. Gò, stand within'; let me alonè with him.

1. *Attend.* I am best' pleased to bè, from such a deed'.
 (*Exeunt Attendants.*)

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend';
 He hath a stèrn look', but a gentlè heart':—
 Let him come back', that his' compassion may
 Give life to yours'.

Hub. Comè boy', prepare yourself'.

* Pronounced *het*.

Arth. Is there nō remedy' ?

Hub. Nonè, but to lose your eÿes.

Arth. O', heaven' !—that there was but a môte in yours',
A grain', a dust', a gnat', a wand'ring hair',
Any' annoyance in that precious sensè !
Then', feeling what small' things' are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promisè ? go tò, hold your tonguè.

Arth. Hubert', the utterance of a bràcé of tongues'
Must need want pleading for a pair of eÿes' :
Let' me not hold my tongué ; let' me not', Hubert'
Or, Hubert', if you will', cut out' my tongué,
So I may keep mine eÿes' ; O', sparè mine eÿes',
Though to nō use, but still to look on you !
Lô, by my troth', the instrument is cöld',
And would not harm mé.

Hub. I can heât it', boy'.

Arth. No' in good sooth' ; the fire is dead with grief',
Being create for comfort', to be used'
In undeserved extremes' : Seè else yoursèlf ;
There is no mâlîce in this burning coal' ;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out',
And strewed repentant ashes on his head'.

Hub. But with my breath I can revîve it', boy'.

Arth. And if you do', you will but make it blûsh,
And glow with shame of your proceedings', Hubert' :
Nay', it, perchancé, will sparkle in your eÿes' ;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight',
Snatch at his master' that doth tar* him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong',
Deny their officè : only you' do lack'
That' mercy', which fierce firé, and iron', extends',—
Creatures of noté, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, seè to live ; I will not touch thine eÿes
For all the treasures that thine uncle owns' ;
Yet am I sworn', and I did purpose', boy',
With this sâme vèry îrôn to burn them out'.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert' ! all this whilé
You were disguised'.

Hub. Peacè : no morè. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead' :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child', sleep' doubtless', and securé,

* *Tur* ; to tease, to provoke ; obsolete.

That Hubert', for the wealth of all the world',
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O, heaven' !—I thank' you', Hubert'.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in' with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. (*Exeunt.*)

LESSON LXXIV.

DEER BLEATING. MAGIC BALLS.

ON the following morning we were rejoined by the rangers who had remained at the last encampment, to seek for the stray horses. They had tracked them for a considerable distance through bush and brake, and across streams', until they found them cropping the herbage on the edge of a prairie. Their heads were in the direction of the fort', and they were evidently grazing their way homeward', heedless of the unbounded freedom of the prairie so suddenly laid open to them.

About noon the weather held up, and I observed a mysterious consultation going on between our half-breeds and Tonish' : it ended in a request that we would dispense with the services of the latter for a few hours', and permit him to join his comrades in a grand foray.* We objected that Tonish was too much disabled by aches and pains for such an undertaking ; but he was wild with eagerness for the mysterious enterprise, and, when permission was given him', he seemed to forget all his ailments in an instant.

In a short time the trio were equipped and on horseback' ; with rifles on their shoulders and handkerchiefs twisted round their heads', evidently bound for a grand scamper. As they passed by the different lodges of the camp, the vain-glorious little Frenchman could not help boasting to the right and left, of the great things he was about to achieve ; though the taciturn Beatte,† who rode in advance, would every now and then check his horse, and look back at him with an air of stern rebuke. It was hard, however, to make the loquacious Tonish play "Indian."

Several of the hunters, likewise, sallied forth', and the prime old woodman', Ryan', came back early in the afternoon, with ample spoil, having killed a buck and two fat does. I drew near to a group of rangers that had gathered round him as he stood by the spoil, and found they were discussing the merits

* Hunting excursion.

† *Be-at-te.*

of a stratagem sometimes used in deer hunting. This consists in imitating, with a small instrument called a bleat', the cry of the fawn', so as to lure the doe within reach of the rifle. There are bleats of various kinds, suited to calm or windy weather, and to the age of the fawn. The poor animal, deluded by them', in its anxiety about its young will sometimes advance close up to the hunter. "I oncè bleated a doe'," said a young hunter, "until it came within twenty yards of mé, and presented a sure mark. I levelled my rifle three times', but had not the heart to shoot', for the poor doe looked so wistfully, that it in a manner made my heart yearn. I thought of my own' mother', and how anxious shē used to be about mé when I was a child'; so to put an end to the matter', I gave a halloo', and started the doe out of rifle shot in a moment."

"And you did right'," cried honest old Ryan. "For my part, I never could bring myself to bleating deer. I've been with hunters who had bleats, and have made them throw them away. It is a rascally trick to take advantage of a mother's love for her young."

Towards evening, our three worthies returned from their mysterious foray. The tongue of Tonish gave notice of their approach, long before they came in sight'; for he was vociferating at the top of his lungs', and rousing the attention of the whole camp. The lagging gait and reeking flanks of their horses, gave evidence of hard riding'; and on nearer approach, we found them hung round with meat', like a butcher's shambles. In fact they had been scouring an immense prairie that extended beyond the forest, and which was covered with herds of buffalo. Of this prairie, and the animals upon it', Beatte had received intelligence a few days beforé, in his conversation with the Osages'; but had kept the information a secret from the rangers, that he and his comrades might have the first dash at the game. They had contented themselves with killing four'; though, if Tonish might be believed', they might' have slain them by scores.

These tidings', and the buffalo meat brought home in evidence', spread exultation through the camp', and every one looked forward with joy to a buffalo hunt on the prairies. Tonish was again the oracle of the camp', and held forth by the hour to a knot of listeners', crouched round the firé, with their shoulders up to their ears. He was now more boastful than ever of his skill as a marksman. All his want of success in the early part of our march, he attributed to being "out of luck'," if not "spell-bound"; and finding himself listened to with apparent credulity', gave an instance of the kind', which

he declared had happened to himself', but which was evidently a tale picked up among his relations', the Osages.

According to this account', when about fourteen years of age, as he was one day hunting, he saw a white deer come out from a ravine. Crawling near to get a shot', he beheld another and another come forth', until there were seven', all as white as snow. Having crept sufficiently near', he singled one out and fired', but without effect'; the deer remained unfrightened. He loaded and fired again', and again he missed. Thus he continued firing and missing until all his ammunition was expended', and the deer remained without a wound. He returned home despairing of his skill as a marksman', but was consoled by an old Osage hunter. These white deer', said he', have a charmed life, and can only be killed by bullets of a particular kind.

The old Indian cast several balls for Tonish', but would not suffer him to be present on the occasion', nor inform him of the ingredients and mystic ceremonials.

Provided with these balls', Tonish' again set out in quest of the white deer', and succeeded in finding them. He tried at first with ordinary balls', but missed as before. A magic ball, however', immediately brought a fine buck to the ground; whereupon the rest of the herd immediately disappeared and were never seen again.

LESSON LXXV.

A FRONTIER FARM-HOUSE.

In the course of the morning we came upon Indian tracks, crossing each other in various directions; a proof that we must be in the neighborhood of human habitations. At length', on passing through a skirt of wood, we beheld two or three log houses, sheltered under lofty trees on the border of a prairie, the habitations of Creek Indians, who had small farms adjacent. Had they been sumptuous villas, abounding with the luxuries of civilization, they could not have been hailed with greater delight.

Some of the rangers rode up to them in quest of food; the greater part, however, pushed forward in search of the habitation of a white settler, which we were told was at no great distance. The troop soon disappeared among the trees', and I followed slowly in their track'; for my once fleet and generous steed faltered under me, and was just able to drag one foot

after the other'; yet I was too weary and exhausted to spare him.

In this way we crept on, until, on turning a thick clump of trees, a frontier farm-house suddenly presented itself to view. It was a low tenement of logs, overshadowed by great forest trees', but it seemed as if a very region of *Cocagne** prevailed around it. Here was a stable and barn', and granaries teeming with abundance', while legions of grunting swine, gobbling turkeys', cackling hens', and strutting roosters', swarmed about the farm-yard.

My poor jaded and half-famished horse raised his head and pricked up his ears, at the well-known sights and sounds. He gave a chuckling inward sound', something like a dry laugh; whisked his tail, and made great leeway toward a corn-crib', filled with golden ears of maize; and it was with some difficulty that I could control his course', and steer him up to the door of the cabin. A single glance within was sufficient to raise every gastronomist's faculty. There sat the captain of the rangers and his officers', round a three-legged table, crowned by a broad and smoking dish of boiled beef and turnips. I sprang off my horse in an instant, cast him loose to make his way to the corn-crib', and entered this palace of plenty. A fat good-humored negress received me at the door. She was the mistress of the house', the spouse of the white man, who was absent. I hailed her as some swart fairy of the wild, that had suddenly conjured up a banquet in a desert; and a banquet was it in good sooth. In a twinkling she lugged from the fire a huge iron pot, that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh pots of Egypt', or the witches' caldron in Macbeth. Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor', she inclined the corpulent caldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef', with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them', and with a rich cascade of broth', overflowing the whole. This she handed me with an ivory smile that extended from ear to ear'; apologizing for our humble fare', and the humble style in which it was served up. Humble fare! humble style! Boiled beef and turnips', and an earthen dish to eat them from! To think of apologizing for such a treat' to a half-starved man from the prairies'; and then such magnificent slices of bread and butter! Head of Apicius, what a banquet!

* *Cocan*, a as in *bat*. Region of *Cocagne* is a region of plenty, abundance.

† *Gastric*, it should be; there is no such word as *gastronomic*.—Pertaining to stomach.

‡ A as in *tall*.

"The rage of hunger" being appeased', I began to think of my horse. He however', like an old campaigner', had taken good care of himself'. I found him paying assiduous attention to the crib of Indian corn', and dexterously drawing forth and munching the ears that protruded between the bars. It was with great regret' that I interrupted his repast', which he abandoned with a heavy sigh', or rather a rumbling groan. I was anxious, however, to rejoin my traveling companions, who had passed by the farm-house without stopping', and proceeded to the banks of the Arkansas', being in the hopes of arriving before night at the Osage Agency. Leaving the captain and his troop, therefore, amidst the abundance of the farm, where they had determined to quarter themselves for the night, I bade adieu to our sable hostess, and again pushed forward.

LESSON LXXVI.

AN ENIGMA.

Anapestic. Two feet and four, with an iambus or spondee occasionally substituted.

1. YE philosophers, hark'!
My complexion is dark'!
Reflection and silence my character mark.
2. No record on earth'
Discovers my birth.
Long reigned I in solitude, silence, and dearth.
3. I travel away'
In sombre array:
But my turbans and sandals are silvery gray.
4. Majestic my mien',
And my dark form is seen'
All sparkling in gems', like an African queen.
5. One pearl that I wear'
Is more brilliant and rare'
Than the loveliest gem in a princess's hair.
6. My stature is tall',
But at seasons I crawl',
Or shrink myself almost to nothing at all.

7. Invisibly hurled',
I traverse the world',
And o'er every land is my standard unfurled.
8. I silently roll'
Round the icy-bound polè :
And long the wide region endures my control
9. From earliest time'
I was grave and sublimè :
But often am made the accomplice of crime.
10. My intellect teems'
With visions and dreams',
And wild tales of terror', my favorite themes.
11. Yet sorrow and pain'
Oft welcome my reign',
And eagerly watch for my coming again' :
12. For a handmaid of mine',
With aspect benign',
Deals out, at my bidding, a soft anodynè.
13. My sister down there',
Is transcendently fair',
But we never once happened to meet any where.
14. Advancing, behold'
Her banners of gold' !
Then I must away with my story half told.

LESSON LXXVII.

FRIENDSHIP.

Iambic. Four feet and three ; the latter with an additional short syllable.

1. WHAT virtue can we namé, or grace'
But men', unqualified and basé,
Will boast it their possession' ?
Profusion' apes the noble part'
Of liberality of heart',
And dulness of discretion.
2. But as the gem of richest cost'
Is ever counterfeited most',
So always imitation'

Employs the utmost skill he can',
To counterfeit the faithful man',
The friend of long duration.

3. Youth', unadmonished by a guide',
Will trust to any fair outside :—
An error soon corrected';
For who' but learns', with riper years',
That man', when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected'?
4. No friendship will abide the test'
That stands on sordid interest',
And mean self-love erected;
Nor such' as may awhile subsist'
'Twixt sensualist and sensualist',
For vicious ends connected.
5. A fretful temper will divide/
The closest knot that may be tied',
By ceaseless sharp corrosion':
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys dispersé
At one immense explosion.
6. How bright soe'er the prospect seems',
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creép in.
An envious man', if you succeed',
May prove a dang'rous foè indeed',
But not a friend worth keeping.
7. As envy pines at good possessed',
So jealousy looks forth distressed'
On good that seems approaching;
And', if success his steps attend',
Discerns a rival in a friend',
And hates him for encroaching.
8. Hence authors of illustrious name',
Unless belied by common fame',
Are sadly prone to quarrel';
To deem the wit a friend displays'
So much of lōss to their ōwn praise',
And pluck each other's laurel.
9. A man', renowned for repartee',*
Will seldom scruple to make free'

* *Rep-ar-tee.*

With friendship's finest feeling`;
 Will thrust a dagger at your breast',
 And tell you 'twas a special jest',
 By way of balm for healing.

10. Beware of tattlers` ; keep your ear`
 Close-stopt against the tales they bear',—
 Fruits of their own invention` :
 The separation of chief friends'
 Is what their kindness most intends` ;
 Their sport' is your dissension.
11. Some fickle creatures boast a soul'
 True as the needle to the polè ;
 Yet shifting', like the weather',
 The needle's constancy forego'
 For any novelty',—and show'
 Its variations' rather.
12. Religion should extinguish strife',
 And make a calm of human life ;
 But even those who differ'
 Only on topics left at large',
 How fiercely will they meet' and chargè !
 Nō combatants are stiffer.
13. The man who hails you Tom, or Jack',
 And proves by thumping on your back'
 His sense of your great merit',
 Is such a friend that one had need'
 Be vèry mûch his friend indeed',
 To pardon', or to bear it.
14. Some friends make this` their prudent plan—
 Say littlè, and hear all you can` ;—
 Safè policy, but hateful' !
 So barren sands imbibe the shôwer,
 But render neither fruit nor flower` ;—
 Unpleasant`, and ungrateful' !
15. These samples' (for, alas` ! at last'
 These are but' samples', and a tâste
 Of evils yet unmentioned')
 May prove the task' a task indeed',
 In which 'tis much if we succèed',
 However well intentioned.
16. Pursue the themè, and you shall find'
 A disciplined and furnished mind'

To be at least expedient[^];
 And, after summing all the rest',
 Religion, ruling in the breast'
 A principal ingredient.

LESSON LXXVIII.

THE RETIRED CAT.

Iambic. Four feet in a line.

- A POET's Cat, sedate and gravé
 As Poet well could wish to havé,
 Was much addicted to inquiré
 For nooks to which she might retire^v;
 5 And whéré, secure as mouse in chink',
 She might repose', or sit and think.
 I know not where she caught the trick^v—
 Nature perhaps herself had cast her'
 10 In such a mould *philosophique*',
 Or else she learned it of her master[^].
 Sometimes ascending, debonair',
 An apple-tree or lofty pear',
 Lodged with convenience in the fork',
 15 She watched the gard'ner at his work';
 Sometimes her ease and solace sought'
 In an old empty watering-pot[^];
 There wanting nothing', save a fan,
 20 To seem some nymph in her sedan^v,—
 Apparell'd in exactest sort',
 And ready to be borne to court.
 But love of change, it seems, has place'
 Not only in our wiser race[^];
 25 Cats' also feel, as well as wē',
 That passion's force^v, and so did shē.
 Her climbing she began to find'
 Exposed her too much to the wind[^];
 And the old utensil* of tin'
 30 Was cold and comfortless within :
 She therefore wished, instead of those',
 Some place of more serene repose',
 Where neither cold might come', nor air'
 Too rudely wanton with her hair^v;

* Pronounced by the poet, *yü-ten-sil*; the two last syllables short and unaccented.

- 35 And sought it in the likeliest mode
 Within her master's snug abode.
 A drawer it chanced, at bottom lined'
 With linen of the softest kind',
 With such as merchants introduce'
- 40 From India, for the ladies' use';—
 A drawer impending o'er the rest',
 Half open in the topmost chest',
 Of depth enough', and none to spare',
 Invited her to slumber therè.
- 45 Puss, with delight beyond expression',
 Surveyed the scene', and took possession.
 Recumbent at her ease ere long',
 And lulled by her own hum-drum song',
 She left the cares of life behind',
- 50 And slept as she would sleep her last';
 When in' came', housewifely inclined',
 The chambermaid', and shut it fast',—
 By no malignity impelled',
 But all unconscious whom it held.
- 55 Awakened by the shock', cried Puss',
 "Was ever cat attended thus'!
 The open drawer was left, I see',
 Merely to prove a nest for me';
 For soon as I was well composed',
- 60 Then came the maid', and it was closed';
 Hōw smōoth thēse kērchiēfs', and hōw swēet'.
 Oh what a delicate retreat'!
 I will myself resign to rest',
 Till Sol, declining in the west',
- 65 Shall call to supper'; when', no doubt,
 Susan will come and let me out."
 The evening camè, the sun descended',
 And Puss remained' still unattended'.
 The night rolled tardily away';
- 70 (With her', indeed, 'twas never' day';)
 The sprightly morn her course renewed',
 The evening gray again ensued',
 And Puss came into mind no more'
 Than if entombed the day before.
- 75 With hunger pinched', and pinched for room',
 She now presaged approaching doom',
 Nor slept a single wink', or purred',
 Conscious of jeopardy incurred.
 That night', by chance', the Poet, watching',

- 80 Heard an inexplicable scratching';
 His noble heart went pit-a-pat',—
 And to himself he said', "What's that?"
 He drew the curtain at his sidé,
 And forth he peeped', but nothing spied;
 85 Yet, by his ear directed', guessed
 Something imprisoned in the chest',
 And doubtful what', with prudent care',
 Resolved it should continue there.
 At length a voice', which well he knew,
 90 A lōng ānd mēlānchōl'y mēw',
 Saluting his poetic ears',
 Consoled him', and dispelled his fears'.
 He left his bed', he trod the floor',
 He 'gan in haste the drawers explore'
 95 The lowest first', and without stop',
 The rest in order to the top'.
 For 'tis a truth well known to most
 That whatsoever thing is lost',
 We seek it', ere it come to light',
 100 In every cranny but the right'.
 Forth skipped the Cat'; not now repleté
 As erst with airy self-conceit',
 Nor in her own fond apprehension'
 A theme for all the world's attention,
 105 But modest', sober', cured of all'
 Her notions hyperbolical',
 And wishing for her place of rest'
 Any thing' rather than a chest'.
 Then stept the Poet into bed',
 110 With this reflection in his head—

MORAL.

- Beware of too sublime a sensé
 Of your own worth and consequencé!
 The man who dreams himself so great',
 And his importance of such weight',
 115 That all around', in all that's doné,
 Must move and act for him alone',
 Will learn in school of tribulation'
 The folly of his expectation.

LESSON LXXIX.

RODERICK DHU AND MALCOLM.

Iambic. Four feet.

- Twice through the hall the chieftain strode ;
The wavings of his tartans broad',
And darkened brow', where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied',
5. Seemed', by the torch's gloomy light',
Like the ill demon of the night',
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway'
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way' :
But, unrequited lové, thy dart'
10. Plunged deepest its envenomed smart',
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung',
At length the hand of Douglas wrung' ;
While eyes that mocked at tears before',
With bitter drops were running o'er'.
15. The death-pangs of long-cherished hope',
Scarce in that ample breast had scopé,
But', struggling with his spirit proud',
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud',
While every sob'—so mute were all'—
20. Was heard distinctly through the hall' ;
The son's despair', the mother's look',
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook' ;
She rose', and to her side there camé,
To aid her parting steps', the Graemè.*
25. Then Roderick from the Douglas broke ;—
As flashes flame through sable smoké,
Kindling its wreaths long', dark', and low',
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow',
So the deep anguish of despair'
30. Burst, in fierce jealousy', to air'—
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid'
On Malcolm's breast, and belted plaid' ;
" Back', beardless boy' !" he sternly said',
" Back', minion' ! hold'st thou thus at naught
35. The lesson I so lately taught' ?
This roof', the Douglas' and that maid',
Thank thou for punishment delayed'."

* Pronounced *Graeme*; *a* as in *late*.

- Eager as grey-hound on his gamé,
Fiercly with Roderick grappled Graemè ;
40. " Perish my namé, if aught afford'
Its chieftain safety', save his sword' ! "
Thus as they strové, their desperate hand'
Griped to the dagger or the brand' ;
And death had been`—But Douglas rosé,
45. And thrust between the struggling foes'
His giant strength` : " Chieftains, foregò !
I hold the first who strikes', mȳ foè.
Madmen', forbear your frantic jar' !
What' ! is the Douglas fallen so far',
50. His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil'
Of such dishonorable broil' ? "
Sullen and slowly they unclasp',
As struck with shamé, their desperate grasp` ;
And each upon his rival glared',
55. With foot advanced', and blade half bared`.
Ere yet the brands aloft were flung',
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung` ;
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream',
As faltered through terrific dream`.
60. Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword',
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.
" Rest safe till morning` ; pity 'twéré
Such cheeks should feel the midnight air' !
Then' may'st thou to James Stuart tell',
65. Roderick will keep the lake and fell',
Nor lackey', with his free-born clan',
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
Mōre, would he of Clan-Alpine knów',
Thou canst our strength and passes show
Malisè, whàt', hò ! " his henchman camè ;
70. " Give our safe conduct to the Graemè."
Young Malcolm answered', calm and bold',
" Fear nothing for thy favorite hold'.
The spot an angel deigned to grace,
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the placè :
75. Thy churlish courtesy for thosé
Reservè, who feel to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way'
At midnight', as in blaze of day',
Though', with his boldest at his back',
80. Even Roderick Dhū beset the track.

LESSON LXXX.

THE OCEAN.

Iambic. Five feet.

1. ROLL on[^], thou deep and dark-blue ocean[^]—roll[^] !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain[^];
 Man marks the earth with ruin[^]—his control[^]
 Stops with the shore[^];—upon the watery plain[^]
 The wrecks are all thy[^] deed[^], nor doth remain[^]
 A shadow of man's ravagé, save his own[^],
 When, for a moment[^], like a drop of rain[^],
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan[^],
 Without a grave[^], unknell[^]^v, uncoffin[^]^v, and unknown[^].
2. His steps are not upon thy paths[^],—thy fields[^]
 Are not a spoil for him[^],—thou dost arise[^]
 And shake him from thee[^]; the vile strength he wields[^]
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise[^],
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies[^],
 And send'st him shivering[^], in thy playful spray[^],
 And howling[^], to his gods[^], where haply lies[^]
 His petty hope in some near port or bay[^],
 And dashest him again to earth[^]:—there lèt him lāy.*
3. The armaments which thunder-strike the walls[^]
 Of rock-built cities[^], bidding nations quaké,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals[^],—
 The oak leviathans[^], whose huge ribs maké
 Their clay creator the vain title také
 Of lord of theé, and arbiter of war[^];—
 These are thy toys[^], and[^], as the snowy flaké,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves[^], which mar[^]
 Alike the Armada's pride[^], or spoils of Trafalgar[^].
4. Thy shores are empires[^], changed in āll save thee[^].
 Assyrià, Greecè, Romè, Carthagé, what are they[^] ?
 Thy wāters wasted them[^], while they were free[^],
 And many a tyrant[^] sincè; their shores obey[^]
 The stranger[^], slavé, or savagè; their decay[^]
 Has dried up realms[^] to deserts[^]:—not so thou[^],
 Unchangeablé, save to thy wild waves[^] play[^]—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow[^]—
 Such as creation's dawn[^] beheld[^], thou rollest now[^].

* Should be *lie*.

5. Thou glorious mirror', where the Almighty's form'
Glasses itself in tempests'; in all timé,
Calm' or convulsed'—in breezè, or galé, or storm',*
Icing the polé, or in the torrid climé
Dark-heaving';—boundless', endless', and sublimé—
The image of eternity'—the throne
Of the Invisiblè; even from out thy slimé
The monsters of the deep are madè; each zoné
Obeys thee; thou goest forth', dread', fathomless', alonè.
6. And I have loved thee, ocean'! and my joy'
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to bé
Borne, like thy bubbles', onward': from a boy'
I wantoned with thy breakers'—they to mé
Were a delight'; and if the freshening seá
Made them a terror'—'twas a pleasing fear';
For I was', as it weré, a child' of thee',
And trusted to thy billows far and near',
And laid my hand upon thy mane'—as I do herè.

LESSON LXXXI.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Iambic. Three feet and four.

Matt. xvii. 4.

1. METHINKS it is good to be herè;
If thou wilt' let us build',—but for whom'?
No Elias and Moses appear',
But the shadows of us' that encompass the gloom',
The abode of the dead' and the place of the tomb'.
2. Shall we build to Ambition'? Oh, nò!
Affrighted' he shrinketh away';
For, seè! they would fix him below'
In a small narrow cavé, and begirt with cold clay',
To the meanest of reptiles a den and a prey'.
3. To Beauty'? Ah, nò!—she forgets'
The charms which she wielded before—
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets'
The skin', which', but yesterday', fools could adore',
For the smoothness it held', or the tint which it worè.

* Emphasis often inverts the inflections. See under Emphasis.

4. Shall we build to the purple of Pride'—
 The trappings which dizen the proud' ?
 Alas, they are all laid aside—
 And here 's neither dross nor adornment allowed',
 But the long winding-shēet' and the fringe of the shroud' !
5. To Riches' ? Alas', 'tis in vain—
 Who hid', in their' turns' have been hid—
 The treasures are squandered again—
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid',
 But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin' lid'.
6. To the pleasures which mirth' can afford'—
 The revel', the laugh' and the jēer' ?
 Ah' ! here is a plentiful board',
 But the guests are all mute' as their pitiful cheer',
 And none but the worm' is a reveler' herè.
7. Shall we build to Affection and Lové ?
 Ah, nò ! they have withered and died',
 Or fled with the spirit above.
 Friends', brothers', and sisters', are laid side by sidé,
 Yet none have saluted', and none have replied'.
8. Unto Sorrow' ? The dead cannot grievè ;
 Not a sob', not a sigh' meets mine ear',
 Which compassion itsēlf could relievè !
 Ah' ! sweetly they slumber', nor hope', love', nor fear ;
 Peacè, Peacè, is the watch-word', the only oné herè.
9. Unto Death', to whom monarchs must bow' ?
 Ah, nò ! for his empire is known',
 And here there are trophies enow' !
 Beneath the cold dead', and around the dark stoné,
 Are the signs of a scepter that none may disown !
10. The first tabernacle to Hōpe we will build',
 And look for the sleepers around us to risè ;
 The second to Faith', which ensures it fulfilled—
 And the third to the Lamb' of the great sacrificé,
 Who bequeathed us them both' when he rose to the skies'.

LESSON LXXXII.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

Iambic. Epic.

O UNEXPECTED stroke ; worse than of Death' !
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradisé ? thus leavé

- Theé, native soil', these happy walks and shades',
 Fit haunt of gods' ? where I had hope to spend',
 5. Quiet', though sad', the respite of that day'
 That must be mortal to us both'. O flowers',
 That never will in other climate grow',
 My early visitation', and my last'
 At ev'n'; which I bred up with tender hand'
 10. From the first opening bud', and gave ye names',
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun', or rank'
 Your tribes', and water from th' ambrosial fount' ?
 Thee lastly', nuptial bow'r', by me adorned'
 With what to sight or smell was sweet', from thee'
 15. How shall I part', and whither wander down'
 Into a lower world', to this' obscure
 And wild' ? how shall we breathe in other air'
 Less puré, accustomed to immortal fruits' ?

LESSON LXXXIII.

INDOLENCE.

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard ? When wilt thou arise out of sleep ?"

Not until you have had another' nap', you reply'; not till there has been a little more folding of the hands' !

Various philosophers and naturalists have attempted to define man'. I never was satisfied with their labors ; absurd' to pronounce him a two-legged', unfeathered animal', when it is obvious' he is a sleepy' one. In this world there is business enough for every individual' : a sparkling sky over his head to admire', a soil under his feet to till', and innumerable objects', useful', and pleasant', to choosè. But such, in general, is the provoking indolence of our species', that the lives of many', if impartially journalized', might be truly said to have consisted of a series of slumbers. Some men are infested with day-dreams', as well as by visions of the night' : they travel a certain insipid round, like the blind horse of the mill', and', as Bolingbroke observes', perhaps beget others to do the like after them. They may sometimes open their eyes a littlé, but they are soon dimmed by some lazy fog' ; they may sometimes stretch a limb', but its efforts are soon palsied by procrastination. Yawning amid tobacco fumes', they seem to have no hopes, except that their bed' will soon be madè, and no fears',

except that their slumbers will be broken by business clamoring at the door.

How tender and affectionate is the reproachful question of Solomon, in the text, "When wilt thou arise out of sleep?" The Jewish prince, whom we know to be an active one, from the temple which he erected, and the books which he composed, saw, when he cast his eyes around the city, half his subjects asleep. Though in many a wise proverb he had warned them of the baneful effects of indolence, they were deaf to his charming voice, and blind to his noble example. The men servants and the maid servants, whom he had hired, nodded over their domestic duties in the royal kitchen, and when, in the vineyards he had planted, he looked for grapes, lo, they brought forth wild grapes, for the vintager was drowsy.

At the present time, few Solomons exist to preach against pillows, and never was there more occasion for a sermon. Our country being at peace, not a drum is heard to rouse the slothful. But, though we are exempted from the tumult and vicissitudes of war, we should remember that there are many posts of duty, if not of danger, and at these we should vigilantly stand. If we will stretch the hand of exertion, means to acquire competent wealth, and honest fame, abound; and when such ends are in view, how shameful to close our eyes! He who surveys the paths of active life, will find them so numerous and long, that he will feel the necessity of early rising and late taking rest, to accomplish so much travel. He who pants for the shade of speculation, will find that literature cannot flourish in the bowers of indolence and monkish gloom. Much midnight oil must be consumed, and innumerable pages examined, by him whose object is to be really wise. Few hours has that man to sleep, and not one to loiter, who has many coffers of wealth to fill, or many cells in his memory to store.

Among the various men whom I see in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, I cannot frequently find those who are broad awake. Sloth, a powerful magician, mutters a witching spell, and deluded mortals tamely suffer this drowsy being to bind a fillet over their eyes. All their activity is employed in turning themselves like the door on a rusty hinge, and all the noise they make in the world is a snore. When I see one, designed by nature for noble purposes, indolently declining the privilege, and heedless, like Esau, bartering the birthright for what is of less worth than his red pottage of lentils,—for liberty to sit still and lie quietly,—I think I see, not a man, but an oyster. The drone in society, like that fish on our shores, might as well be sunken in the mud, and en-

closed in a shell', as stretched on a couch', or seated in a chimney corner.

The season is now approaching fast, when some of the most plausible excuses for a *little more sleep* must fail. Exonerated by indulgence', the slothful are of all men most impatient of cold', and they deem it never more intens  than in the morning. But the last bitter month has rolled away', and now', could I persuade to the experiment', the sluggard may discover that he may toss off the bed-quilt', and try the air of *early* day, without being congealed! He may be assured that sleep is a very stupid employment', and differs very little from death', except in duration. He may receive it implicitly', upon the faith both of the physician and the preacher', that morning is friendly to the health' and the heart'; and if the idler is so manacled by the chains of habit that he can', at first', do no m re, he will do wisely and well to inhale pure air', to watch the rising sun', and mark the magnificence of nature.

LESSON LXXXIV.

ESCAPE OF HARVEY BIRCH AND CAPTAIN HENRY WHARTON.

THE road which it was necessary for the pedler and the English captain to travel, in order to reach the shelter of the hills, lay, for half a mile, in full view from the door of the building', that had so recently been the prison of the latter; running for the whole distance over the rich plain, that spreads to the very foot of the mountains, which here rise in a nearly perpendicular ascent from their bases', it then turned short to the right', and was obliged to follow the windings of nature, as it won its way into the bosom of the Highlands.

To preserve the supposed difference in their stations', Harvey* rode a short distance ahead of his companion, and maintained the sober, dignified pace, that was suited to his character. On their right, the regiment of foot', that we have already mentioned', lay in tents'; and the sentinels', who guarded their encampment', were to be seen moving, with measured tread', under the skirts of the hills themselves. The first impulse of Henry was, certainly', to urge the beast he rode to his greatest speed at onc , and', by a coup-de-main',† not only to accomplish his escap , but relieve himself from the torturing suspense of

* Harvey is the pedler. † *Coo-de-mang*; ng as in *mangle*. A bold stroke.

his situation. But the forward movement that the youth made for this purpose was instantly checked by the pedler.

"Hold up'!" he cried, dexterously reigning his own horse across the path of the other; "would you ruin us both'? Fall into the place of a black following his master'. Did you not see their blooded chargers', all saddled and bridled', standing in the sun before the housé? How long do you think that miserable Dutch horse you are on would hold his speed', if pursued by the Virginians'? Every foot that we can gain without giving the alarm', counts us a day in our lives. Ride steadily after mè, and on no account look back. They are as subtle as foxes', ay', and as ravenous for blood as wolves'."

Henry reluctantly restrained his impatience, and followed the direction of the pedler. His imagination, however, continually alarmed him with the fancied sounds of pursuit'; though Birch', who occasionally looked back, under the pretence of addressing his companion', assured him that all continued quiet and peaceful.

"But," said Henry', "it will not be possible for Cesar to remain long undiscovered; had we not better put our horses to the gallop'? and, by the time they can reflect on the cause of our flight, we can reach the corner of the woods'."

"Ah! you little know them, captain Wharton'," returned the pedler'; "there is a sergeant at this moment looking after us', as if he thought all was not right'; the keen-eyed fellow watches me like a tiger lying in wait for his leap'; when I stood on the horse-block', he half suspected something was wrong'; nay', check your beast'; we must let the animal walk a little, for he is laying his hand on the pommel of his saddle; if he mounts now', we are gone. The foot soldiers could reach us with their muskets."

"What does he dó?" asked Henry', reining his horse to a walk', but, at the same timé, pressing his heels into the animal's sides', to be in readiness for a spring.

"He turns from his charger, and looks the other way. Now' trot on gently'; not so fast', not so fast'; observè the sentinel in the field a little ahead of us; he eyes us keenly'."

"Never mind the footman'," said Henry, impatiently'; "he can do nothing but shoot us; whereas these dragoons may make me a captive again. Surely', Harvey', there are horsemen moving down the road behind us. Do you see nothing particular'?"

"Humph'!" ejaculated the pedler'; "there is something particular', indeed', to be seen behind the thicket on your left'; turn your head a littlé, and you may see' and profit' by it too."

Henry eagerly seized his permission to look aside, and his blood curdled to the heart as he observed they were passing a gallows', that had unquestionably been erected for his own execution. He turned his face from the sight in undisguised horror.

"There is a warning to be prudent, in that 'bit of wood'," said the pedler', in that sententious manner that he often adopted.

"It is a terrific sight, indeed!" cried Henry', for a moment veiling his face with his hands', as if to drive a vision from before him.

The pedler moved his body partly around', and spoke with energetic' but gloomy bitterness—"and yet', captain Wharton', you see it when the setting sun shines full upon you; the air you breathe is clear, and fresh from the hills before you. Every step that you take leaves that hated gallows behind'; and every dark hollow, and every shapeless rock in the mountains', offers you a hiding place from the vengeance of your enemies. But I have seen the gibbet raised, when no place of refuge offered. Twice have I been buried in torturé, looking forward to the morning's dawn that was to light me to a death of infamy. The sweat has started from limbs that seemed already drained of their moisture, and if I ventured to the hole that admitted air' through grates of iron, to look out upon the smiles of nature, which God has bestowed for the meanest of his creatures', the gibbet has glared before my eyes, like an evil conscience, harrowing the soul of a dying man. Four times have I been in their power, besides this last'; but—twice—twice, did I think that my hour had come. It is hard to die at the best', captain Wharton'; but to spend your last moments alone and unpitied', to know that none near you so much as think' of the fate that is to you the closing of all that is earthly'; to think that in a few hours you are to be led from the gloom'—which', as you dwell on what follows', becomes dear to you—to the face of day', and there to meet all eyes upon you, as if you were a wild beast'; and to lose sight of every thing amidst the jeers and scoffs of your fellow creatures';—that', captain Wharton', that indeed' is to die."

Henry listened in amazement, as his companion uttered this speech with a vehemence altogether new to him'; both seemed to have forgotten their danger', and their disguises', as he cried—

"What! were you ever so near death as that'?"

"Have I not been the hunted beast of these hills for three years past'?" resumed Harvey'; "and once they even led me

to the foot of the gallows itself, and I escaped only by an alarm from the royal troops. Had they been a quarter of an hour later, I must have died. There was I placed, in the midst of unfeeling men, and gaping women and children, as a monster to be cursed. When I would pray to God, my ears were insulted with the history of my crimes; and when, in all that multitudé, I looked around for a single face that showed me any pity, I could find none,—no, not even one—all cursed me as a wretch who would sell his country for gold. The sun was brighter to my eyes than common—but then it was the last time I should see it. The fields were gay and pleasant, and every thing seemed as if this world was a kind of heaven. Oh! how sweet life was to me at that moment! 'Twas a dreadful hour, captain Wharton, and such as you have never known. You have friends to feel for you; but I had none but a father to mourn my loss when he might hear of it; there was no pity, no consolation near to soothe my anguish. Every thing seemed to have deserted me,—I even thought that he had forgotten that I lived."

"What! did you feel that God had forsaken you, Harvey?" cried the youth, with strong sympathy.

"God never forsakes his servants," returned Birch, with reverencé, and exhibiting naturally a devotion that hitherto he had only assumed.

"And whom did you mean by He?"

The pedler raised himself in the saddle to the stiff and upright posture that was suited to the outward appearance. The look of fire, that, for a short time, glowed upon his countenance, disappeared in the solemn lines of unbending self-abasement, and, speaking as if addressing a negro, he replied—

"In heaven there is no distinction of color, my brother; therefore you have a precious charge within you, that you must hereafter render an account of;"—dropping his voice, "this is the last sentinel near the road; look not back as you value your life."

Henry remembered his situation, and instantly assumed the humble demeanor of his adopted character. The unaccountable energy of the pedler's manner was soon forgotten in the sense of his own immediate danger; and with the recollection of his critical situation returned all the uneasiness that he had momentarily forgotten.

"What see you, Harvey?" he cried, observing the pedler to gaze towards the building they had left, with ominous interest; "what see you at the house?"

"That which bodes no good to us'," returned the pretended priest. "Throw aside the mask and wig—you will need all your senses without much delay—throw them in the road: there are none before us that I dread, but there are those behind us, who will give us a fearful race."

"Nay, then," cried the captain, casting the implements of his disguise into the highway, "let us improve our time to the utmost; we want a full quarter to the turn; why not push for it at once?"

"Be cool—they are in alarm, but they will not mount without an officer, unless they see us fly—now he comes—he moves to the stables—trot briskly—a dozen are in their saddles; but the officer stops to tighten his girths—they hope to steal a march upon us—he is mounted—now ride, captain Wharton, for your life, and keep at my heels. If you quit me you will be lost."

A second request was unnecessary. The instant that Harvey put his horse to his speed, captain Wharton was at his heels, urging the miserable animal that he rode to the utmost. Birch had selected the beast on which he rode, and, although vastly inferior to the high-fed and blooded chargers of the dragoons, still it was much superior to the little pony that had been thought good enough to carry Cesar Thompson on an errand. A very few jumps convinced the captain that his companion was fast leaving him, and a fearful glance that he threw behind informed the fugitive that his enemies were as speedily approaching. With that abandonment that makes misery doubly grievous, when it is to be supported alone, Henry called aloud to the pedler not to desert him. Harvey instantly drew up, and suffered his companion to run alongside of his own horse. The cocked hat and wig of the pedler fell from his head the moment that his steed began to move briskly, and this development of their disguise, as it might be termed, was witnessed by the dragoons, who announced their observation by a boisterous shout, that seemed to be uttered in the very ears of the fugitives—so loud was the cry, and so short the distance between them.

"Had we not better leave our horses," said Henry, "and make for the hills across the fields on our left?—the fence will stop our pursuers."

"That way lies the gallows," returned the pedler—"these fellows go three feet to our two, and would mind them fences no more than we do these ruts; but it is a short quarter to the turn, and there are two roads behind the wood. They may

stand to choose until they can take the track', and we shall gain upon them a little there."

"But this miserable horse is blown already," cried Henry', urging his beast with the end of his bridle, at the same time that Harvey aided his efforts by applying the lash of a heavy riding whip that he carried';—"he will never stand it for half a mile further."

"A quarter will do—a quarter will do," said the pedler'; "a single quarter will save us', if you follow my directions."

Somewhat cheered by the cool and confident manner of his companion', Henry continued silently urging his horse forward. A few moments brought them to the desired turn', and', as they doubled round a point of low underbrush', the fugitives caught a glimpse of their pursuers scattered along the highway'. Mason and the sergeant being better mounted than the rest of the party', were much nearer to their heels than even the pedler thought could be possible.

At the foot of the hills, and for some distance up the dark valley that wound among the mountains', a thick underwood of saplings had been suffered to shoot up', when the heavier growth was felled for the sake of fuel. At the sight of this cover, Henry again urged the pedler to dismount, and to plunge into the woods'; but his request was promptly refused. The two roads before mentioned met at a very sharp angle, at a short distance from the turn', and both were circuitous', so that but little of either could be seen at a time. The pedler took the one which led to the left', but held it only a moment', for', on reaching a partial opening in the thicket', he darted across the right hand path, and led the way up the steep ascent', which lay directly before them. This manœuvre saved them. On reaching the fork', the dragoons followed the track, and passed the spot where the fugitives had crossed to the other road', before they missed the marks of the footsteps. Their loud cries were heard by Henry and the pedler, as their wearied and breathless animals toiled up the hill', ordering their comrades in the rear to ride in the right direction. The captain again proposed to leave their horses', and dash into the thicket.

"Not yet',—not yet'," said Birch in a low voice; "the road falls' from the top of this hill' as steep as it rises'—first' let us gain the top'." While speaking they reached the desired summit', and both threw themselves from their horses. Henry plunged into the thick underwood, which covered the side of the mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their beasts a few severe blows of his whip'

that drove them headlong down the path on the other side of the eminence', and then followed his example. The pedler entered the thicket with a little caution', and avoided, as much as possible', rustling or breaking the branches in his way. There was but time only to shelter his person from view', when a dragoon led up the ascent', and, on reaching the height', he cried aloud'—

"I saw one of their horses turning the hill this minute."

"Drive on'—spur forward', my lads'," shouted Mason; "give the Englishman quarter', but cut down the pedler', and make an end of him."

Henry felt his companion gripe his arm hard', as he listened in a great tremor to this cry', which was followed by the passage of a dozen horsemen', with a vigor and speed that showed too plainly how little security their over-tired steeds could have afforded them. "Now," said the pedler', rising from his cover to reconnoiter', and standing for a moment in suspense', "all' that we gain is clear' gain; for', as wē go up', they go down. Let us be stirring."

"But will they not follow us', and surround the mountain'?" said Henry', rising, and imitating the labored but rapid progress of his companion'; "remember they have foot' as well as horse', and at any rate wē shall starve in the hills'."

"Fear nothing', captain Wharton'," returned the pedler with confidence; "this is not the mountain that I would be on', but necessity has made me a dexterous pilot among these hills. I will lead you where no man will dare to follow. Seè, the sun is already setting behind the tops of the western mountains', and it will be twō hōurs to the rising of the moon. Who', think you', will follow us far', on a November night', among these rocks and precipices'?"

"But listen'!" exclaimed Henry'; "the dragoons are shouting to each other—they miss us already."

"Come to the point of this rock', and you may see them'," said Harvey', composedly setting himself down to rest. "Nay', they can see us'—noticè, they are pointing up with their fingers. Therè! one has fired his pistol', but the distance is too great for even a musket to carry upwards."

"They will pursue us'," cried the impatient Henry'; "let us be moving'."

"They will not think of such a thing'," returned the pedler', picking the chickerberries that grew on the thin soil where he sat', and very deliberately chewing them, leaves and all', to refresh his mouth'. "What progress could they make here, in their boots and spurs', with their long swords', or even pistols'?"

No, no—they may go back and turn out the foôt; but the horse pass through these defiles, when they can keep the saddle, with fear and trembling. Comè, follow mè, captain Wharton; we have a troublesome march before us, but I will bring you where none will think of venturing this night.”

So saying, they both arose, and were soon hid from view amongst the rocks and caverns of the mountains.

LESSON LXXXV.

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHAUNCY.

DR. COOPER, who was a man of accomplished manners, and fond of society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe study that others engaged in. This, however, did not escape the envy and malice of the world, and it was said, in a kind of petulant and absurd exaggeration, that he used to walk to the south end of a Saturday, and if he saw a man riding into town in a black coat, would stop and ask him to preach the next day. Dr. Chauncy was a close student, very absent and very irritable. On these traits in the character of the two clergymen, a servant of Dr. Chauncy laid a scheme for obtaining a particular object from his master. Scipio went into his master's study one morning to receive some directions, which the doctor having given, resumed his writing, but the servant still remained. The master, looking up a few minutes afterwards, and supposing he had just come in, said, “Scipio, what do you want?” “I want a new coat, massà.” “Well, go to Mrs. Chauncy, and tell her to give you one of my old coats;” and he was again absorbed in his studies. The servant remained fixed. After a while, the doctor, turning his eyes that way, saw him again as if for the first time, and said, “What do you want, Scip?” “I want a new coat, massà.” “Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my old coats;” and he fell to writing once more. Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few minutes, the doctor looked towards him, and repeated the former question, “Scipio, what do you want?” “I want a new coat, massà.” It now flashed over the doctor's mind, that there was something of repetition in this dialogue. “Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs. Chauncy to give you one? get away.” “Yes, massà, but I no want a black coat.” “Not want a black coat! why not?” “Why, massà,—I 'fraid to tell you—but I don't want a black coat.” “What's the

reason you don't want a black coat? tell me directly." "O! massà, I don't want a black coat, but I 'fraid to tell you the reason, you so passionatè." "You rascal! will you tell me the reason?" "O! massà, I'm sure you be angry." "If I had my cane here, you villain, I'd break your bones: will you tell me what you mean?" "I 'fraid to tell you, massà; I know you be angry." The doctor's impatience was now highly irritated, and Scipio, perceiving by his glance at the tongs that he might find a substitute for the cane, and that he was sufficiently excited, said, "Well, massà, you makè me tell, but I know you be angry—I 'fraid, massà, if I wear another black coat, Dr. Cooper ask me to preach for him!" This unexpected termination realized the servant's calculation; his irritated master burst into a laugh,—"Gò, you rascal, get my hat and canè, and tell Mrs. Chauncy she may give you a coat of any color; a red one if you choose." Away went the negro to his mistress, and the doctor to tell the story to his friend Dr. Cooper.

LESSON LXXXVI.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Iambic. Epic measure.

- SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.
- 5 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could pleasé,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
- 10 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
 The decent church, that topt the neighboring hill;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
- 15 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
- 20 The young contending as the old surveyed;

- And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground',
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round'.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired',
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired';
 25 The dancing pair that simply sought renown'
 By holding out', to tire each other down';
 The swain', mistrustless of his smutted face',
 While secret laughter tittered round the place';
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love';
 30 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove';
 These were thy charms', sweet village'; sports like these,
 With sweet succession', taught e'en toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled'.
 35 Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power'.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds'
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds',
 And, many a year elapsed', return to view'
 40 Where once the cottage stood', the hawthorn grew',
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train',
 Swells at my breast', and turns the past to pain'.
 In all my wanderings round this world of care',
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share'—
 45 I still had hopes', my latest hours to crown',
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down';
 To husband out life's taper at the close',
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, (for pride attends us still'),
 50 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill'
 Around my fire an evening group to draw',
 And tell of all I felt', and all I saw';
 And, as a hare', which hounds and horns pursue',
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew',
 55 I still had hopes', my long vexations past',
 Here to return—and die at home at last'.
 O blest retirement, friend to life's decline',
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine',
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these'
 60 A youth of labor, with an age of ease!
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try',
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep',
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 65 No surly porter stands in guilty state'

- To spurn imploring famine from the gate -
 But on he moves to meet his latter end',
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend';
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay',
 70 While resignation gently slopes the way';
 And', all his prospects brightening to the last',
 His heaven commences ere the world be past'!

LESSON LXXXVII.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

Iambic. Epic.

YOUNG CELADON'

- And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
 With equal virtue formed', and equal grâcé,
 The samè; distinguished by their sex alonè;
 5 Hers' the mild lustre of the blooming morn',
 And his' the radiance of the risen day.
 They loved': but such their guileless passion was
 As in the dawn of time informed the heart
 Of innocencé and undissembling truth.
 10 'Twas friendship' heightened by the mutual wish';
 Th' enchanting hope', and sympathetic glow',
 Beamed from the mutual eyè. Devoting all'
 To love', each was to each a dearer self';
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power'
 15 Of giving joy. Alonè, amid the shades'
 Still in harmonious intercourse they lived'
 The rural day', and talked the flowing heart',
 Or sighed' and looked' unutterable things.
 So passed their life', a clear united stream',
 20 By care unruffled', till in evil hour'
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk',
 Heedless how fâr', and whère' its mazes strayed'
 While', with each other blest', creative lovè
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
 25 Presaging instant fate', her bosom heaved'
 Unwonted sighs', and stealing oft a look'
 Of the big gloom', on Celadon her eyè
 Fell tearful', wetting her disordered cheek'.
 In vain assuring lovè and confidence'
 30 In Heaven' repressed her fear'; it grew', and shook'

- Her frame near dissolution'. He perceived'
 Th' unequal conflict', and as angels look' -
 On dying saints', his eyes compassion shed',
 With love illumined high. "Fear not'," he said',
 35 "Sweet innocencé! thou stranger to offensé,
 And inward' storm'! He', who yon skies involves'
 In frowns of darkness', ever smiles on thee'
 With kind regard'. O'er thee the secret shaft'
 That wastes at midnight', or th' undreaded hour'
 40 Of noon', flies harmless'; and that very voice',
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart',
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee', surè, and thus'
 To clasp perfection!" From his void embracé,
 45 Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground'
 A blackened corsé was struck the beauteous maid'.
 But who can paint the lover' as he stood',
 Pierced by severe amazement', hating life',
 Speechless', and fixed' in all the death of woe'
 50 So, faint resemblancé! on the marble tomb'
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands',
 Forever silent', and forever sad'.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

NIGHT.

Iambic. Epic.

- THE bell strikes ONE'. We take no note of timé
 But from its loss': to give it then a tongué
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoké
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright',
 5 It is the knell of my departed hours'.
 Where are they'? With the years beyond the flood'.
 It is the signal that demands despatch':
 How much is to be doné? My hopes and fears'
 Start up alarmed', and o'er life's narrow vergé
 10 Look down'—on what'? A fathomless abyss'.
 A dread eternity! how surely miné!
 And can eternity belong to mé',
 Poor pensioner' on the bounties of an hour!
 How poor', how rich', how abject', how august',
 15 How complicate', how wonderful', is man'!
 How passing wonder He' who made him such'!

- Who centered in our make such strange extremes
 From different natures marvellously mixed—
 Connection exquisitè of different worlds' !
- 20 Distinguished link' in being's endless chain' !
 Midway' from nothing' to the DEITY' !
 A beam ethereal', sullied' and absorpt' !
 Though sullied and dishonored', still divinè !
 Dim miniature of greatness absolutè !
- 25 An heir of glory', a frail child of dust' !
 Helpless immortal' ! insect infinitè !
 A worm' ! a god' !—I tremble at myself',
 And in myself am lost'. At home a stranger',
 Thought wanders up' and down', surprised', aghast',
- 30 And wondering at her own'. How reason' reels' !
 O what a miracle to man' is man' !
 Triumphantly distressed' ! what joy' ! what dread' !
 Alternately transported' and alarmed' ;
 What' can preserve my lifè ! or what' destroy' !
- 35 An angel's arm' can't snatch me from the gravé ;
 Legions' of angels' can't confine' me thère.

LESSON LXXXIX.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

Iambic. Heroic, or epic.

- BUT thou, false guardian of a charge too good',
 Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood' !
 See on these ruby lips' the trembling breath' ;
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death' :
- 5 Cold is that breast which warmed the world before',
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus', if eternal Justice rules the ball',
 Thus' shall yôur wives, and thus yôur children fall .
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits',
- 10 And frequent hères shall besiege your gates' ;
 There passengers shall stand', and pointing say',
 (While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way',)
 Lò ! these were thèy whose souls the Furies steeled',
 And cursed with hearts' unknowing how to yield'
- 15 Thus unlamented pass the proud away',
 The gaze of fools', and pageant of a day' !
 So perish all', whose breast ne'er learned to glow'
 For others' good', or melt at others' woe'.

- What can atoné, (oh, ever injured shadè !)
- 20 Thy fate un'pitiéd', and thy rites un'paid' ?
 No friend's complaint', no kind domestic tear',
 Pleased thy pale ghost', or graced thy mournful bier'.
 By foreign hands' thy dying eyes were closed',
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed',
- 25 By foreign hands' thy humble grave adorned',
 By strangers honored', and by strangers mourned' !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear',
 Grieve' for an hour', perhaps', then mourn a year',
 And bear about the mockery of woé
- 30 To midnight dances', and the public show' ?
 What though no weeping Lóves thy ashes gracé,
 Nor polished marble emulate thy face' ?
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room',
 Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb' ?
- 35 Yet' shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed',
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast' :
 There shall the Morn her earliest tears bestow',
 There the first roses of the year shall blow' ;
 While angels' with their silver wings o'ershadé
- 40 The ground', now sacred by thy relics made.
 So peaceful rests, without a stoné, a name',
 That once had beauty', titles', wealth', and famè.
 How loved', how honored ónce, avails thee not',
 To whom' related', or by whom' begot' ;
- 45 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis áll thou art', and áll the proud' shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung',
 Deaf the praised ear', and mute the tuneful tongue'.
 Even he', whose soul now melts in mournful lays',
- 50 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear' he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part',
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart' ;
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er',
 The muse forgot', and thou' be loved no more !

LESSON XC.

DESCRIPTION OF A DEATH SCENE.

GRACE, agitated by these events', and her slight form daily becoming more shadowy', seemed like a celestial spirit', which,

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having performed its mission on earth', melts into a misty wreath', then disappears forever. Hers had always been the kind of beauty that is eloquence', though it speaks not. The love she inspired was like that of some fair infant, which we would fain clasp to our hearts in its guileless beauty'; and when it repays our fondness with a cherub smile, its angelic influence rouses all that there is of heaven within the soul. Deep compassion was now added to these emotions'; and wherever she moved, the eye of pity greeted her, as it would some wounded bird', nestling to the heart in its timid loveliness. Every one who knew her felt the influence of her exceeding purity and deep pathos of character'; but very few had penetrated into its recesses', and discovered its hidden treasures. Melody was there', but it was too plaintivé, too délicaté in its combination', to be produced by an unskilful hand. The coarsest minds felt its witching effect', though they could not define its origin';—like the servant mentioned by Addison', who drew the bow across every string of her master's violin', and then' complained that she could not', for her lifé, find where the tune was secreted.

Souls of this fine mould keep the fountain of love sealed deep within its caverns; and to onè only' is access ever granted. Miss Osborne's affection had been tranquil on the surfacè—but it was as deep' as it was pure. It was a pool which had granted its healing influence to one', but could never repeat' the miracle, though an angel should trouble its waters. Assuredly' he that could mix death' in the cup of love which he offered to one so young', so fair', and so true', was guilty as the priest who administered poison in the holy eucharist.

Lucretia, now an inmate of the family', read to her', supported her across the chamber', and watched her brief', gentlé slumbers with an intense interest', painfully tinged with self-reproach. She was the cause of this premature decay',—innocent', indeed', but still the causè. Under such circumstances, the conscience is morbid in its sensibility',—unreasonable in its acuteness'; and the smiles and forgiveness of those we have injured', tear and scorch it like burning pincers. Yet there was onè who suffered even more than Lucretiá,—though he was never conscious of giving one moment's pain' to the object of his earliest affection. During the winter', every leisure moment which doctor Willard's numerous avocations allowed him', was spent in Miss Osborne's sick chamber'; and every toné, every loók of his' went to her heart with a thrilling expression', which seemed to say', "Would I could die fôr theé! Oh! would' to God' I could die fôr theé!"

Thus pillowed on the arm of Friendship', and watched over by the arm of Lové, Grace languidly awaited the return of spring'; and when May' did arrivé, wasted as she was', she seemed to enjoy its pure breath' and sunny smile. Alas' ! that the month, which dances around the flowery earth with such mirthful step and beaming glancé, should call so many victims of consumption to their last homè ! Towards the close of this delightful season', the invalid', bolstered in her chair', and surrounded by her affectionate family', was seated at the window', watching the declining sun. There was deep silence for a lōng while ;—as if her friends feared that a brèath might scare the flitting soul from its earthly habitation. Henry and Lucretia sat on either sidé, pressing her hands in mournful tenderness'; doctor Willard leaned over her chair and looked up to the unclouded sky', as if he reproached it for mocking him with brightness'; and her father watched the hectic flush upon her cheek with the firmness of Abraham', when he offered his only son upon the altar'. Oh ! how would the heart of that aged sufferer have rejoiced within him', could hē tōo have exchanged the victim !

She had asked Lucretia to place Somerville's' rose on the window beside her. One solitary blossom was on it', and she reached forth her weak hand to pluck it'; but its leaves scattered beneath her trembling touch. She looked up to Lucretia with an expression', which her friend could never forget',—and one cold tear slowly glided down her pallid cheek. Gently as a mother kisses her sleeping babé, doctor Willard brushed it away', and turning hastily to conceal his quivering lip', he clasped Henry's hand with convulsive étergy as he whispered', " Oh ! God of mercies', how willingly would I have wiped away all tears from her eyes' ! "

There is something peculiarly impressive in manly grief. The eye of woman overflows as readily as her heart; but when waters gush from the rock', we feel that they are extorted by no gentle blow.

The invalid looked at him with affectionate regret', as if she thought it a crimè not to love such endearing kindness'; and every one present made a powerful effort to suppress painful', suffocating emotion. Lucretia had a bunch of purple violets fastened in her girdlè,—and with a forcéd smile she placed them in the hands of her dying friend. She looked at them a moment with a sort of abstracted attention', and an expression strangely unearthly', as she said', " I have thought that wild flowers might be the alphabet of angels',—whereby they write

on hills and fields mysterious truths', which it is not given our fallen nature to understand. What think you, dear father'?"

"I think, my beloved child', that the truths we do comprehend are enough to support us through all our trials."

The confidence of the Christian was strong within him', when he spokè; but he looked on his dying daughter', the only image of a wife dearly beloved'—and nature prevailed'. He covered his eyes', and shook his white hairs mournfully', as he added', "God in his mercy grant', that we may find them sufficient in this dreadful struggle." All was again still,—still', in that chamber of death. The birds sung as sweetly as if there was no such thing as discord in the habitations of man'; and the blue sky was as bright' as if earth were a stranger to ruin', and the human soul knew not of desolation'. Twilight advanced', unmindful that weeping eyes watched her majestic and varied beauty'. The silvery clouds', that composed her train', were fast sinking into a gorgeous column of gold and purple. It seemed as if celestial spirits were hovering around their mighty pavilion of light', and pressing the verge of the horizon with their glittering sandals.

Amid the rich variegated heaps of vapor', was onē spōt of clear bright cerulean. The deeply colored and heavy masses that surrounded it', gave it the effect of distance; so that it seemed like a portion of the inner heaven'. Grace fixed her earnest gaze upon it', as a weary traveller does upon an oasis in the desert. That awful luster which the soul beams forth at its parting was in her eyé, as she said', "I could almost fancy there are happy faces looking down to welcome me."

"It is very beautiful'," said Lucretia in a subdued tone. "It is such a sky as you loved to look upon', dear Gracé."

"It is such an one as wē loved'," she answered'; "there was a time when it would have made me very happy; but—my thoughts are now beyond it."

Her voice grew faint', and there was a quick gasp'—as if the rush of memory was too powerful for her weak frame.

Doctor Willard hastily prepared a cordial', and offered it to her lips. Those lips were white and motionless'; her long', fair eyelashes drooped', but trembled not. He placed his hand on her sidé;—the heart that had loved so well', and endured so much', throbbed its last.

LESSON XCI.

NATIONAL UNION.

Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy its defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong; it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never, no never, will you get another. We are now perhaps arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause, then—pause. For Heaven's sake, pause.

LESSON XCII.

MISINTERPRETATION OF MOTIVES.

I RISE with reluctance on the present occasion. The lateness of the hour forbids me to hope for your patient attention. The subject is of great importance, as it relates to other countries, and still greater to our own; yet we must decide on grounds uncertain, because they depend on circumstances not yet arrived. And when we attempt to penetrate into futurity, after exerting the utmost powers of reason, aided by all the lights

which experience could acquiré, our clearest conceptions are involved in doubt. A thousand things may happen, which it is impossible to conjecturé, and which will influence the course of events. The wise Governor of all things has hidden the future from the ken of our feeble understanding. In committing ourselves, therefore, to the examination of what may hereafter arrivé, we hazard reputation on contingencies we cannot command. And when events shall be past', we shall be judged by them', and not by the reasons' which we may now' advance.

There are many subjects which it is not easy to understand', but it is always easy to misrepresent'; and when arguments cannot be controverted', it is not difficult to calumniate motives'. That which cannot be confuted', may be misstated. The purest intentions may be blackened by malicé, and envy will ever foster the foulest imputations. This calumny is among the sore evils of our country. It began with our earliest success in 1778, and has gone on with accelerated velocity and increasing force to the present hour. It is no longer to be checked', nor will it terminate but in that sweep of general destruction', to which it tends with a step as sure as timé, and fatal as death. I know that what I utter will be misunderstood', misrepresented', deformed', and distorted'; but we must dô our dûty. This I believe is the last scene of my public lifè; and it shall', like those which preceded', be performed with candor and truth. Yes', my noble friends', [*addressing himself to the Federal Senators near him,*] we shall soon part to meet no more. But, however separated, and wherever dispersed', we know that we are united by just principle and true sentiment';—a sentiment', my country', ever devoted to yôu, which will expire only with expiring life', and beat in the last pulsation of our hearts.

My object is peace. I could assign many reasons to show that this declaration is sinceré. But can it be necessary to give this Senate any other assurancé than my word'? Notwithstanding the acerbity of temper which results from party strife', gentlemen will believe me on my word'. I will not pretend', like my honorable colleguè, [*Mr. Clinton,*] to describe to you the wastè, the ravages', and the horrors of war. I have not the same harmonious periods', nor the same musical tones'; neither shall I boast of christian chârity', nor attempt to display that ingenuous glow of benêvolencé so decorous to the cheek of youth', which gave a vivid tint to every sentence he uttered', and was', if possiblè, as impressive even as his eloquence. But though we possess not the same pomp of wôrds, our hearts' are not insensiblè to the woes of humanity. We can feel for

the misery of plundered towns', the conflagration of defenceless villages', and the devastation of cultured fields'. Turning from these features of gēnērāl distress', we can enter the abodes of private affliction', and behold the widow weeping' as she traces' in the pledges of connubial affection' the resemblance of him' whom she has lost forever. We see the aged matron bending over the ashes of her son. He was her darling', for he was generous and bravè, and therefore his spirit led him to the field' in defence of his country. We can observe another' oppressed' with unutterable anguish. Condemned to conceal her affection', forced to hide that passion which is at once the torment and delight of lifè, she learns that those eyes which beamed with sentiment' are closed in death'; and his lip', the ruby harbinger of joy', lies palè and cold', the miserable appendage of a mangled corse. Hard', hard' indeed' must be that heart', which can be insensible to scenes like these'; and bōld thē mǎn, who dares present to the Almighty Father' a conscience crimsoned with the blood of his children.

LESSON XCIII.

SCENE IN THE BURNING OF ROME BY NERO.

STILL we spurred on', but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields', we struggled forward on foot. The air had hitherto been calm', but nōw', gusts began to rise', thunder growled', and the signs of tempest thickened on'. We gained an untouched' quarter of the city', and had explored our weary passage up to the gates of a large patrician palacé, when we were startled by a broad sheet of flamé rushing through the sky. The storm was come in its rage. The range of public magazines of wood', cordagé, tar', and oil', in the valley between the Cælian and Palatine hills', had at length been involved in the conflagration'. All that we had seen before' was darkness' to the fierce splendor of this burning. The tempest tore off the roofs', and swept them like floating islands of fire through the sky. The most distant quarters on which they fell were instantly wrapped in flame. Onē brōad mǎss', whirling from an immense height', broke upon the palace before us. A cry of terror was heard within'; the gates were flung open', and a crowd of domestics and persons of both sexes', attired for a banquet', poured out

into the streets. The palace was wrapped in flames. My guide then for the first time lost his self-possession. He staggered towards me with the appearance of a man who had received a spear-head in his bosom. I caught him before he fell; but his head sank, his knees bent under him, and his white lips quivered with unintelligible sounds. I could distinguish only the words—"gonè, gonè forever!"

The flame had already seized upon the principal floors of the palacè; and the volumes of smoke that poured through every window and entrancé, rendered the attempt to save those still within, a work of extreme hazard. But ladders were rapidly placed, ropes were flung, and the activity of the attendants and retainers was boldly exerted, till all were presumed to have been saved, and the building was left to burn.

My overwhelmed guide was lying on the ground, when a sudden scream was heard, and a figuré, in the robes and with the rosy crown of the banquet,—strangè contrast to her fearful situation,—was seen flying from window to window in the upper part of the mansion. It was supposed that she had fainted in the first terror, and been forgotten. The height, the fierceness of the flame, which now completely mastered resistancé, the volumes of smoke that suffocated every man who approached, made the chance of saving this unfortunate being utterly desperate in the opinion of the multitude.

My spirits shuddered at the horrors of this desertion. I looked round at my companion: he was kneeling, in helpless agony, with his hands lifted up to heaven. Another scream, wilder than ever, pierced my senses. I seized an axe from one of the domestics, caught a ladder from another, and in a paroxysm of hopé, fear, and pity, scaled the burning wall. A shout from below followed me. I entered at the first window that I could reach. All before me was cloud. I rushed on, struggled, stumbled over furniture and fragments of all kinds, fell, rose again, found myself trampling upon precious things, platé and crystal, and still, axe in hand, forced my way. I at length reached the banqueting-room. The figure had vanished. A strange superstition of childhood, a thought that I might have been lured by some spirit of evil into the place of ruin, suddenly came over me. I stopped to gather my faculties. I leaned against one of the pillars; it was hot; the floor shook and crackled under my tread, the walls heaved, the flame hissed below, and over head roared the whirlwind, and burst the thunder-peal.

My brain was fevered. The immense golden lamps still burning; the long tables disordered, yet glittering with the

costly ornaments of patrician luxury'; the scattered Tyrian couches'; the scarlet canopy that covered the whole range of the tables, and gave the hall the aspect of an imperial pavilion partially torn down in the confusion of the flight', all assumed to me a horrid and bewildered splendor. The smokes were already rising through the crevices of the floor'; the smell of flame was on my robes'; a huge volume of yellow vapor slowly wreathed and arched round the chair at the head of the banquet. I could have imagined a fearful lord of the feast under that cloudy veil! Every thing round me was marked with preternatural fear', magnificencé, and ruin.

A low groan broke my reverie. I heard the voice of one in despair. I heard the broken words', "Oh, bitter fruit of disobedience"!—Oh', my mother', shall I never see your face again'?—For one crime I am doomed'.—Eternal mercy', let my crime be washed away—let my spirit ascend purè.—Farewell', mother', sister', father', husband'." With the last word I heard a fall', as if the spirit had left the body.

I sprang towards the sound': I met but the solid wall'. "Horrible illusion'," I cried',—"am I mad', or the victim of the powers of darkness?" I tore away the hangings'—a door was before mè. I burst it through with a blow of the axé, and saw stretched òn thê fîoor, and insensiblè—Salomè!

I caught my child in my arms'; I bathed her forehead with my tears'; I besought her to look up', to give some sign of lifé, to hear the full forgiveness of my breaking heart. She looked not', answered not', breathed not'. To make a last effort for her lifé, I carried her into the banquet-room. But the fire had forced its way therè; the wind, bursting in', had carried the flame through the long galleries'; and flashes and spires of lurid light', already darting through the doors', gave fearful evidence that the last stone of the palace must soon go down.

I bore my unhappy daughter towards the window'; but the height was deadlly'; no gesture could be seen through the piles of smoké; the help of man was in vain'. To my increased misery', the current of air revived Salome at the instant when I hoped that', by insensibility', she would escape the final pang. She breathed', stòod, and, opening her eyes', fixed on me the vacant stare of one scarcely aroused from sleep. Still clasped in my arms', she gazed again; but my wild face covered with dust', my half-burnt hair', the axe gleaming in my hand', terrified her; she uttered a scream', and darted away from me headlong into the center of the burning.

I rushed after her', calling on her name. A column of fire shot up between us'; I felt the floor sink'; all was then suffocation—I struggled', and fell'.—

LESSON XCIV.

EXTRACT FROM WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON THE TRIAL OF J. F. KNAPP.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery', and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium', how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part' in planning', or a hand' in executing' this deed of midnight assassination', may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice. Gentlemen', it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent any'where; certainly none in our New England' history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation upon their virtue, overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salarý, not revengè." It was the weighing of money' against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver', against so many ounces of blood'.

An ágēd mán, without an enemy in the world', in his own hōuse, and in his own bēd, is made the victim of butcherly murder' for mere pay'. Truly', here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder', if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for', in the very bosom of our New England society', let him not give it the grim visāge of Moloch', the brow knitted by revenge', the face black with settléd hāte', and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice';—let him draw', rather, a deco'rous, smōoth-fāced', bloodless' demon'; a picture in repōse, rather than in act'ion'; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity', and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal' nature,—a fiend' in the ordinary' display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and

steadiness', equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidencé, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim', and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man', to whom sleep was swêet—the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft' but strong embrace. The assassin enters', through the window already prepared', into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall', half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs', and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock', by soft and continued pressuré, till it turns on its hinges'; and he enters', and beholds' his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turnèd from the murderer', and the beams of the moon', resting on the gray locks of his aged templé, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given'!—and the victim passes', without a struggle or a motion', from the repose of sleep' to the repose of death'. It is the assassin's purpose to make sûre work; and he yet' plies the dagger', though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raisès, the aged arm', that he may not fail in his aim at the heart'; and replaces it again' over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture', he explores the wrist for the pulsè! he feels it', and ascertains that it beats no longer'! It is accomplished'. The dèed is done'. He retreats', retraces his steps to the window', passes out through it as he came in', and escapes. He has done the murder'—no eye has seen him', no ear has heard him'. The secret is his own', and it is sâfe!

Ah'! gentlemen', that was a dreadful mistake'. Such a secret can be safe nòwhere. The whole creation of God' has neither nook' nor corner', where the guilty can bestow it', and say it is sâfe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises', and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon',—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection', even by men'. True it is', generally speaking', that "murder will out'." True it is', that Providence hath so ordained', and doth so govern things', that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man's blood', seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially', in a case exciting so much attention as this', discovery must come', and will come', sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man', every thing', every circumstance', connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited

minds intensely dwell on the scéné, shedding all their light', and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true' to itself'. It labors' under its guilty possession', and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it', and it can ask no sympathy or assistancé, either from heaven' or earth. The secret which the murderer' possesses' soon comes to possess him'; and, like the evil spirits of which we read', it overcomes him', and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart', rising to his throat', and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face', reads it in his eyes', and almost hears its workings' in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion', it breaks down his courage', it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him', and the net of circumstances to entangle him', the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed', it will be confessed', there is no refuge from confession', but suicidé, and suicide', is confession'.

LESSON XCV.

ODE FOR THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

Iambic. Three feet and four.

1. Blow ye the trumpet', blow'
The gladly solemn sound'!
Let all the nations know',
To earth's remotest bound',
The year of Jubilee has come',
And freedom finds on earth', a home'.
2. In Zion's sacred gates'
We'll raise our cheerful songs';
To God', our Strength and Shield',
Sublimest praise belongs'.
With thankful hearts let us declaré
How wondrous all his mercies are'.

3. Arise', O mighty God',
 In majesty diviné,
 And through the world make known'
 That freedom's cause is thiné,
 And shall prevail', where'er the sun'
 His circling course shall daily run'.

4. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET', BLOW',
 ATTENTIVE NATIONS HEAR';
 A time by Heaven foretold'
 Is now approaching near',
 (Praise to the Lord',) when there shall bé
 Through all the eāth a Jubilee.

LESSON XCVI.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BEFORE THE
 BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

*Trochaic. Three feet and four, with an additional long
 syllable.*

1. Stand'! the GROUND'S YOUR OWN, MY BRAVES',
 WILL YE GIVE IT UP TO SLAVES'?
 WILL YE LOOK FOR GREENER GRAVES'?
 HOPE YE MERCY STILL'?
 What's the mercy despots' feel'?
 Hear' it in that battle' peal'!
 Read it on yōn bristling steel'!
 Ask it—ye who will'.

2. Fear ye foes who kill fōr hiré?
 Will ye to your homes' retiré?
 Look behind you! they're afire'!
 And, before you, see'
 Who have dōne it'!—From the valé
 On they come'!—and will ye quail'?—
 Lēaden rain and iron hail'
 Let their welcome be'!

3. In the God of battles trust'!
 Die we may'—and die we must'.—
 But', O, where can dust to dust'
 Be consigned so well',
 24*

As where heaven its dews shall shed'
 On the martyred patriot's bed',
 And the rocks shall raise their head',
 Of his deeds to tell!

LESSON XC VII.

BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

Anapestic. Four feet and three. In the first and fourth stanza, each third and sixth line has an additional short syllable.

1. BEHOLD the moss'd corner-stone dropp'd from the wall',*
 And gaze on its daté, but remember its fall',
 And hope that some hand may replace it';
 Think not of its pride when with pomp it was laid',
 But weep for the ruin its absence has madé,
 And the lapse of the years that efface it.
2. Mourn Washington's death', when ye think of his birth',
 And far from your thoughts be the lightness of mirth',
 And far from your cheek be its smile.
 To-day he was born'—'twas a loan'—not a gift';
 The dust of his body' is all that is left',
 To hallow his funeral pile.
3. Flow gently', Potomac'! thou washest away'
 The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay',
 When youth brushed his cheek with her wing';
 Breathe softly', ye wild winds', that circle around'
 That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground'
 Ever pressed by the foot-prints of Spring.
4. Each breeze be a sigh', and each dewdrop a tear',
 Each wave be a whispering monitor near',
 To remind the sad shore of his story';
 And darker', and softer', and sadder the gloom'
 Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb',
 Where Washington sleeps in his glory.
5. Great God'! when the spirit of freedom shall fail',
 And the sons of the pilgrims in sorrow bewail'
 Their religion and liberty gone';
 Oh, send back a form that shall stand as he stood',

* This line is faulty in its measure, and is a specimen of the carelessness of many modern poets.

Unsubdu'd by the tempest', unmov'd by the flood';
And to Thée, be the glory alonè.

LESSON XCVIII.

KING RICHARD'S SOLILOQUY.

Iambi: verse, with some irregularities. .

I have endeavored to *mark* this extract from Shakspeare so as to give the true expression. Where there is such a tumult of conflicting passions, however, it is not easy to express the transitions, by any scheme of notation, with perfect accuracy; but it is hoped that the notation here used will not be materially deficient.

- Give me another horsè—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy', Jesù!—Soft'; I did but dream;
O coward consciencè, how dost thou afflict mè!—
The lights burn bluè.—It is now dèad midnight.
5 Còld fèarful dròps stand òn my trèmbing flesh.
What do I fear' ? mysèlf ? there 's none èlse by' :
Richard' loves' Richard' ; that is', I am I.
Is there a murderer heré ? Nò ;—Yes' ; I am :
Then fly',—What', from mysèlf ? Greàt rēasōn ! Whý ?
10 Lest I revengè. What' ? Mysèlf, on mysèlf ?
I lôve mysèlf. Whereforé ? for any good'
That I' mysèlf have doné unto mysèlf ?
O, nò : alas', I rather hâte mysèlf,
For hateful deeds committed by mysèlf.
15 I am a villain' : Yet I lie'—I am not'.
Fool', of thysèlf speak well' :—Fool', do not flatter'.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues',
And every tongue brings in a several talé,
And every talé condemns me for a villain'.
20 Perjury', perjury', in the high'st degree ;
Murder', stern mûrder', in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins', all used in each degré,
Throng to the bar', crying all',—Guilty' ! guilty' !—
I shall despair'. There is no crēaturé lôves mè ;
25 And', if I dié, no soul will pity mè :—
Nay', wherefore shoûld they' ? since that I mysèlf
Find in mysèlf no pity to mysèlf ?
Methought', the souls of all that I had murdered'

Came to my tent' : and every one did threat
 30 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

LESSON XCIX.

SNOW STORM.

Iambic. Epic.

- As thus the snows arisé, and foul, and fiercé,
 All winter drives along the darken'd air',
 In his own loose-revolving fields', the swain'
 Disaster'd stands'; sees other hills ascend',
 5 Of unknown joyless brow'; and other scenes',
 Of horrid prospect', shag the trackless plain':
 Nor finds the river', nor the forest', hid'
 Beneath the formless wild'; but wanders on'
 From hill to dalé, still more and more astray';
 10 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps',
 Stung with the thoughts of home'; the thoughts of home'
 Rush on his nerves', and call their vigor forth'
 In many a vain attempt'. How sinks his soul'!
 What black despair', what horror' fills his heart'!
 15 When, for the dusky spot which fancy feign'd',
 His tufted cottagé rising through the snow',
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste',
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man';
 While round him night resistless closes fast',
 20 And every tempest, howling o'er his head',
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind',
 Of cover'd pits unfathomably deep',
 A dire descent', beyond the power of frost'!
 25 Of faithless bogs'; of precipices hugé,
 Smooth'd up with snow'! and what is land unknown',
 What water of the still unfrozen spring',
 In the loose marsh' or solitary laké,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils',—
 30 These check his fearful steps'; and down he sinks'
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift',
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death',
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots'
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man',
 35 His wifé, his children', and his friends unseen'.

- In vain for him the officious wife prepares'
 The fire fair-blazing', and the vestment warm';
 In vain his little children, peeping out'
 Into the mingling storm', demand their siré
 40 With tears of artless innocencè. Alas'!
 Nor wife nor children more shall he behold',
 Nor friends', nor sacred homè. On ev'ry nervè
 The deadly Winter seizes',—shuts up sensé,—
 And', o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold',
 45 Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corsé,
 Stretch'd out', and bleaching in the northern blast.

LESSON C.

VAIN ANTICIPATIONS.

Iambic. Epic.

- OF man's miraculous mistakes' this bears'
 The palm', "that all men are about to livé"—
 Forever on the brink of being bôrn :
 All pay themselves the compliment to think'
 5 They onè day shall not drivè'; and their pridè',
 On this reversion', takes up ready praisè,—
 At least', their own'; their fûturè selves applauds :
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead'!
 Time lodged in their own hands', is Folly's' 'vails;
 10 Time lodged in Fate's', to wisdom' they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purposé, they postpone.
 'Tis not in folly' not to scorn' a fool',
 And scarce in human wisdom to do mōrè.
 All prōmisè, is poor dilatory man',
 15 And that', through every stage. When young', indeed',
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest',
 Unanxious for ourselves', and only wish',
 As duteous sons', our fâthers were more wisé.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool' ;
 20 Knows' it at forty', and reforms his plan' ;
 At fifty', chides his infamous delay',
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolvè ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought'
 Resolves', and rè-resolves ; then dies the same.
 25 And why' ? because he thinks himself immortal' ;
 All men think all men mortal', but themselves' ;
 Themselves', when some alarming shock of Faté

- Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread':
 But their hearts wounded', like the wounded air',
 30 Sōon clōse; where passed the shaft' no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains',
 The parted wavé no furrow from the keel',
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death':
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds'
 35 O'er those we lové, we drop it' in their gravè.

LESSON CI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

Anapestic. Four feet.

1. THE Assyrian came down* like the wolf on the fold',
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold';
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green',
 That host' with their banners' at sunset were seen':
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown',
 That host' on the morrow lay withered and strown.
3. For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast',
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill',
 And their hearts but oncè heaved', and forever grew still.
4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all widé,
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pridè;
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf',
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
5. And there lay the rider distorted and palé,
 With the dew on his brow' and the rust on his mail';
 And the tents were all silent', the banners alone',
 The lances uplifted', the trumpet unblown'.
6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail',
 And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal';
 And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword',
 Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

* In the second foot there are three *very* short syllables and one long. It is at best a faulty foot.

† Pronounced by the poet, *Bale*, but improperly.

LESSON CII.

DEATH OF LE FEVRE.

THE sun looked bright the morning after', to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids',—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circ'lé,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted timé, entered the lieutenant's room', and without preface or apology', sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-sidé, and, independently of all modes and customs', opened the curtain in the manner an old friend or brother officer would have done it', and asked him how he did',—how he had rested in the night',—what was his complaint',—where was his pain',—and what he could do to help him';—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries', went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You shall go home directly', Le Fevré, said my uncle Toby', to m̄ hōusè,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter',—and we'll have an apothecary',—and the corporal shall be your nursè;—and I'll be your servant', Le Fevré.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby'—not the effect' of familiarity',—but the causé of it',—which let you at once into his soul', and showed you the goodness of his naturè; to this', there was something in his looks', and voicé, and manner', superadded', which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter' under him'; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father', had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees', and had taken hold of the breast of his coat', and was pulling it towards him'.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him', and were retreating to their last citadel', the heart'—rallied back'; the film forsook his eyes for a moment',—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's facé—then cast a look upon his boy',—and that ligament', fine as it was', was never broken'.—

Nature instantly ebbed again',—the film returned to its placè—the pulse fluttered'—stopped'—went on'—throbbed'—stopped again'—moved'—stopped'—shall I go on' ?—Nò.

LESSON CIII.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

THE eternity of God is a subject of contemplation, which, at the same time that it overwhelms us with astonishment and awe, affords us an immovable ground of confidence in the midst of a changing world. All things which surround us, all these dying, mouldering inhabitants of time, must have had a Creator, for the plain reason, that they could not have created themselves. And their Creator must have existed from all eternity, for the plain reason that the first cause must necessarily be uncaused. As we cannot suppose a beginning without a cause of existence, that which is the cause of all existence must be self-existent, and could have had no beginning. And as it has had no beginning, so also, as it is beyond the reach of all influence and control, as it is independent and almighty, it will have no end.

Here then is a support, which will never fail; here is a foundation, which can never be moved—the everlasting Creator of countless worlds, “the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity.” What a sublime conception! He inhabits eternity, occupies this inconceivable duration, pervades and fills, throughout, this boundless dwelling. Ages on ages before even the dust of which we are formed was created, he had existed in infinite majesty, and ages on ages will roll away, after we have all returned to the dust whence we were taken, and still he will exist in infinite majesty, living in the eternity of his own nature, reigning in the plenitude of his own omnipotence, forever sending forth the word which forms, supports and governs all things, commanding new-created light to shine on new-created worlds, and raising up new-created generations to inhabit them.

The contemplation of these glorious attributes of God is fitted to excite in our minds the most animating and consoling reflections. Standing, as we are, amid the ruins of time, and the wrecks of mortality, where every thing about us is created and dependent, proceeding from nothing, and hastening to destruction, we rejoice that something is presented to our view, which has stood from everlasting, and will remain forever. When we have looked on the pleasures of life, and they have vanished away; when we have looked on the works of nature, and perceived that they were changing; on the monuments of art, and seen that they would not stand: on our friends, and

they have fled while we were gazing'; on ourselves, and felt that we were as fleeting as they'; when we have looked on every object to which we could turn our anxious eyes', and they have all told us that they could give us no hope nor support', because they were so feeble themselves',—we can look to the throne of God': change and decay have never reached that'; the revolution of ages has never moved it'; the waves of an eternity have been rushing past it', but it has remained unshaken'; the waves of another eternity are rushing toward it', but it is fixed, and can never be disturbed.

And blessed be God', who has assured us by a revelation from himself', that the throne of eternity' is likewise a throne of mercy and love; who has permitted and invited us to repose ourselves and our hopes on that which alone is everlasting and unchangeable. We shall shortly finish our allotted time on earth', even if it should be unusually prolonged'. We shall leave behind us all which is now familiar and beloved', and a world of other days and other men will be entirely ignorant that once we lived. But the same unalterable Being will still preside over the universé, through all its changés, and from his remembrance we shall never be blotted. We can never be where hē is not', nor where hē sees, and loves, and upholds us nōt. He is our Father and our God forever. He takes us from earth' that he may lead us to heaven', that he may refine our nature from all its principles of corruption', share with us his own immortality', admit us to his everlasting habitation', and crown us with his eternity.

LESSON CIV.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PREACHING OF WHITFIELD.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man, which would lead you to suppose that a Felix could tremble before him. "He was something above the middle stature', well proportioned', and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair', his features regular', and his dark blue eyes' small and lively'; in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with onē of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable,* than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled', both in

* A new-coined word.

melody', and compass'; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action, which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite for an orator." To have seen him when he first commenced', one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing; but as he proceeded', his heart warmed with his subject', and his manner became impetuous and animated', till', forgetful of every thing around him', he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah', and to beseech in agony for his fellow-beings.

After he had finished his prayer', he knelt for a long time in profound silence; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audiencé, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house. Before he commenced his sermon', long', darkening columns' crowded the bright', sunny sky' of the morning', and swept their dull shadows over the building in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was', "Strive to enter in at the strait gatè; for many, I say unto you, shall sēek to enter in', and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human lifè," said hé, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor'. "It passed for a moment', and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view';—but it is gonè. And where will yē bé, my hearers', when your lives have passed away like the dark cloud'? Oh, my dear friends', I see thousands sitting attentivé, with their eyes fixed on the poor', unworthy preacher'. In a few days we shall all meet at the judgment seat of Christ. Wē shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gāthēr bēfōre thē thrōne; and ēvery ēye will bēhōld thē Jūdge. With a vōice whōse cāll you must abidé and answer', he will inquire whether on earth' ye strove to enter in at the strait gatè; whether you were supremely devoted to God'! whether your hearts were absorbed in him'. My blōod rŭns cōld when I think hōw mǎny of you will then seek' to enter in', and shall not be able. Oh', what a plea can you make before the Judge' of the whole earth'? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh', with its affections and lusts'? that your life has been onē lōng ēffōrt to do the will of God'? Nò! you must answer', I made myself easy' in the world' by flattering myself that āll would ēnd well; but I have deceived my ōwn sōul', and am lōst'.

"You', O false and hollow Christian', of what avail will it be that you have done many' things'; that you have read', much', in the sacred word'; that you have made lōng prayers';

that you have attended religious duties', and appeared holy in the eyes of men' ? What will all this be, if, instead of loving him' supremely', you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven', by acts' really' polluted' and unholy' ?

"And you', rich man', wherefore do you hazard your silver' ? wherefore count the price you have received for him' whom you every day crucify in your love of gain' ? Why', that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water', your beloved son' may be rolled to hell' in his chariot' pillowed and cushioned around him'."

His eye gradually lighted up as he proceeded', till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"Oh, sinners' !" he exclaimed', "by all your hopes of happiness', I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. SEE THERE !" said he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit'. "'TIS A GLANCE from the ANGRY EYE of JEHOVAH !—Hark' !" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder', and broke in one tremendous crash over the building'. "It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger' !"

As the sound died away', he covered his face with his hands', and knelt beside his pulpit', apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away', and the sun', bursting forth in his might', threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising', and pointing to the beautiful object', he exclaimed', "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him' that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory', and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The effect was astonishing'. Even Somerville shaded his eyes' when he pointed to the lightning', and knelt' as he listened to the approaching thunder'; while the deep sensibility of Gracé, and the thoughtless vivacity of Lucretià, yielded to the powerful excitement in an unrestrained burst of tears. "Who could resist such eloquence ?" said Lucretià, as they mingled with the departing throng.

LESSON CV.

INTEMPERANCE.

INTEMPERANCE is, in our land, emphatically the great moral pestilence that walketh in darkness; and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day. In its march thousands fall at your sidé, and ten thousand at your right hand'. If it is not stayed by timely and efficient remedies', like the angel of death in the Assyrian camp', it will change the living into dead corpses', and sweep our country as with the besom of destruction.

Intemperance, as a source of crime, is an evil exceeding calculation. I do not know what proportion of the yearly crimes of our nation are occasioned by it',—and I should scarcely dare to state it', if I did'. Gó, learn the fact at our houses of correction', from the records of our courts', from the wretched inmates of our prisons', and from the dying confessions' of our criminals. Of the deaths which annually take place in our country, I cannot tell what proportion of them are occasioned by intemperance. Gó, learn the fact from the bills of mortality', from the reports of societies formed for the suppression of intemperancè, and, especially', from the reports of medical societies', composed of men who are competent judges in this matter. If all those whose deaths are occasioned directly', or indirectly', by strong drink', were to be conveyed to one common cemetery', every year would make a vast Golgothà—a place literally filled' with skulls'. Will you not then come forth in your strength against this merciless and destroying enemy'?—Will you not raise your standard, and call to your ranks every youth who is not a prèy to the mighty', and a captivé in chains'? In what way can you better serve your God, and your country', than by taking a decided stand against intemperance'? In what way can you more successfully promote the happiness of your fellow-men', and save so many from sufferings too great to be known by any but those who feel them'? It is not the personal sufferings of the drunkard' to which I now alludè—these, whatever they may bé, are gratuitous on his part', and he must bear them. But it is the sufferings which he brings upon the innocent'; upon those who have had no partnership with him in crime. A multitude, upon whom these sufferings have not yet comé, may, perhaps', be saved from them by your influence timely exerted. It is on their behalf I plead', and make my appeal' to the best sympathies of your heart'. You pity, I know you dó, the child who, as often as he happens to offend

his playmate, is saluted with'—your father' is a drunkard'. You pity, I know you dó, the fond parent whose last days are filled with anguish', and whose gray hairs are brought down with sorrow to the gravé, by the idleness', prodigality', and cruelty of an intemperate son. You pity, I know you dó, the husband, who dares not invite his friend to his firesidé, to be his guest for an hour' or a night', lest he should find his house desolated by a besotted wife. And most of all', you pity that delicate femalé, who cannot endure an unkind word' or look' from the man to whom she has committed her person', her fortuné, and her happiness'; whó, instead of finding in him the protecting angel she expected', finds only a raving maniac'; and whó, having lived through the hurricane raised by onè fit of intemperancé, lives but to tremble in the fearful expectation of another, and another tempest' still more dreadful. Could you look into her lonely dwelling at the midnight hour', deserted by him who should be her companion and solacé; could you see her fast-falling tears as she looks on her babè, which', unconscious of her grief', sleeps sweetly in the cradle by her sidé; could you hear the agonizing prayer which she sends up to heaven' for the return of its father from his intemperate revel';—and O! could you look into the inner sanctuary that is veiled', and witness the throbbings of her half distracted heart when she hears his footsteps at the door', as though an enemy had comé; you would pity', I know you would pity, her still more. Should you see her sinking under disease occasioned by cold neglect and a broken heart', you could scarcely put up a prayer for the delay of her dismission'. Do you ask where such scenes may be witnessed'? I answer', in the habitations of poverty and wretchedness' occasioned by drunkenness'. Say not', it is the picture of fancy. Reäl lifé, think of it as you may', presents many an original', of which this' is but a half-drawn portrait.

LESSON CVI.

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE

ON casting a survey over the different orders into which society is distributed, I am at an utter loss to fix on any description of persons who are likely to be injured by the most extensive perusal of the word of God. The poor', we may be certain', will sustain no injury from their attention to a book which', while it inculcates, under the most awful sanctions', the practice of honesty', industry', frugality', subordination to lawful author-

ity', contentment', and resignation to the allotments of Providence, elevates them to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away;" a book', which at once secures the observation of the duties which attach to an inferior condition', and almost annihilates its evils', by opening their prospects into a state where all the inequalities of fortune will vanish', and the obscurest' and most neglected piety' shall be crowned with eternal glory. "The poor man rejoices that he is exalted;" and while he views himself as a member of Christ', and the heir of a blessed immortality', he can look with undissembled pity on the frivolous distinctions', the fruitless agitations', and the fugitive enjoyments of the most eminent and the most prosperous of those who have their portion in this world. The poor man will sustain no injury by exchanging the vexations of envy' for the quiet of a good conscience, and fruitless repinings' for the consolations of a religious hope. The less is his portion in this life, the more ardently will he embrace and cherish the promise of a better', while the hope of that better' exerts a reciprocal influence, in prompting him to discharge the duties', and reconciling him to the evils', which are inseparable from the present. The Bible is the treasure of the poor', the solace of the sick', and the support of the dying'; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour', it is the peculiar triumph of that' book' to create light in the midst of darkness', to alleviate the sorrow' which admits of no other alleviation', to direct a beam of hope to the heart' which no other topic of consolation can reach'; while guilt', despair', and death' vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest' and most uncultivated' minds. The simple structure of its sentences', combined with a lofty spirit of poetry',—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature, and the transactions of common life,—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts,—and the profusion of miraculous' facts', which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground',—its constant advertence to the Deity', whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable,—unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which', after assiduous and repeated perusal', invests it with much of the charm of novelty'; like the great orb of day', at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy' to old age. What other book', besides the Bible, could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires', and an interest that never cloy's? With few exceptions', let a portion of the sacred vol-

time be recited in a mixed multitudé, and though it has been heard a thousand times', a universal stillness ensues'; every eye is fixed', and every ear is awaké and attentivé. Select, if you can', any other composition', and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind', and see whether it will produce this effect.

LESSON CVII.

CHARACTER OF INFIDELITY.

THE spirit of infidelity has the heart of a wolf', the fangs of a tiger', and the talons of a vulture. Blood is its proper nourishment': and it scents its prey with the nerves of a hound', and cowers over a field of death on the sooty pinions of a fiend. Unlike all other animals of prey', it feeds upon its own kind'; and, when glutted with the blood of others', turns back upon those who have been its coadjutors', and who, if either its disposition' or its measures' could admit of friendship', would have been its friends'. Between ninety and a hundred' of those who were leaders' in this mighty work of destruction', fell by the hand of violence. Enemies of all men', they were of course enemies to each other. Butchers of the human race, they soon whetted the knife for each other's' throats': and the tremendous Being who rules the universé, whose existence they had denied in a solemn act of legislation', whose perfections they had made the butt of public scorn' and private insult', whose Son they had crucified afresh', and whose word they had burnt by the hands of the common hangman', swept them all by the hand of violence into an untimely grave. The tale made every ear which heard it' tingle, and every heart chill' with horror. It was', in the language of Ossian', "the song of death'." It was like the reign of the plague in a populous city. Knell' tolled upon knell'; hearsé followed hearsé; and coffin' rumbled after coffin'; without a mourner to shed a tear upon the corpsé, or a solitary attendant to mark the place of the gravé. From one new moon to another, and from one sabbath to another, the world went forth and looked after the carcasses of the men who transgressed against God; and they were an abhorring unto all flesh.

LESSON CVIII.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO RELIGIOUS EFFORT.

WE believe that improvement in intellectual sciencé, but, above all, more elevated piety, and more ardent devotion, will yet confer some new powers of suasion on the Christian teacher. Every one must be sensible, that the gospel is an instrument which has never been wielded with its legitimate effect, since the time of the Apostles. May we not hope that there are forms of illustration at present untried, that there are modes of appeal as yet unattempted, which, with an efficacy more certain than we any where now witness, will arouse the slumbering consciencé, and lead the awakened sinner to the cross of Christ.

Christian brethren, estimate, if you can, the importance of these facts. Consider that every law of matter, or of mind, presents a separate argument in favor of religion; that the providence of God is multiplying, with a rapidity beyond precedent, both the number and the power of such arguments; that all classes of men are becoming more deeply imbued with a knowledge of them; and that this knowledge, from the improved discipline of the faculties, must produce a more certain and more salutary effect; and then consider how the press is enabling every man to exert his whole moral and intellectual power upon the thoughts and opinions of mankind, and you will surely say, that never have there been presented so many nor so great encouragements for a universal effort to bring the whole of Christendom under subjection to Jesus Christ. The prediction seems already fulfilled, "the sons of strangers shall come bending unto thee." Following in the train of every art, and every sciencé, infidel philosophy herself is beheld presenting her offering at the feet of the Redeemer. Every thing waits for us to move forward and take possession of the inheritance which Messiah has purchased with his own most precious blood.

LESSON CIX.

FINAL TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

If we have "tasted that he is gracious," if we look back with horror and transport upon the wretchedness and the wrath which we have escaped, with what anxiety shall we not hasten

to the aid of our fellow men, who are "sitting in the region and shadow of death." What zeal will be too ardent; what labor too persevering; what sacrifice too costly, if by any means we may tell them of Jesus' and the resurrection, and the life eternal! Who shall be daunted by difficulties, or deterred by discouragement? If but one Pagan should be brought, savingly, by your instrumentality to the knowledge of God, and the kingdom of heaven, will you not, my brethren, have an ample recompense? Is there here a man who would give up all for lost because some favorite hope has been disappointed? or who regrets the worldly substance which he has expended on so divine an enterprise? Shame on thy coward spirit and thine avaricious heart! Do the Holy Scriptures, does the experience of ages, does the nature of things justify the expectation, that we shall carry war into the central regions of delusion and crime, without opposition, without trial? Show me a plan which encounters not fierce resistance from the Prince of Darkness and his allies in the human heart, and I will show you a plan which never came from the inspiration of God. If missionary efforts suffer occasional embarrassments; if impressions on the heathen be less speedy, and powerful, and extensive, than fond wishes have anticipated; if particular parts of the great system of operation be, at times, disconcerted; if any of the "ministers of grace" fall a sacrifice to the violence of those whom they go to bless "in the name of the Lord," these are events which ought to exercise our faith and patience; to wean us from self-sufficiency; to teach us where our strength lies, and where our dependence must be fixed; but not to enfeeble hope, nor relax diligence. Let us not "despise the day of small things." Let us not overlook, as an unimportant matter, the very existence of that missionary spirit which has already awakened Christians in different countries from their long and dishonorable slumbers, and bids fair to produce, in due season, "a general movement of the church upon earth." Let us not for one instant harbor the ungracious thought, that the prayers, and tears, and wrestlings of those who "make mention of the Lord," form no link in that vast chain of events by which he will establish, and "will make Jerusalem a praise, in the earth." That dispensation which of all others is most repulsive to flesh and blood, the violent death of faithful missionaries, should animate Christians with new resolution. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints." The cry of martyred blood ascends to the heavens; it enters into "the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." It will give him no rest till he "rain down righteousness" upon the land where it

has been shed', and which it has sealed as a future conquest for Him[^] who in his "majesty rides prosperously because of truth', and meekness, and righteousness."

For the wôrld, indeed', and also for the church', many calamities and trials are in storé, before the glory of the Lord shall be so revealed', that "all flesh shall see it together." "I will shake all nations', and the desire of all nations shall come." The vials of wrath which are now running', and others which remain to be poured out', must be exhausted. The "supper of the great God" must be prepared', and his "strange work" have its course. Yet the missionary cause must ultimately succeed. It is the cause of God', and shâll prevail. The days, O brethren', roll rapidly on', when the shout of the isles shall swell the thunder of the continent', when the Thames' and the Danubè, when the Tiber' and the Rhinè, shall call upon the Euphrates', the Ganges', and the Nilè; and the loud concert shall be joined by the Hudson', the Mississippi', and the Amazon', singing with òne heàrt and òne vōicé, Alleluià! Salvation! The Lōrd Gōd òmnipōtēnt rèignēth!

LESSON CX.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Iambic. Four and three feet, alternately.

1. THE rose that blooms in yonder valé
With fragrance scents the air';
But Sharon's rose is sweeter still',
Its blossoms are more fair.
2. This plant', derived from Paradisé,
Delights in sacred ground';
On Zion's hill', by Siloa's brook',
On Bethlehem's plain 'tis found.
3. Wet with those dews of love diviné,
Which once on Hermon fell'—
Warmed by the Sun of righteousness'—
It buds and blossoms well'.
4. Tend', then', this plant with pious carè,
Nor think the labor vain';
It is an emblem of the heàrt'
Where heavenly graces reign.

LESSON CXI.

LOVEST THOU ME?—John xxi. 17.

Trochaic. Four feet, and three with an additional short syllable.

1. LOVE I thee', thou blest Redeemer' ?
Love I thee', thou sinner's friend' ?
Love I thee', my soul's preserver' ?—
Whither can such question tend' ?
2. Well I know my heart is fickle ;
Well I know the force of sin' ;
Well I know a subtle tempter',
Foe to virtue, lurks within'.
3. Still, the question gives me anguish',
When I hear it put by thee' ;
Dost thou, Lord', indeed suspect mé ?
Dost thou some unsoundness see ?
4. By thy Spirit's power to quicken',
By thine own sufficient might',
Set me free from all deception' ;
Keep me safely—keep me right'.
5. Grace to lean upon thy bosom',
Grace to purify and save,
Grace, till I arrive in heaven',—
Grace, eternal grace, I crave'.

LESSON CXII.

PILGRIM'S SONG.

Trochaic and iambic, alternately. Three trochaic feet with a long syllable added; three iambic.

1. RISE, my soul', and stretch thy wings',
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things',
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars' decay—
Time shall soon this earth remove—
Rise, my soul', and haste away'
To seats prepared above.

2. Rivers to the ocean run',
 Nor stay in all their coursè :
 Fires ascending' seek the sun' ;—
 Both speed them to their sourcè ;
 So a soul', that's born of God',
 Pants to view his glorious facè ;
 Upward tends to his abodé,
 To rest in his embrace.
3. Fly me riches', fly me cares',
 While I that coast explorè ;
 Flatt'ring world', with all thy snares',
 Solicit me no morè.
 Pilgrims fix not here their homé,
 Strangers tarry but a night' ;
 When the last dear morn is comé,
 They'll rise to joyful light'.
4. Cease', ye pilgrims', cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize' ;
 Soon the Savior will return',
 Triumphant in the skies' :
 There we'll join the heavenly train',
 Welcomed to partake the bliss' ;
 Fly from sorrow and from pain'
 To realms of endless peace.

LESSON CXIII.

SAFETY IN GOD.

Iambic. Four feet. Called long meter

1. God is the refuge of his saints',
 When storms of sharp distress invadè ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints',
 Behold him present with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled'
 Down to the deep', and buried there' ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world',
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar' ;
 In sacred peace our sōuls abidè ;
 While every nation', every shoré,
 Trembles', and dreads', the swelling tide.

4. There is' a stream whose gentle flow'
Supplies the city of our God';
Life, lovè, and joy' still gliding through',
And watering our divine abodè.
5. Thāt sâcrêd strêam—thy holy word',
Our grief allays', our fear controls';
Sweet peace thy promises afford',
And give new strength to fainting souls'.
6. Zion enjoys her monarch's lovè,
Secure against a threatening hour';
Nor can her firm fōundatiōns mōve,
Built on his' truth', and armed with power'.

LESSON CXIV.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Iambic. Epic measure, sometimes styled long proper meter.

1. THE Lord', the sovereign', sends his summons forth'.
Calls the south' nations', and awakes the north';
From east' to west' the sounding orders spread'
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead'.
No more shall atheists mock his long delay';
His vengeance slêeps nō mōre;—behold' the day`!
2. Behold', the Jūdge descends'! his guards are nigh';
Tempest and firē attend him down the skȳ.
Heaven', earth', and hell', draw near'; let all things comè,
To hear his' justice and the sinner's doom'.
But gather first my saints', (the Judge commands'),
Bring them', ye angels', from their distant lands.
3. Behold', my covenant stands forever good',
Sealed by th' eternal sacrifice in blood',
And signed with all their names'; the Greek', the Jew',
That paid the ancient' worship', or the new'.
There's no distinction here; comè, spread their thrones',
And nêar me sêat my fâvōrites and mȳ sōns.
4. I, their almighty Savior' and their God',
I, am thêir Jūdge: ye heavens', prōclāim abrōad
My jūst êternāl sêntēnce, and dēclarē

Thōse āwful trūths that sinners drēad tō hēar.

Sinners in Zion, tremble` and retire`;

I doom thēe, painted hypocrite, to fire.

5. Not for the want of goats' or bullocks' slain`
Do I condemn theè ; bulls and goats are vain`.

Without the flames of love' : in vāin the storé
Of brutal offerings' that were mine before.

Mine are the tamer' beasts', and savagè brēed,
Flocks', herds', and fields', and forests' where they fēed.

6. If I were hungry', would I ask thēe food' ?
When did I thirst', or drink thy bullock's blood' ?
Can I be flattered' with thy cringing bows',
Thy solemn chatterings' and fantastic vows' ?
Are my eyes charmed' thy vestments to behold',
Glāring in gems', and gāy in woven gold' ?

7. Unthinking` wretch` ! how couldst thou hōpe to pleasé
A God', a Spirit', with such toys as thēsé ?
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongué
Thou lov'st deceit', and dost thy brother wrong`:
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends` ;
Thieves' and adulterers' are thy chosen' friends'.

8. Silent I waited with long suffering' lovè ;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er' reprové ?
And cherish such an impious thought within',
That God' the rightēous' would indulge thy sin' ?
Behold my ter'rors nōw ; my thūndērs rōll,
And thy ōwn crimes affright thy gūilty sōul.

9. Sinners', awake betimes' ; ye fools', be wisè ;
Awakè before this dreadful morning risè,
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend`
Fly to the Savior', make the Judgè your friend' !
Lest', like a lion', his last vēngeance teār'
Yōur trēmbling sōuls, and nō dēlivērēr nēar.

LESSON CXV.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.—Gen. xxi. 9—21.

- 9 AND Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian', which
 10 she had borne to Abraham', mocking'. Wherefore she
 said to Abraham', Cast out' this bond-woman' and her son';
 for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with mý
 11 son', even with Isaac'. And the thing was very grievous
 12 in Abraham's sight', because of his son'. And God said to
 Abraham', Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of
 the lad', and because of thy bond-woman'; in all that Sa-
 rah hath said to thee, hearken to her voice: for in Isaac'
 13 shall thy seed be called. And also of the son of the bond'-
 woman' will I make a nation', because he is thy seed.
 14 And Abraham rose early in the morning', and took bread',
 and gave it to Hagar' (putting it on her shoulder'), and the
 child', and sent her away; and she departed', and wander-
 ed in the wilderness of Beersheba.
 15 And the water was spent in the bottlé, and she cast the
 16 child under one of the shrubs'. And she went and sat down
 over against him', a good way off, as it were a bōw-shōt:
 for she said', Let me not see the death of the child. And
 she sat over against him', and raised her voice, and wept.
 17 And God heard the voice of the lad': and the angel of God
 called to Hagar out of heaven, and said to her', What aileth
 thee, Hagar? fēar nōt; for God hath heard the voice of
 18 the lad' where he is. Arisè, lift up the lad', and hold him
 19 in thy hand': for I will make him a great nation. And
 God opened her eyes', and she saw a well of water': and
 she went and filled the bottle with water', and gave the lad
 20 drink. And God was with the lad'; and he grew', and
 21 dwelt in the wilderness', and became an archer'. And he
 dwelt in the wilderness of Paran': and his mother took for
 him a wife out of the land of Egypt.

LESSON CXVI.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.—Gen. xlii. 1—24.

- 1 Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt',
 Jacob said to his sons', Why do ye look one upon another?'
 2 And he said', Behold', I have heard that there is corn in

- Egypt': go down thither', and buy for us from thence; that
 3 we may livè, and not die. And Joseph's ten brethren went
 4 down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin', Joseph's
 brother', Jacob sent not with his brethren': for he said',
 5 Lest perhaps mischief shall befall him. And the sons of
 Israel came to buy corn' among those that camè: for the
 famine was in the land of Canaan.
- 6 And Joseph was the governor over the land', and hè it
 was' that sold to all the people of the land'; and Joseph's
 brethren camè, and bowed themselves before him with their
 7 faces to the earth'. And Joseph saw his brethren', and he
 knew them', but made himself' strange to them', and spoke
 roughly to them'; and he said to them', Whence' come
 yé? And they said', From the land of Canaan' to buy
 8 food'. And Joseph knew his brethren', but they' knew not
 9 him'. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he
 dreamed of them', and said to them', Ye are spies'; to see
 10 the nakedness of the land' have ye comè. And they said
 to him', Nò, my lord', but to buy' food' have thy servants
 11 comè. We are all one' man's' sons'; we are true mèn;
 12 thy servants are nò spies'. And he said to them', Nò, but
 13 to see the nakedness of the land have ye come. And they
 said', Thy servants are twelve brethren', the sons of one
 man' in the land of Canaan'; and behold', the youngest is
 14 this dāy with our father', and one is not'. And Joseph said
 to them', That is what I' spoke to you, saying', Ye are
 15 spies': By this' ye shall be proved': By the life of Pharaoh',
 ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother
 16 shall come hither'. Send one of you, and let him bring
 your brother', and ye shall be kept in prison', that your
 words may be proved', whether there is any truth in you:
 17 or elsé, by the life of Pharaoh', surely ye are spies'. And
 18 he put them all together into custody three days. And
 Joseph said to them the third day, This dō, and livè; for I
 19 fear God': if ye are true men', let one of your brethren be
 bound in the house of your prison': go ye, carry corn for
 20 the famine of your houses': But bring' your youngest
 brother to mè; so shall your words be verified', and ye
 21 shall not die. And they did sò. And they said one to
 another', We are verily guilty concerning our brother', in
 that we saw the anguish of his soul', when he besought us',
 and we would nōt hear'; therefore is this distress come
 22 upon us. And Reuben answered them', saying', Did I not
 speak to you, saying', Do not sin against the young man';
 and ye would nōt hear'? therefore behold also his blood is

23 required. And they knew not that Joseph understood
 24 them; for he spake to them by an interpreter. And he
 turned himself away from them, and wept, and returned to
 them again, and communed with them, and took from them
 Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

LESSON CXVII.

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST FORETOLD.—Isa. liii.

- Who hath believed our report?
 And to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?
 2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant,
 And as a root out of dry ground; he hath no form nor
 comeliness;
 And when we shall see him, there is no beauty, that we
 should desire him.
 3 He is despised and rejected by men;
 A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief:
 And we hid as it were our faces from him;
 He was despised, and we esteemed him not.
 4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows:
 Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten by God, and
 afflicted.
 5 But he was wounded for our transgression,
 He was bruised for our iniquities:
 The chastisement of our peace was upon him,
 And with his stripes we are healed.
 6 All we, like sheep, have gone astray;
 We have turned every one to his own way;
 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.
 7 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not
 his mouth;
 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter,
 And as a sheep before her shearers is dumb,
 So he opened not his mouth.
 8 He was taken from prison and from judgment:
 And who shall declare his generation?
 For he was cut off from the land of the living,
 For the transgression of my people was he stricken.
 9 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich
 in his death,
 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in
 his mouth.

- 10 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him'; he hath put him to grief':
 When thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin',
 He shall see his seed', he shall prolong his days',
 And the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand'.
 11 He shall see of the travail of his soul', and shall be satisfied':
 By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many',
 for he shall bear their iniquities'.
 12 Therefore will I divide to him a portion with the great',
 And he shall divide the spoils with the strong',
 Because he hath poured out his soul to death',
 And he was numbered with the transgressors';
 And he bore the sin of many', and made intercession for the transgressors'.

LESSON CXVIII.

DESIRE FOR IMMORTALITY NATURAL TO MEN.

THE secluded peasant carves his name on the tree which hath sheltered him from the summer's shower. The passing tourist scratches his initials on the rock upon which he hath gazed. And thus the traveler', on the journey of life, would fain leave some memorial', which shall convince the crowd which shall come after him', that his name stood for something that was worthy of the character of man.

For who', to dull forgetfulness a prey',
 This pleasing', anxious' being e'er resigned',
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day',
 Nor cast onè longing' lingering', look behind'?

This desire, so universal, so natural to man', revelation hath no where forbidden. Let it only be directed to proper objects', and she cherishes it. But how shall wealth purchase this much coveted remembrancé? Is it by pampering' these bodies', on which the earthworm so soon shall revel'? Is it by hoarding up treasures', which our children shall squander in thoughtless extravagancé? Is it by building habitations', which the men who shall come after us', will level with the dust'? O it is pitiful', to behold how quickly the memory of him', who boasteth himself in his riches', is forgotten! In the very scramble for his wealth', of which he himself hath set the example, his name and his character are trampled under foot.

Thus, O my God, dost thou pour avenging blindness over the eyes of selfish men, and make their own iniquitous passions the executioners of thy righteous retribution.

Do you ask, then, how shall wealth acquire for you remembrance upon earth? We answer, write your history in deeds of mercy, and your memory shall live. So long as there are sick to be visited, or naked to be clothed, or ignorant to be taught, or vicious to be reclaimed, or heathen to be converted, you have it in your power to secure to yourself a name, which shall shine with still increasing luster, when that of conquerors and heroes shall long since have been forgotten. The righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance. The pride of learning, neglected by an advancing age, sinks with its authors into oblivion. The wreath of the victor withers, but the wreath of the philanthropist shall bloom forever. The glory of Napoleon, mightiest of the mighty though he were, is fast fading away, and year after year is rapidly erasing the lines which he drew upon the destinies of Europe. The glory of Robert Raikes is every year growing brighter, for its record is written in the moral history of man. The one, like the flaming meteor, glared wildly at Austerlitz; it sunk at St. Helena, and the light which marked its track is quickly vanishing in darkness. The other rose mildly as the morning sun, and it is yet rising. Ages will elapse ere it reaches its meridian. There, fixed like the sun of Joshua, it shall hang high in mid-heaven, until the judgment trumpet shall announce that the warfare is accomplished, and the victory is won, and we shall reign forever and forever.

LESSON XCIX.

BENEVOLENT BEINGS HIGHER THAN OURSELVES.

REVELATION informs us, that there are creatures endowed with powers more exalted than our own, creatures who have never sinned, and who draw near to that hallowed, uncreated light where sits enthroned the King Eternal. Of these employments we know but little; but we know enough to be assured that they are mainly the works of benevolence. Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation? Of their visits to our earth, rarely have we been conscious; for this dull veil of materialism hides them from our sight. But at times this veil has been withdrawn, and then, I pray you, where do we behold them?

They are seen watching over the lonely pillow of a sleeping patriarch', protecting in the hour of his devotion a persecuted prophet', visiting in prison the apostle of the Jews', communing in the hour of his peril with the apostle of the Gentiles', and ministering in the desert and in the garden unto Him', who was a man of sorrows' and acquainted with grief. Such are the places of their choicest visitation. Is it not seemly for us to follow their exemplé ?

But we learn our duty from more awful examples. The Deity hath revealed himself mainly to us as a God of benevolencé. I read in his word much' of his wisdom', of his power', of his omnipresencé; but I read more' of his compassion. These other attributes are but handmaids' to his mercy', for God' is lovè. In the material world', infinite as are the exhibitions of his incomparable skill', that' skill' is ever subservient to the happiness of sensitive being. Throughout the sorrowful history of this apostate world', we have beheld him every where so overruling the vicissitudes of nations', and the movements of society', as to hasten onward the reign of righteousness and peace. The design of the work of redemption is summed up in this òne word',—God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son', that whosoever believeth in him', might not perish'. We tremblè at his power'. We stand in awè of his omnisciençè. We fall prostrate before his purity'. But tell mè, if there be aught of his doings that fills us with so adoring a veneration', as when we behold the high and lofty Oné, stooping from thè high and holy place to feed the hungry', to clothe the naked', to counsel the ignorant', to be the Father to the fatherless', the Judge of the widow', to comfort the cast down', to speak peace to the penitent', and', drawing near to the lowly couch of the humblest of his children', to whisper in the ear of the departing spirit',—Fear not', I am with thee; be not dismayed', I am thy God'; I will strengthen thee, I will help thee; yeá, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Brethren', let us learn a lesson of mercy of our Father who is in heaven. Be ye followers', imitators of God', as dear children.

But there is another example of equal authority', and of yet more affecting application. You will all anticipate that to which I allude. Deity himself has been an inhabitant of our world. The Wōrd was Gōd, and dwelt among us. He came hither on an errand of benevolence. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He who was the brightness of the Father's glory' was bruised for our' iniquities'; he was wounded for our transgressions'; the chastisement by which òur

peace was effected' was upon him', and by his' stripes' we are healed'. Strange was the errand which brought him hither', and yet more strange the manner in which that errand' was accomplished'. For wheré, when on earth', was the Son of God to be found'? Upholding all things by the word of his power', was he seen in the palaces of princes'? Sharing the councils of eternity', was he found in the cabinets of statesmen'? The high possessor of heaven and earth', did he aspire after the society of the honorable and the rich'? Ah'! disciple of Jesus Christ, thy Master was not little enough' for this' world's greatness. I blush' for thee while I speak it. Thy Redeemer was found a houseless philanthropist', traveling on foot from village to villagé, over the most despised province of the Roman empire. His associates were fishermen and publicans', and a few poor women' who ministered to him of their substance. He was to be seen feeding the hungry', giving sight to the blind', and health to the diseased', at the bedside of the sick', comforting the cast down', binding up the broken in heart', and preaching the Gospel to the poor'. His history on earth is thus briefly summed up', by the pen of inspiration'—He went about doing good. Thus hath God taught us how he himself would livé were he such an one as wē. Brethren', you see this part of my subject is exhausted. I can say no more.

LESSON CXX.

ADVANTAGE OF HAVING CHRIST FOR OUR KING.

NAY, the present moment', and every' moment when present', is fraught with consequences incapable of being estimated by any finite understanding. On timé, Eternity' hangs. As we live heré, we shall live hereafter'. If our time be well employed', and our talents well used', it will be well with us in the end. But if we abuse both heré, it will be ill' with us hereafter'. The present moment' is important', chiefly', as it affects those which are future; begins' or strengthens' an evil', or virtuous' habit; depraves' or amends' the soul; hardens' or softens' the heart; and contributes', in this way', to advance us towards heaven', or towards hell'. There is no man who is not better' or worse to-day', by means of what he thought', designed', or did', yesterday. The present day', therefore, is not only important in itself', as a season for which we must give an account', but because of the influence which it will have on the events of the morrow. Thus circumstanced', frail', irresolutè,

wandering', wicked', exposed to immense dangers', and yet capable of immense enjoyments'; how infinitely desirable is it', that we should have such a friend as Christ. In his' mind are treasured up all the means of happiness', which we need'; the immense power', knowledgé and goodness', the unchangeable truth', faithfulness' and mercy', which', and which only', can provide and secure for us immortal blessings', or preserve us from evils' which know no end. In all places', he is present'; over all things' hē rules with an irresistible dominion'. No being', no event', can be hidden from his' eye. No enemy', however insidious', or however powerful', can escape from his' hand. His disposition is written in letters of blood on the cross. He who died', that sinners might livè; he who prayed for his murderers', while imbruing their hands in his blood'; can need', can add', no proofs of his compassion for men'. This glorious Redeemer is', also, the same yesterday', to-day', and forever. Such a friend to man', as he was when he hung on the cross', he will be throughout eternity'; and to every one who sincerely desires an interest in his good will', he will manifest his friendship in an endless succession of blessings.

While we wander through the wilderness of life amid so many wants', how desirable must it be to find a friend', able and willing to furnish the needed supplies'? Amid so many enemies and dangers', how desirable must it be to find a friend', able and willing to furnish the necessary protection'? Amid so many temptations', to watch over us'? amid so many sorrows, to relieve us'? in solitudé to be our companion'? in difficulties', our helper'? in despondencé, our support'? in diseasé, our physician'? in death', our hopé, resurrection' and lifé? In a word, how desirable must it be to find a friend, whó, throughout all the strangé, discouraging' state of the present lifé, will give us peace, consolation' and joy', and cause all things', even the most untoward and perplexing', to work together for our good'?

On a dying bed especially', when our flesh and our hearts must fail of coursé; our earthly friends yield us little consolation', and no hopè; and the world itself retire from our view'; how delightful will such a friend bé? Then the soul', uncertain', aloné, hovering over the form which it has so long inhabited', and stretching its wings for its flight into the unknown vast', will sigh' and pant' for an arm' on which it may lean', and a bosom' on which it may safely reclinè. But therè, Christ is present' with all his tenderness', and all his power. With one hand' he holds the anchor of hopé; and with the other' he points the way to heaven.

In the final resurrection', when the universe shall rend asunder, and the elements of this great world shall rush together with immense confusion and ruin', how supporting', how ravishing' will it be, when we awake from our final sleep', and ascend from the dust in which our bodies have been so long buried', to find this glorious Redeemer re-fashioning our vile bodies like unto his glorious body', and re-uniting them to our minds', purified' and immortal' ? With what emotions shall we arise, and stand', and behold the Judge descend in the glory of his Father', with all his holy Angels' ? With what emotions shall we see the same unchangeable and everlasting friend', placing us on his right hand in glory and honor', which kings will covet in vain', and before which all earthly grandeur shall be forgotten' ? With what melody will the voice of the Redeemer burst on our ears', when he proclaims', Come ye blessed of my Father', inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world' ? How will the soul distend with transport', when', accompanied by the Church of the first-born', and surrounded by Thrones', Principalities', and Powers', it shall begin its flight towards the highest heavens', to meet his Father' and our Father', his God' and our God' ? What an internal heaven will dawn in the mind', when we shall be presented before the throne of Jehovah', and settled amid our own brethren in our immortal inheritancé, and our final homè ; and behold all our sins washed away', our trials ended', our dangers escaped', our sorrows left behind us', and our reward begun, in that world', where all things are ever new', delightful and divinè.

LESSON CXXI.

DYING.

THE hour is rapidly approaching, my friends', when each one of us shall not only know that he must die', but shall feel' that he is dying'. I will suppose this hour to arrive under circumstances most favorable for forming a correct and unbiassed estimate of the value of every earthly possession. I will suppose you in a full possession of your reason as you are at this moment. I will suppose all uncertainty respecting the event to be done away', that medical skill has announced the hour of your deceasé, and that you already feel that' indescribable something', which assures you that the soul is already breaking loose from her tabernacle of clay. I will suppose moreover', that you have some adequate conceptions of the strictness of

the law by which you must be judged', of the holiness of that Being before whom you must stand', of the unutterable bliss in reserve for the righteous', and of the unutterable agonies which await the wicked. I will also suppose you to be perfectly aware, that the time for repentance is past'; and that all which now remains for you, is to ascertain from the facts of your past history', whether your life has' or has not' been spent in preparation for eternity. At that solemn moment', every power of thought within you will be concerned upon the question, Am I a disciple of Jesus Christ? The soul asks', and the holy oracle answers', Unless a man deny himself', and take up his cross and follow mé, he cannot' be my disciple. The dying man calls up in review the days' and weeks' and months' and years' that are past'; and in an agony demands of each', Have I denied myself', have I taken up my cross', have I followed Christ? Ah', who can describe the despair of him', who, from one and from all of them', receives the stern', the all-deciding answer', Nò.

The die is cast'. But who can tell the horrors of the coming interval? Terrified at the gulf before her', the soul looks back upon the past'; but all is filled with horrible visions'. Power', rank', applause', learning', all' have bidden her adieu in the hour of her calamity', and have left her to her Judge. Her very amusements' have turned traitors', and accused her of self-destruction. The card table, the theater', the ball-room', speak now' only of murdered time, and wasted opportunity'. That pampered body', that vacant mind', those ungoverned passions', that hoarded gold', all declare that she hath lived unto herself'. Behind' all is condemnation'; before her', naught is seen but the terrific effulgence of the long suffering', most merciful', but abused', insulted', thrice holy' Lord God Almighty'. Speech' fails'; but the glare of those sightless eyeballs tells' that the spirit' seeth visions' which language cannot utter. An unearthly groan', and all is still. The affrighted ghost', in all the horrors of self-condemnation', stands before her Judge.

LESSON CXXII.

Psalm xviii. 1—16.

- 1 I WILL love theé, O Lord', my strength'.
- 2 The Lord is my rock and my fortress', and my deliverer,
My God', my strength', in whom I will trust':

My buckler, and the horn of my salvation', and my high tower.

- 3 I will call upon the Lord', who is worthy to be praised',
- 4 So shall I be saved from my enemies.
The sorrows of death compassed mé,
And the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.
- 5 The sorrows of hell encompassed mé,
The snares of death seized me.
- 6 In my distress I called upon the Lord',
And cried to my God;
He heard my voice out of his templé,
And my cry came before him', even into his ears'.
- 7 Then the earth shōok ānd trēmbled;
The foundations also of the hills' moved'
And were shaken' because he was wroth.
- 8 There went up a smoke out of his nostrils',
And fire out of his mouth devoured';
Coals were kindled by it'.
- 9 He bōwed thē hēavēns ālsó, and came down',
And dārkness wās ūndēr his fēet'.
- 10 And hē rodē upōn ā chērūb, ānd flēw;
Yea, he flēw upōn thē wings of thē wind.
- 11 He made darkness his secret placē;
His pavilion around him', were dark waters'
And thick clouds of the skies'.
- 12 At the brightness that was before him' his thick clouds
passed';
Hail stones' and coals of firē.
- 13 The Lōrd also thūnderēd in thē hēavēns,
And the Highēst gavē his vōice;
Hail stones' and coals of firē.
- 14 Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them',
And he shot out lightnings', and discomfited them':
- 15 Thēn thē chānnēls of wātērs wēre sēen,
And thē fōundātiōns of thē wōrld wēre discōverēd'
At thȳ rebūkē, O Lord',
At the blāst of the brēath of thy nōstrils'.
- 16 He sent from abovē, he took mé,
He drew me out of many waters'.
- 17 He delivered me from my strong enemy',
And from them who hated mé,
For they were tōo strōng for mē.
- 18 They attacked me in the day of my calamity',
But the Lord was my stay.

LESSON CXXIII.

Isaiah xl. 12—31.

- 12 Who' hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,
And measured heaven with the span',
And comprehended the dust of the earth in a mesuré,
And weighed the mountains in scales', and the hills in a
balancé ?
- 13 Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord',
Or being his counsellor hath taught him' ?
- 14 With whom took he counsel', and who instructed him',
And taught him in the path of judgment',
And taught him knowledgé, and showed to him the way of
understanding' ?
- 15 Behold', the nations are as a drop of a bucket',
And are counted as the small dust of a balancé :
Behold he taketh up the isles' as a very little thing' ;
- 16 And Lebanon' is not sufficient to burn',
Nor the beasts' of it' sufficient for a burnt offering.
- 17 All nãtions before him' are as nothing' ;
And they are counted to him less' than nothing' and vanity .
- 18 To whom then will ye liken God' ?
Or what likeness will ye compare to him' ?
- 19 The workman melteth a graven imagé,
And the goldsmith spreadeth it over with gold', and casteth
silver chains.
He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation', choos-
eth a tree that will not rot'.
- 20 He seeketh for himself a skilful workman'
To prepare a graven image that shall not be moved'.
- 21 Havē yē nôt known' ? havē yē nôt heard' ?
Hath it not been told you from the beginning' ?
Have ye not understood' from the foundations of the earth' ?
- 22 It is hē' that sitteth upon the circle of the earth',
And its inhabitants arē as grasshoppers' ;
That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain',
And spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in',—
- 23 That bringeth the princes to nothing' ;
He maketh the judges of the earth as vanity'.
- 24 Yes', they shall not be planted' ; yes', they shall not be
sown' :
Yes', their stock shall not take root in the earth' :
And he shall also blōw upon them', and they shall wither' ;

- And the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.
 25 To whom then will ye liken me,
 Or shall I be equaled' ? saith the Holy One.
 26 Lift up your eyes on high, and behold' who created these
 things',—
 That bringeth out their host by number' ; he calleth them
 all by names',
 By the greatness of his might', for that he is strong in power';
 not one faileth'.
 27 Why sayest thou, O Jacob', and speakest, O Israel',
 My way is hid from the Lord',
 And my judgment is passed over from my God' ?
 28 Hast thou not known', hast thou not heard'
 That the everlasting God', the Lord',
 The Creator of the ends of the earth', fainteth not', neither
 is weary' ?
 There is no searching of his understanding'.
 29 He giveth power to the faint',
 And to them that have no might' he increaseth strength.
 30 Even the youths shall faint and be weary',
 And the young men shall utterly fall' ;
 31 But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ;
 They shall mount up with wings' as eagles' ;
 They shall run', and not be weary',
 They shall walk' and not faint'.

LESSON CXXIV.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Iambic. Four feet. L. M.

1. THE perfect world by Adam trod'
 Was the first temple—built by God':
 His fiat laid the corner stone,
 And heaved its pillars', one by one.
2. He hung its starry roof on high—
 The broad illimitable sky ;
 He spread its pavement, green and bright',
 And curtained it with morning light.
3. The mountains in their places stood—
 The sea—the sky—and "all' was good' ;"
 And, when its first pure praises rang',
 The "morning stars together sang."

4. Lord, 'tis not ours' to make the sea,
And earth', and sky', a house for thee ;
But in thy sight our offering stands'—
A humbler` temple—"made with hands."
-

LESSON CXXV.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

Iambic. Three feet, and two. Called also Hallelujah meter.

1. Yes', the Redeemer rose,
The Savior left the dead',
And o'er our hellish foes'
High raised his conquering head';
In wild dismay
The guards around'
Fall to the ground'
And sink away`.
2. Ló! the angelic bands'
In full assembly meet',
To wait his high commands',
And worship at his feet';
Joyful they comé,
And wing their way'
From realms of day'
To Jesus' tomb'.
3. Then back to heaven they fly',
The joyful news to bear';
Hark`! as they soar on high',
What music fills the air'!
Their anthems say,
"Jesus who bled'
Hath left the dead';
He rose to-day`."
4. Ye mortals', catch` the sound',
Redeemed by him from hell';
And send the echo round'
The globé, on which you dwell ;
Transported cry',
"Jesus who bled'
Hath left the dead',
No more to die."

5. All hail', triumphant Lord',
 Who sav'st us with thy blood'!
 Wide be thy name adored',
 Thou rising', reigning God'!
 With thee we risé,
 With thee we reign',
 And empires gain'
 Beyond the skies'.
-

LESSON CXXVI.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

Iambic. Four feet. L. M.

1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes',
 Th' eternal hills' beyond the skies';
 Thence all her help my soul derives';
 There my Almighty refuge lives`.
2. He lives', the everlasting God',
 That built the world', that spread the flood`;
 The heavens with all their hosts he madé,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
3. He guides our feet', he guards our way';
 His morning smiles bless all the day`:
 He spreads the evening veil', and keeps'
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
4. Israel', a name divinely blest',
 May rise securé, securely rest';
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes'
 Admit no slumber' nor surprisè.
5. No sun shall smite thy head by day',
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray'
 Shall blast thy couch'; no baleful star'
 Dart his malignant firé so far`.
6. Should earth and hell with malice burn',
 Still thou shalt gó, and still return`
 Safè in the Lord'; his heavenly caré
 Defends thy life from every snarè. •
7. On thee foul spirits have no power';
 And in thy last', departing hour',
 Angels', that trace the airy road',
 Shall bear thee homeward' to thy God'.

LESSON CXXVII.

GOING TO CHURCH.

Iambic. Four feet alternating with three feet. C. M.

1. How did my heart rejoice to hear'
My friends devoutly say',
"In Zion let us all appear',
And keep the solemn day'!"
2. I love her gates', I love the road':
The church adorned with gracé
Stands like a palace built for God'
To show his milder facè.
3. Up to her courts with joys unknown'
The holy tribes repair';
The Son of David holds his throné,
And sits in judgment therè.
4. He hears our praises and complaints';
And while his awful voicé
Divides the sinners from the saints',
We tremblè and rejoicè.
5. Peace bè within this sacred placè,
And joy' a constant guest';
With holy gifts' and heavenly gracé
Be' her attendants blest'.
6. My soul shall pray for Zion still',
While life or breath remains';
Thère my best friends', my kindred dwell',
Thère God', my Savior', reigns'.

LESSON CXXVIII.

THE REDEEMER'S MESSAGE.

Iambic. Four feet alternating with three. C. M.

1. HARK', the glad sound', the Savior comes',
The Savior' promised long'!
Let every heart' prepare a throné,
And every voicé a song'.

2. On him the Spirit', largely poured',
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom' and might', and zeal' and love
His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes' the prisoners to releasé,
In Satan's bondage held';
The gates of brass before him burst',
The iron fetters yield'.
4. He comes', from thickest films of vicé
To clear the mental ray';
And on the eyes opprest with night',
To pour celestial day.
5. He comes', the broken heart to bind',
The bleeding soul to curè;
And with the treasures of his gracé
T' enrich the humble poor.
6. Our glad Hosannas', Prince of Peacé,
Thy welcome shall proclaim';
And heaven's eternal arches ring'
With thy beloved name.

LESSON CXXIX.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Iambic. Every third line in a stanza has four feet; the other lines have three feet each. S. M.

1. How beauteous are their feet',
Who stand on Zion's hill';
Who bring salvation on their tongues',
And words of peace reveal'!
2. How charming' is their voice',
How sweet' the tidings arè!
"Zion', behold thy Savior King',
He reigns and triumphs herè."
3. How happy are our ears'
That hear this joyful sound',
Which kings and prophets waited for',
And sought', but never found'!
4. How blessed are our eyes',
That see this heavenly light';
Prophets and kings desired it long',
But died' without the sight'.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ';
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs',
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm'
Through all the earth abroad';
Let every nation now' behold'
Their Savior' and their God'.

LESSON CXXX.

Galatians—Chapter iii.

- 1 O FOOLISH Galatians', who hath bewitched you that ye should not obey the truth', before whose eyes Jesus Christ
- 2 hath been evidently set forth', crucified' among you? This only would I learn from you, Received ye the Spirit by the
- 3 works of the law', or by the hearing of faith'? Are ye so foolish'? having begun in the Spirit', are ye now' made
- 4 perfect by the flesh'? Have ye suffered so many things in vain'? if it is yet' in vain'. He therefore that ministereth
- 5 to you the Spirit', and worketh miracles among you, doeth he this by the works of the law', or by the hearing of faith'?
- 6 Even as Abraham believed God', and it was accounted to
- 7 him for righteousness'. Know ye therefore, that they who
- 8 are of faith', the same are the children of Abraham'. And the scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith', preached before the gospel to Abraham',
- 9 saying', In thee shall all nations be blessed'. So then they'
- 10 who are of faith' are blessed with faithful Abraham'. For as many as are of the works of the law', are under the curse: for it is written', Accursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law' to do
- 11 them. But that no man is justified by the law in the sight
- 12 of God', is evident'; for', The just shall live by faith'. And the law' is not' of faith': but The man that doeth them'
- 13 shall live by them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law', being made a curse for us';—for it is written',
- 14 Accursed is every one that hangeth on a tree;—that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ'; that we might receive the promise of the
- 15 Spirit through faith'. Brethren', I speak after the manner of men'; though it is but a man's' covenant', yet if it is
- 16 confirmed', no man disannulleth', or addeth to it'. Now to

- Abraham and his' seed' were the promises made. He saith not, And to seeds, as of many', but as of one;—And to thy'
 17 seed', which is Christ'. And this I say', that the covenant' that was confirmed before by God in Christ', the law' which was four hundred and thirty years after', cannot disannul'
 18 that it should make the promise' of no effect'. For if the inheritance is by the law' it is no more' by promise'; but God gave it to Abraham' by promise'.
- 19 What purpose then serveth the law'? It was added because of transgressions', till the seed should come to whom the promise' was made; and it was ordained by angels' in
 20 the hand of a mediator'. Now a mediator' is not a mediator of one'; but God' is one'. Is the law then against the
 21 promises of God'? By no means': for if there had been a law given' which could give life, verily' righteousness' would
 22 have been by the law'. But the scripture hath concluded all under sin', that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ'
 23 might be given to them that believe. But before faith' came', we were kept under the law', shut up' to the faith
 24 which should afterwards be revealed'. Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster' to bring us to Christ', that we might
 25 be justified by faith'. But after faith' is come', we are no longer under a schoolmaster'. For ye all are children of
 26 God' by faith' in Christ Jesus'. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ', have put on Christ'. There
 28 is neither Jew' nor Greek', there is neither bond', nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in
 29 Christ Jesus'. And if ye are Christ's', then are ye Abraham's' seed', and heirs' according to the promise'.

LESSON CXXXI.

PROFANITY REPROVED.

How wonderful a specimen of human corruption is presented in the so general profanation of the name of God', exhibited in light-minded cursing and swearing! How perfectly at a loss is Reason for a motive to originate, and explain this conduct! Why should the Name of the Créator' be treated with irreverence? Why should not any' thing else be uttered by man', if we consider him merely as a rational being' without recurring at all' to his moral' and accountable character', rather than language of this nature? Certainly', it contributes not in the least degree, to the advancement of any' purpose'; unless that

purpose is mere profaneness'. I know well that passion is often pleaded for the use of this language. But why should passion prompt to profaneness? Anger, one would suppose, would naturally vent itself in expressions of resentment against the person who had provoked us. But this person is always a fellow creature; a man like ourselves. In what way, or in what degree, is God concerned in this matter? What has the passion, what has the provocation, to do with Him, his name or his character? Why do we affront and injure him, because a creature, infinitely unlike him, has affronted and injured us? I know that custom, also, is pleaded as an extenuation, and perhaps as an explanation, of this crime. But how came such a custom to exist? How came any rational being ever to think of profaning the name of God? How came any other rational being to follow him in this wickedness? Whence was it that so many millions of those who ought to be rational beings, have followed them both? What end can it have answered? What honor, gain, or pleasure can it have furnished? What taste can it have gratified? What desire, what affection, can it have indulged? What end can the profane person have proposed to himself?

Can any explanation be given of this conduct, except that it springs from love to wickedness itself? From a heart fixedly opposed to its Maker; pleased with affronting him; loving to abuse his character, and to malign his glorious agency? A heart in which sin is gratuitous; by which, in juster language nothing is gained, much is plainly lost, and every thing is hazarded? What, beside the love of sinning; what, but the peculiar turpitude of the character, can be the source, or the explanation, of this conduct?

Ask yourselves what you gain; what you expect to gain; what you do not lose. Remember that you lose your reputation, at least in the minds of all the wise and good, and all the blessings of their company and friendship; that you sacrifice your peace of mind; that you break down all those principles on which virtue may be grafted, and with them every rational hope of eternal life; that you are rapidly becoming more and more corrupted, day by day; and that with this deplorable character, you are preparing to go to the judgment. Think what it will be to swear, and curse, to mock God, and insult your Redeemer through life; to carry your oaths and curses to a dying bed; to enter eternity with blasphemies in your mouths; and to stand before the final bar, when the last sound of profaneness has scarcely died upon your tongues.

LESSON CXXXII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR HIS GOODNESS AND TRUTH.

Iambic. Four feet in each line. Long proper meter

1. I'LL praise my Maker with my breath';
And when my voice is lost in death'
Praise shall employ my nobler powers'.
My days of praise shall ne'er be past'
While life, and thought, and being last',
Or immortality endures'.
2. Why should I make a man my trust'?
Princes must diè and turn to dust';
Vain is the help of flesh and blood';
Their breath departs', their pomp and power',
And thoughts all vanish in an hour',
Nor can they make their promise good.
3. Happy the man whose hopes rely'
On Israel's God'; he made the sky',
And earth and seas', with all their train';
His truth forever stands securè;
He saves th' opprest', he feeds the poor',
And none shall find his promise vain'.
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind';
The Lord supports the sinking mind';
He sends the laboring conscience peacè;
He helps the stranger in distress',
The widow' and the fatherless',
And grants the prisoner' sweet releasè.
5. He loves his saints', he knows them well',
But turns the wicked down to hell';
Thy God', O Zion', ever reigns';
Let every tongue, let every agé
In this exalted work engagè;
Praise him' in everlasting strains'.
6. I'll praise him' while he lends me breath',
And when my voice is lost in death',
Praise shall employ my nobler powers';
My days of praise shall ne'er be past',
While lifé, and thought', and being last',
Or immortality endures'.

LESSON CXXXIII.

IN THAT DAY, &c.—Zech. xiii. 1.

Trochaic. First and third lines of each stanza contain four feet each. Second, fourth and sixth contain three feet each, and a long syllable added; the fifth line has but two feet.

1. SEE from Zion's sacred mountain'
Streams of living water flow';
God has opened there a fountain';
This supplies the plains below'.
They are blessed'
Who its sovereign virtues know.
2. Through ten thousand channels flowing',
Streams of mercy find their way';
Life and health and joy bestowing',
Making all around look gay :
O, ye nations',
Hail the long expected day'.
3. Gladdened by the flowing treasure',
All enriching as it goes',
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure',
Buds' and blossoms' as the rose.
Every object'
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
4. Trees of life the bank adorning'
Yield their fruit to all around';
Those who eat are saved from mourning',
Pleasure comes', and hopes abound';
Fair their portion',—
Endless life with glory crowned.

LESSON CXXXIV.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Iambic. Every third line has four feet. All the other lines have three feet each, and a short syllable added.

1. FATHER of earth and heaven',
Whose arm upholds creation',

- To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration.
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses;
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.
2. Life is from thee, blessed Father;
From thee our breathing spirits;
And thou dost give to all that live,
The bliss that each inherits.
Day, night, and rolling seasons,
And all that life embraces,
With bliss are crowned, with joy abound,
And claim our thankful praises.
3. Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way, through earth's dull day,
To realms of endless gladness.
4. That light of love and glory
Has shone through Christ, the Savior,
The holy Guide, who lived and died
That we might live forever:
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.
5. And when Death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,—
From friends, from foes, from joys, from woes,
From all that know and love us,—
O, then, let hope attend us;
Thy peace to us be given,
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven!

LESSON CXXXV.

GOD'S UNIVERSAL DOMINION.

Trochaic. Three feet to each line, with a syllable added.

1. HARK'! the song of Jubileè,
Loud as mighty thunders roar',
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :—
Hallelujah'! for the Lord'
God omnipotent shall reign';
Hallelujah'! let the word'
Echo round the earth and main .
2. Hallelujàh! hark'! the sound',
From the depth unto the skies',
Wakes abovè, beneath', around',
All creation's harmonies':
See Jehovah's banner furled',
Sheathed` his sword` : he speaks',—'tis donè ;
And the kingdoms of this world'
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
3. He shall reign from pole to polé
With illimitable sway' :
He shall reign, when like a scroll',
Yonder heavens have passed away` :—
Then the end` ;—beneath his rod'
Man's last enemy shall fall` ;
Hallelujah'! Christ' in God',
God` in Christ' is all in all.

LESSON CXXXVI.

HYMN TO GOD.

Iambic. Epic.

- NATURE', attend`! join', every living soul'
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky',
In adoration join', and ardent raisé
One general song`! To Him', ye vocal gales',
6 Breathe soft', whose Spirit' in your freshness breathes':
Oh! talk of him' in solitary glooms'
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving piné

- Fills the brown shade with a delicious awè ;
 And yé, whose bolder note is heard afar',
 10 Who shake the astonished world', lift high to heaven'
 Th' impetuous song', and say' from whom you ragè ;
 His praise, ye brooks', attunè, ye trembling rills',
 And let me catch it' as I muse along'.
 Ye headlong torrents', rapid' and profound' ;—
 15 Ye softer floods', that lead the humid mazé
 Along the valé ; and thou, majestic main',
 A secret world of wonders in thyself',
 Sound his' stupendous praisé, whose greàter voicé
 Or bids you roar', or bids your roarings fall'.
 20 Sôft rôll your' incense, herbs', and fruits', and flowers',
 In mingled clouds to Him', whose sun exalts',
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests' bend', ye harvests' wavè, to Him' ;—
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart',
 25 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon'.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven', as earth asleep'
 Unconscious lies', effusè your mildest beams',
 Ye constellations', while your angels strikè,
 Amid the spangled sky', the silver lyrè ;
 30 Great source of day', best imagé, here below',
 Of thy Creator', ever pouring widé,
 From world to world', the vital ocean round',
 On Nature writè, with every beam', his praisé.
 The thunder rolls' : be hushed the prostrate world',
 35 While cloud' to cloud' returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh', ye hills' ; ye mossy rocks',
 Retain the sound' ; the broad responsive lowé,*
 Ye valleys', raisè, for the great shepherd reigns',
 And his unsuffering' kingdom yet will comè.
 40 Ye woodlands, all' awakè ;—a boundless song'
 Burst' from the groves' ; and when the restless day',
 Expiring', lays the warbling world asleep',
 Sweetest of birds', sweet Philomelá, charm'
 The listening shades', and teach the night' his praisé.
 45 Yé, chief', for whom the whole creation smiles',
 At once the head', the heart', and tongue of all',
 Crown' the great hymn' ! In swarming cities vast',
 Assembled men', to the deep organ join'
 The long-resounding voicè, oft breaking clear',
 50 At solemn pauses', through the swelling bass' ;

* The bleating of an ox. *Lowíng* is commonly used for the noun.

- And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardor' rise to heaven'.
 Or if you rather choose the rural' shadé,
 And find a fane in every sacred grové,—
- 55 There let the shepherd's fluté, the virgin's lay',
 The prompting seraph', and the poet's lyré,
 Still sing' the God of SEASONS', as they roll'.
 For mē, when I forget the darling themé,
 Whether the blossom blows', the summer ray'
- 60 Russets the plain', inspiring Autumn gleams',
 Or Winter' rises in the blackening east',
 Be my tongue muté, may Fancy paint' no moré,
 And', dead' to joy', forget my heart to beat'!
- Should Fate command me to the farthest vergé
- 65 Of the green earth', to distant barb'rous climes',
 Rivers' unknown' to song', where first the sun'
 Gilds Indian' mountains', or his setting beam'
 Flames' on the Atlantic Isles', 'tis nāught' to mé,
 Since God' is ever present', ever felt',
- 70 In the void wasté, as in the city full'.
 And where hē vital breathes', thère must be joy'.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall comé,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds',
 I cheerful will obey': there with nēw powers'
- 75 Will rising wonders sing': I cannot go
 Where Universal Lovè not smiles around',
 Sustaining all yon orbs' and all their suns';—
 From sēeming' evil' still educing good',
 And better' thence again', and better' still',
- 80 In infinite progression'. But I losé
 Myself in Him', in Light' Ineffiablè;
 Come then, expressive silencé, musè His praisè.

VOCABULARY.

THE following vocabulary is intended for younger classes of learners, and explains the meaning of difficult words which occur in those Lessons which are designed more particularly for such persons.* In giving it I have conformed more to the opinions of others, than my own. If the general scope and meaning of a passage is understood, it may be read with propriety though the exact import of a *single* word should be obscure. As a general rule, we best learn the meaning of language by hearing it spoken, and by reading at large, ascertaining the sense of words by their mutual connections and dependences.

- Alleviate.** To ease, lessen, lighten.
Appall. To fright so as to dishearten
Antipathy. Opposition of feeling.
Annals. Histories of events arranged according to years.
Aristocrat. One who favors a government of nobles.
Adroit. Active, skilful, dexterous.
Aphorism. A maxim or precept in few words ; a short saying.
Anticipate. To taste, enjoy, or think of, beforehand.
Aperture. An opening.
Assailable. That may be attacked or set upon.
Alert. Quick, nimble, brisk, ready.
Ambrosia. A plant. The fabulous food of heathen gods.
Auspice ; auspices. Omen, token, patronage.
Avalanche. A slide of snow and ice from a mountain, or of earth, caused by rains.
Antipode. On the opposite side of the earth. Antipodes, plural, sometimes denotes that which is opposite.
Apex. The top, summit.
Barrier. Boundary, limit.
Burgundy. A kind of wine, named from the place where made.
Bent. A kind of grass.
Bedight, or bedighted. Decked, ornamented. *But little used.*
Burlesque, burlesk, adj. Tending to excite laughter.
Burgher. Inhabitant of a borough.
Borough. A corporation-town, a company.
Barque, bark. A ship with three masts without a mizen topmast.
Basket-hilt. A hilt which covers and defends the hand.
Bastion, pronounced *baschun*. A mass of earth standing out from a rampart or wall.

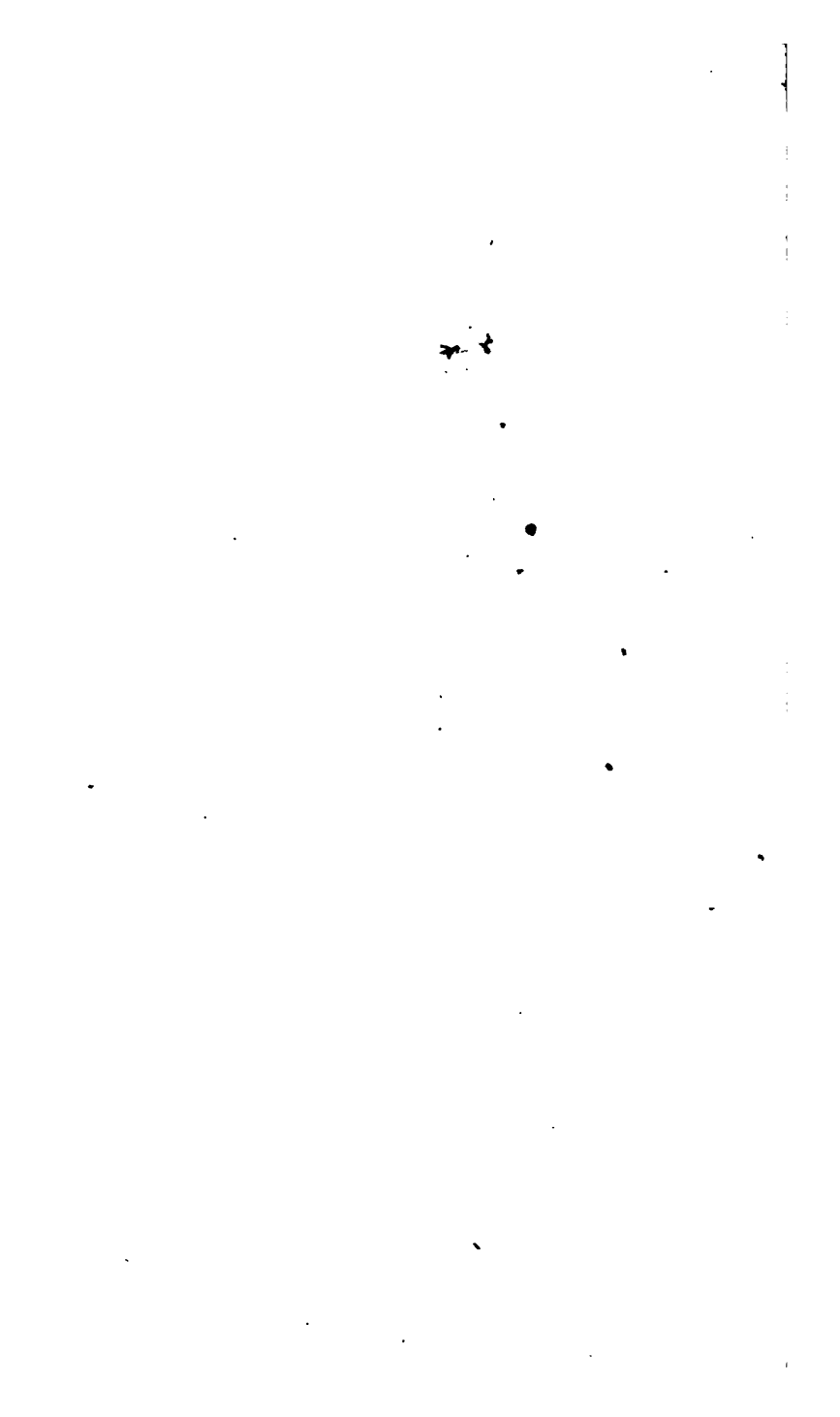
* The explanations are carried through Lesson 71.

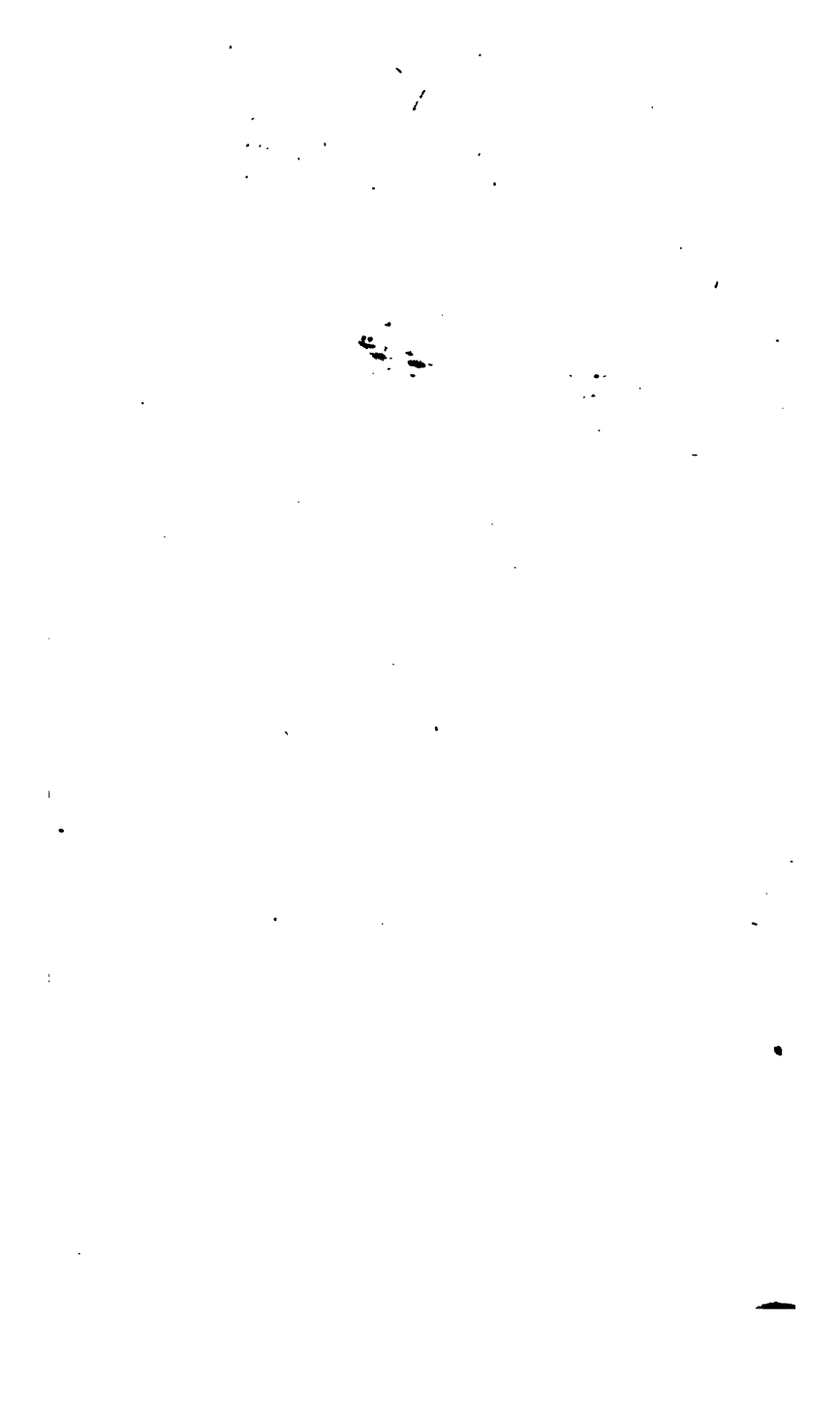
- Carnage.** Slaughter, great destruction of lives.
Coxcomb. A fop.
Countess. Wife of a count or earl. Female title of nobility.
Corridor. A gallery round a house.
Cony. A rabbit; a small four-footed animal.
Con. To know.
Coeval. Equal in age.
Compunctious. Giving pain for offences.
Copse, copice. A wood of small growth.
Cadaverous. Like a dead body.
Cathedral. The principal church in a diocese.
Curmudgeon. A miser, niggard, churl.
Court. The inclosure round a house; in vulgar language, court-yard, door-yard; a space inclosed by houses. There are also other meanings.
Callow. Without feathers.
Capricious. Whimsical, freakish, inconstant.
Custodian. A keeper, a guardian. (A new-coined word.)
Culinary. Belonging to a kitchen.
Coterie; pronounced co-te-re. A fashionable party.
Congregate. To assemble, to bring together.
Climacteric. Denoting a critical period of life.
Commensurate. Of equal or befitting measure.
Dentist. One who cleans, sets, and extracts teeth.
Debauch. To seduce, to corrupt, to make morally bad.
Dissonance. Disagreement, jarring of sounds.
Donkey. A nickname for an ass.
Distend. To swell, to stretch in all directions.
Dormitory. A sleeping-place.
Dame. A lady, a woman.
Druid. A priest and poet among the ancient Britons.
Ducat. A foreign coin of various values.
Defunct. Deceased, dead. Noun; a dead body.
Diploma. A deed of privilege.
Diplomatic. Pertaining to public ministers or diplomas.
Dilate. To widen, to swell, to expand.
Dedalion. Various, variegated, intricate.
Doughty. Brave, illustrious.
Equipage. Furniture; attendance, as horses, carriages, &c.
Extricate. To set free, to disentangle.
Eclipse. To pass away, to go by, to escape.
Ether. The fluid supposed to fill space; a light volatile fluid.
Ethereal. Consisting of ether, refined.
Ecstasy. Rapture, transport.
Expatiate. To rove, wander, enlarge.
Effluvium; plural, effluvia. An exhalation.
Ermine, ermin. An animal, or its fur. Dress worn by judges in England.
Envelopement. A wrapping, inclosing.
Flabby. Soft, yielding, shrivelled.
Fairy; pronounced fa-ry. An imaginary spirit, enchantress
Fairy, adj. Belonging to fairies.
Fragrance. Sweetness of smell.
Frigidity. Coldness, dulness.

- Forage.** To go in search of provisions, properly for horses.
Fascinate. To charm, to enchant, to bewitch.
Factotum. A servant employed to do all manner of work.
Glazier. One who sets glass.
Gratis. Without pay, freely.
Glutton. A very great eater.
Gregarious. Herding, keeping in flocks.
Gossip, verb. To go about tattling.
Gossip, noun. One that goes about and talks.
Gem. A bud, a precious stone.
Glade. An opening through a wood, or in ice.
Garner. A place for putting grain.
Garnered. Placed or stowed away in a garner.
Gipsy. A strolling, stealing vagabond, or wanderer, pretending to tell fortunes.
Gorgeous. Very fine or showy, glittering.
Gymnastics. The art of performing athletic exercises. (*G* like *j*.)
Hind. A female red deer; a rustic.
Host. One who entertains a stranger. **Hostess,** a female entertainer.
Impotent. Weak, powerless, unavailing.
Impotence, impotency. Weakness, feebleness, insufficiency, want of power.
Immure. To inclose with walls, to confine.
Impregnate. To mix with, infuse, fill with.
Inexpressibles. Cant word for breeches, or small-clothes.
Immunity. Peculiar privilege, charge, tax.
Impromptu. Off-hand, without previous study.
Jagg. To notch; noun, a notch.—**Jagged, adj.** notched.
Knight. A title of honor; he who wears the title.
Knell. The sound of a bell; a funeral tolling.
Libertine. A dissolute man; one given to fleshly appetites.
Lawn. A plain; fine linen.
Lone. Lonely, forsaken.
Mustaches. (*Ch* as in *charm*.) Long hair on the upper lip.
Martinet. A strict disciplinarian. (A military term.)
Mercurial. Formed of quicksilver; having a warm, ardent temperament.
Mummery. Sport in masks, a farcical show.
Marshal. To arrange in due order.
Meager. Thin, lean, poor.
Matin. Used in the morning.
Matins. Morning worship, or service.
Nether. Lower, under.
Nauseous. Loathsome, disgusting, bad tasted.
Obsequies; plur. Funeral solemnities.
Ordeal. A trial of guilt by fire or water; a trial simply.
Posse; pos-se. In common speech, a rabble, a multitude.
Potentate. One who has great power.
Pragmatical. Ready to intermeddle, impertinently busy.
Paragon. A pattern, a model of excellence.
Ponderous. Heavy, weighty.
Pyre; pronounced *pyre*. A funeral pile.
Portray. To paint, draw, describe.
Procrastinate. To put off, to delay.

- Protestation.** A solemn declaration.
Passport. Permission to pass.
Plume, verb. To put feathers in order; to adjust; to value.
Propitious. Favorable, kind, merciful.
Plebeian; ple-bee-an. One of the common people; one having no title
Prairie; pra-re. An extensive tract of land without trees
Portal. A gate, a kind of arch.
Pugnacious. Given to fighting.
Pigmy. A very little person; adj. very small.
Phantom. An apparition.
Precinct. Boundary.
Pest. A plague, mischief, bane.
Pathos. Warmth or tenderness of feeling; that which excites it.
Punctilio. A nice point in conduct or ceremony.
Petrel; pet-rel. A water-fowl.
Patter. To strike as drops of rain or hail.
Panorama. A complete view, a painting.
Querulous. Habitually complaining.
Ravin, ravine. A long deep hollow.
Revolution. A turning over, an overturning.
Remorse. Painful sense of guilt.
Remorseless. Having no remorse; insensible to distress
Relentless. Unmoved by pity.
Reynard; ranard. A fox.
Raree-show. A show carried in a box.
Revelry. A carousing, noisy merriment.
Radiance. Brightness shooting in rays, splendor.
Recreant. Cowardly, wanting in spirit or fidelity.
Sympathize. To feel in common with others.
Stile. A step, or set of steps, for climbing a wall or fence.
Sanguinary. Bloody, murderous, cruel.
Stimulus. That which excites, that arouses to action.
Speculative. Contemplative, given to thought, fanciful.
Snip. To cut off the end or nib, to clip.
Scath. To damage, injure.
Suffocation. A choking.
Sycophant. A base flatterer.
Shrine. A case or box, as for relics.
Sedge. A narrow flag, a coarse grass.
Sedgy. Overrun with sedge.
Surplice. A white garment for clergymen.
Sphere. A globe, ball, orb, circuit.
Soal; pronounced sole. A kind of fish.
Sprat. A small fish.
Sparse. Thin, rare.
Saturnine. Grave, heavy, dull.
Stolidity. Dulness of intellect, stupidity.
Topple. Used here for head, or tuft of head feathers. (New-coined word.)
Temporary. Continuing for a time, not long as to time.
Traverse. To cross, wander over.
Trill. To quaver, or shake; to flow.
Tablet. A little table, a flat surface.
Twitter. A small intermitted noise like that of a swallow.

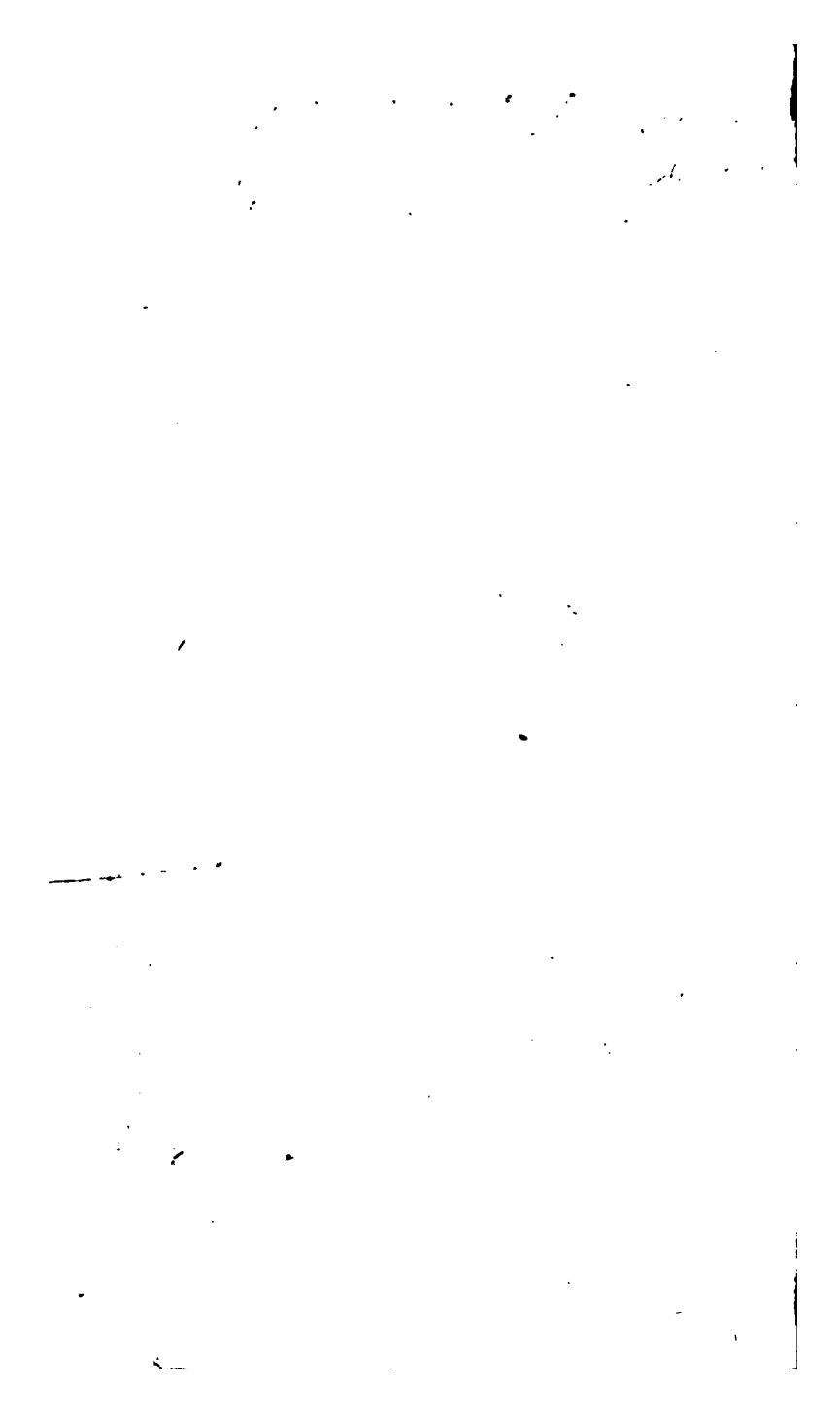
- Transit.** A passing over, through, or beyond.
Toledo. A Spanish sword manufactured at Toledo in Spain.
Unetherealized. Unrefined, sluggish.
Vehicle. A carriage, a means of conveyance.
Veteran. One long exercised or practised ; an old soldier.
Vault. A continued arch, a cellar, cavern, place for the dead.
Viands. Meat dressed, victuals.
Volumned. In form of a will.
Veto. A forbidding ; a right to forbid.
Warble. To quaver notes, to sing.
Wicker, wickered. Made of small willows or twigs.
Wince. To shrink, kick, flounce.





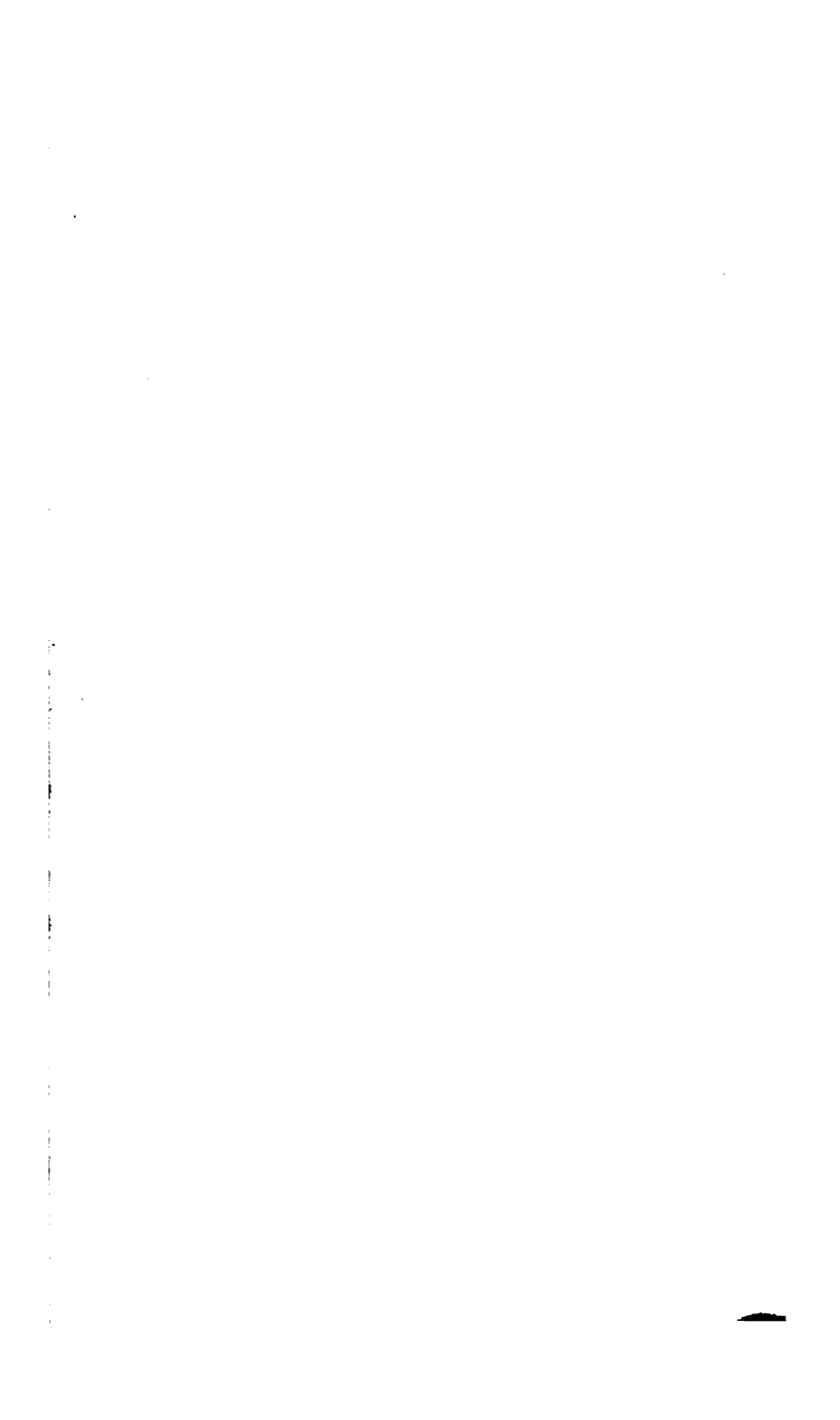


1. The first part of the paper
deals with the general theory
of the subject.
2. The second part of the paper
deals with the special theory
of the subject.
3. The third part of the paper
deals with the application
of the theory to the subject.





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